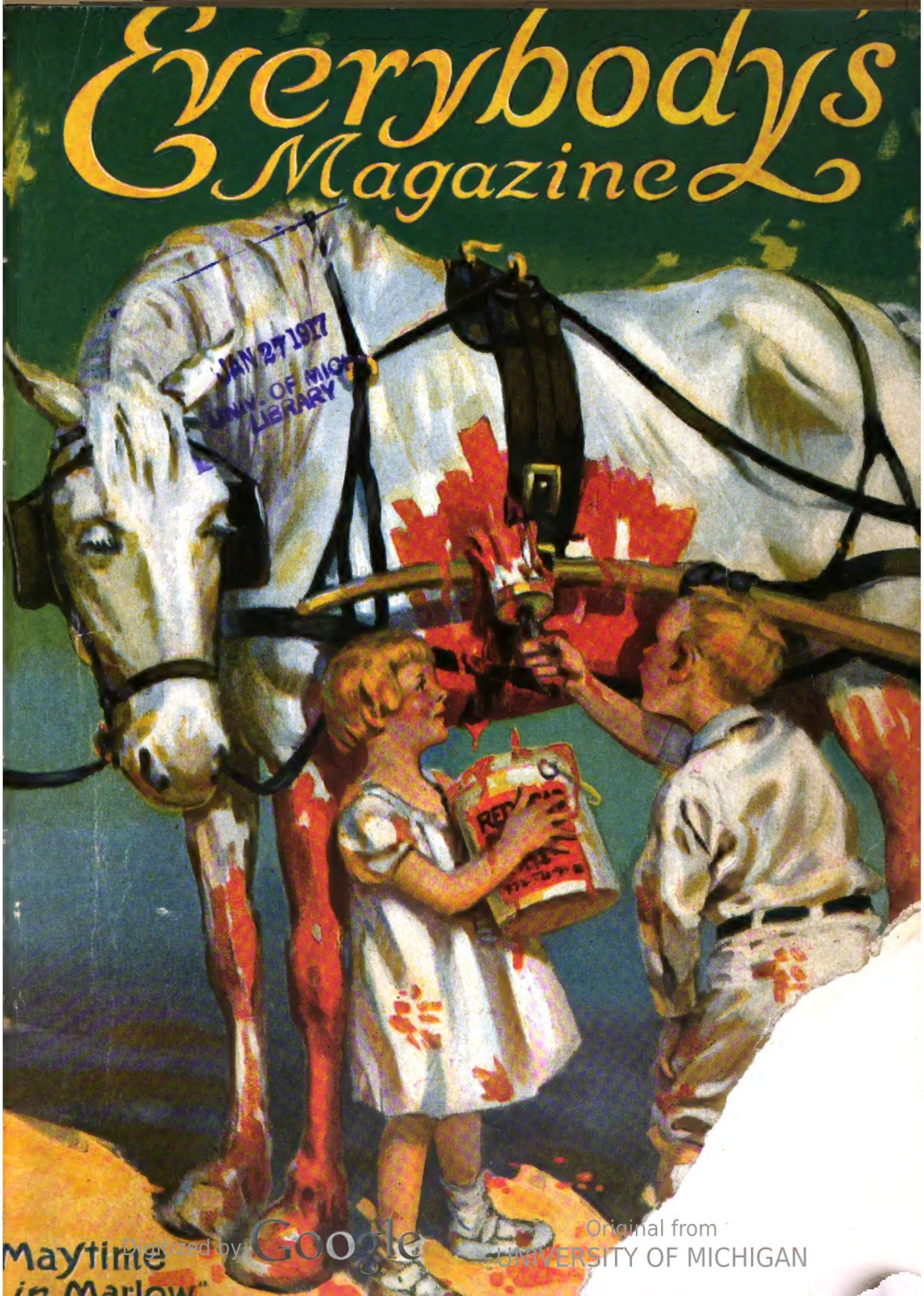
Everybody's Magazine



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Maytime in Marlow"

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Ah've always said, and now repeat -
"Ma health am due to CREAM o'WHEAT!"

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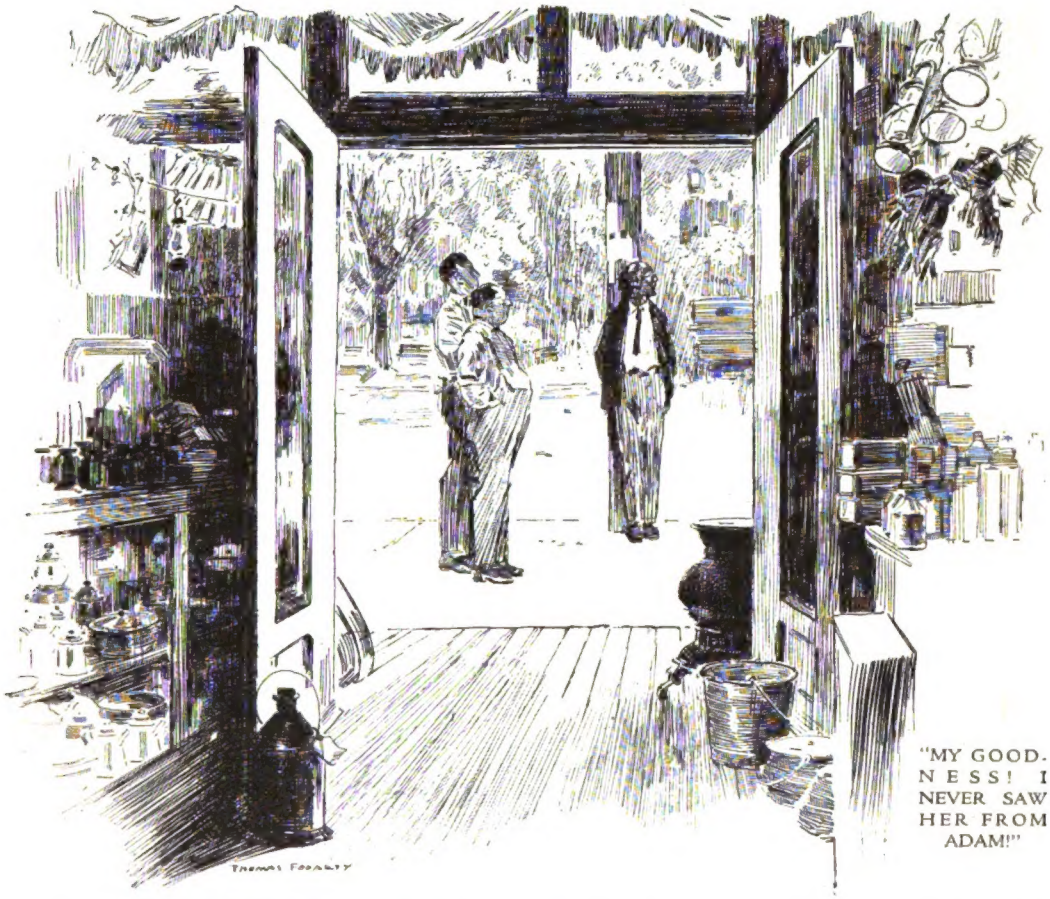
Everybody's Magazine
NUMBER FIVE NOVEMBER 1916 VOLUME XXXV



"MY GOODNESS! I NEVER SAW HER FROM ADAM!"

MAYTIME IN MARLOW

by Booth Tarkington

AUTHOR OF "THE TURMOIL," "PENROD," "SEVENTEEN," ETC.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY THOMAS FOGARTY

A LUCIUS BRUTUS ALLEN STORY

IN MAY, when the maple leaves are growing large, the Midland county seat and market town called Marlow so disappears into the foliage that travelers, gazing from Pullman windows, wonder why a railroad train should stop to look at four or five preoccupied chickens in a back yard. On the other hand, this neighborly place is said to have a population numbering more than three thousand. At least, that is what a man from Marlow will begin to claim as soon as he has journeyed fifteen or twenty miles from home; but to display the daring of Midland patriotism in a word, there have been Saturdays (with the farmers in town) when strangers of open-minded appearance have been told, right down on the Square itself, that

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Marlow consisted of upwards of four thousand mighty enterprising inhabitants.

After statistics so dashing, it seems fairly conservative to declare that upon the third Saturday of last May one idea possessed the minds and governed the actions of all the better bachelors of Marlow who were at that time between the ages of seventeen and ninety, and that the same idea likewise possessed and governed all the widowers, better and worse, age unlimited.

She was first seen on the Main Street side of the Square at about nine o'clock in the morning. To people familiar with Marlow this will mean that all the most influential business men obtained a fair view of her at an early hour, so that the news had time to spread to the manufacturers and professional men before noon.

Mr. Rolfo Williams, whose hardware establishment occupies the corner, was the first of the business men to see her. He was engaged within a cool alcove of cutlery when he caught a glimpse of her through a window; but in spite of his weight he managed to get near the wide-spread front doors of his store in time to see her framed by the doorway as a passing silhouette of blue against the sunshine of the Square. His clerk, a young married man, was only a little ahead of him in reaching the sidewalk.

HER EYES TWINKLED WITH RECOGNITION.

"My goodness, George!" Mr. Williams murmured. "Who *is* that?"

"Couldn't be from a bit more'n half a mile this side o' New York!" said George, marveling. "Look at the clo'es!"

"No, George," his employer corrected him gently. "To me it's more the figger."

The lady was but thirty or forty feet away, and though she did not catch their words, the murmur of the two voices attracted her attention. Not pausing in her light stride forward, she looked back over her shoulder, and her remarkable eyes twinkled with recognition. She smiled charmingly, then nodded twice—first, unmistakably to Mr. Williams, and then, with equal distinctness, to George.

These dumfounded men, staring in almost an agony of blankness, were unable to return the salutation immediately. The attractive back of her head was once more turned to them by the time they recovered sufficiently to bow, but both of them did bow, in spite of that, being ultimately conscientious no matter how taken aback. Even so, they were no more flustered than was old Mr. Newton Truscom (Clothier, Hatter, and Gents' Furnisher), just emerging from his place of business next door; for Mr. Truscom was likewise sunnily greeted.

"My goodness!" Mr. Williams gasped. "I never saw her from Adam!"

Mr. Truscom, walking backward, joined the hardware men. "Seems like fine-lookin' girls liable to take considerable of a fancy to us three fellers," he said; "whether they know us or not!"

"Shame on you, Newt!" George returned. "Didn't you see her give me the eye? Of course, after that, she wanted to be polite to you and Mr. Williams. Thought him and you were prob'ly my pappy and gran'-daddy!"

"Look!" said Mr. Truscom. "She's goin' in Milo Carter's drug-store. Sody-water, I shouldn't wonder!"

"It just this minute occurred to me how a nectar and pineapple was what I needed," said George. "Mr. Williams, I'll be back at the store in a few min——"

"No, George," his employer interrupted. "I don't mind your lollin' around on the sidewalk till she comes out again, because that's about what I'm liable to do myself, but if you don't contain yourself from no nectar and pineapple, I'm goin' to tell your little bride about it—and you know what Birdie will say!"

"Rolfo, did you notice them *shoes?*" Mr. Truscom asked, with sudden intensity. "If Baker and Smith had the enterprise to introduce a pattern like that in our community——"

"No, Newt, I didn't take so much notice of her shoes. To me," said Mr. Williams

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dreamily, "to me it was more the whole figger, as it were."

The three continued to stare at the pleasing glass front of Milo Carter's drug-store; and presently they were joined by two other men of business who had perceived from their own doorways that something unusual was afoot; while that portion of Main Street which lay beyond Milo Carter's also showed signs of being up with the times. Emerging from this section, P. Borodino Thompson and Calvin Burns, partners in Insurance, Real Estate, Mortgages and Loans, appeared before the drug-store, hovered a moment in a non-committal manner which was really brazen, then walked straight into the store and bought a two-cent stamp for the firm.

Half an hour later, Mortimer Fole was as busy as he could be. That is to say, Mortimer woke from his first slumber in a chair in front of the National House, heard the news, maneuvered until he obtained a view of its origin, and then drifted about the Square exchanging comment with other shirt-sleeved gossips. (Mortimer was usually unemployed; but there was a Mexican War pension in the family.)

"Heard about it?" he inquired, dropping into E. J. Fuller's. (E. J. Fuller & Co., Furniture, Carpets, and Wall-Paper.)

"Yes, Mortimore," E. J. Fuller replied. "Anybody know anything?"

"Some of 'em claim they do," said Mortimer. "Couple fellers *I* heard says she must belong with some new picture theatre they claim an out-o'-town firm's goin' to git goin' here, compete with the Vertabena. Howk, he says thinks not; claims it's a lady he heard was comin' to settle here from Wilkes-Barry, Pennsylvania, and give embroidery lessons and card-playin'. Cousin of the Ferrises and Wheelers, so Howk claims. I says, 'She is, is she?' 'Well,' he says, 'that's the way *I* look at it.' 'Oh, you do, do you?' I says. 'Then what about her speakin' to everybody?' I ast him, right to his face; and you'd ought to seen him! Him and all of 'em are wrong."

"How do you know, Mortimore?" asked Mr. Fuller. "What makes you think so?"

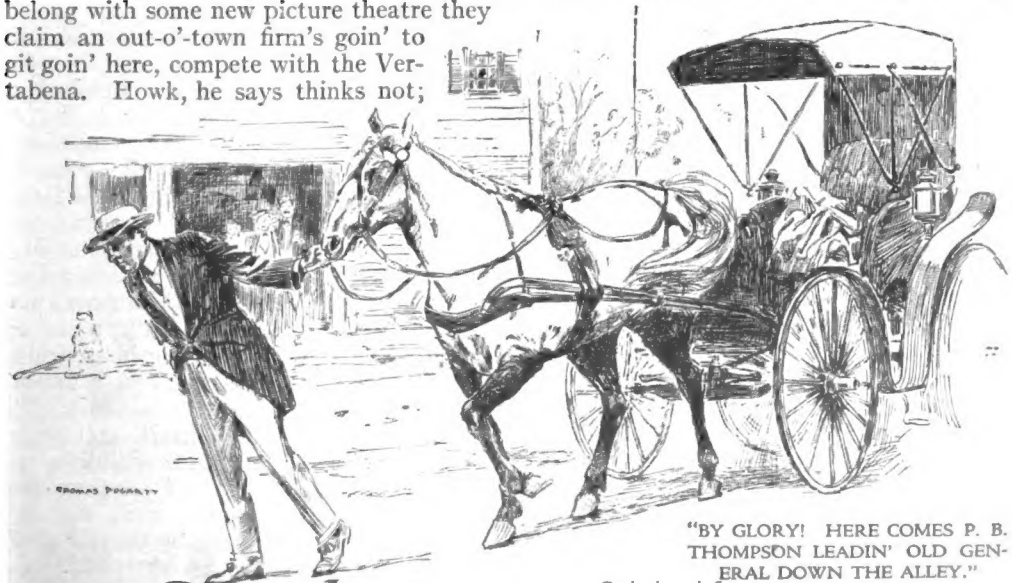
"Listen here, Ed," said Mortimer. "What'd she do when she went into Charlie Murdock's and bought a paper o' pins? You heard about that, yet?"

"No."

"She went in there," said Mr. Fole, "and spoke right *to* Charlie. 'How are you, Mister Murdock?' she says. Charlie like to fell over backwards! And then, when he got the pins wrapped up and handed 'em to her she says, 'How's your wife, Mr. Murdock?' Well, sir, *Charlie* says his wife was just about the last woman in the world he had in his mind right then!"

"Where's she supposed to be now?" Mr. Fuller inquired, not referring to Mrs. Murdock. "Over at the hotel?"

"Nope," Mortimer replied. "She ain't puttin' up there. Right now she's went upstairs in the Garfield Block to Lu Allen's office. Haven't heard what Lu's got to say



"BY GLORY! HERE COMES P. B. THOMPSON LEADIN' OLD GENERAL DOWN THE ALLEY."

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MR. ALLEN WAS MARCHING UP PAWPAW STREET WITH LUCY COPE'S BLUE PARASOL OVER HIS RIGHT SHOULDER.

or whether she's come out. You git to se her yet?"

"No, sir," Mr. Fuller returned, rather indifferently. "What's she look like, Mortimore?"

"Well, sir, I can give you a right good notion about that," said Mortimer. "I expect I'm perty much the only man in town that could, too. You remember the time me and you went over to Athens City and took in the Athens City lodge's excursion to Chicago?"

"Sure!"

"Well, remember somebody got us to go to a matinée show without any much cuttin' up or singin' in it, but we got so we liked it anyhow—and went back there again same night?"

"Yes, sir. Maude Adams."

"Well, sir, it ain't her, but that's who she kind o' put me in mind of. Carryin' a blue parasol, too."

Mr. Fuller at once set down the roll of wall-paper he was measuring, and came out from behind his counter.

"Where goin', Ed?" Mortimer inquired, stretching himself elaborately, though somewhat surprised at Mr. Fuller's abrupt action—for Mortimer was indeed capable of stretching himself in a moment of astonishment.

"What?"

"Where goin'?"

Mr. Fuller, making for the open, was annoyed by the question. "Out!" he replied.

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"I got nothin' much to do right now," said the sociable Mortimer. "I'll go with you. Where'd you say you was goin', Ed?"

"Business!" Mr. Fuller replied crossly.

"That suits *me*, Ed. I kind o' want to see Lu Allen, myself."

And they set forth across the Square, taking a path which ran through the courthouse yard; but when they came out from behind the old, red brick building, and obtained a fair view of the Garfield Block, they paused. She of the blue parasol was disappearing into the warm obscurity of Pawpaw Street; and beside her sauntered Mr. Lucius Brutus Allen, Attorney at Law, his stoutish figure and celebrated pongee coat as unmistakable from the rear as from anywhere. In the deep, congenial shade of the maple-trees her parasol was unnecessary, and Lucius dangled it from his hand, or poked its ferule idly at bugs in shrubberies trembling against the picket fences that lined the way.

Nevertheless, at any distance it could be seen that his air was attentive and gallant—perhaps more than that, for there was even a tenderness expressed in the oblique position of his shoulders, which seemed to incline toward his companion. Mr. Rolfo Williams, to describe this mood of Lucius Allen's, made free use of the word "sag."

Mr. Williams stood upon the corner with his wife, that amiable matron, and P. Borodino Thompson, all three staring unaffectedly. "That's Lu Allen's lady-walk," said Rolfo, as E. J. Fuller and Mortimer joined them. "He always kind o' sags when he goes out walkin' with the girls. Sags toe-*ward* 'em. I'll say this much: I never see him sag deeper than what he is right now. Looks to me like he's just about fixin' to lean on her!"

"Don't you worry!" his wife said testily. "Lucy'd slap him in a minute! She always was that kind of a girl."

"'Lucy!'" Mortimer echoed. "Lucy who?"

"Lucy Cope."

"What on earth are you talkin' about, Miz Williams? That ain't Lucy Cope!"

Mrs. Williams laughed. "Just why ain't it?" she asked satirically. "I expect some o' the men in this town better go get the eye-doctor to take a look at 'em! Especially"—she gave her husband a compassionate glance—"especially the fat, old ones! Mrs. Cal Burns come past my house 'while ago; says, 'Mrs. Williams, I expect you better go on up-town look after your husband,' she says. 'I been lookin' fer mine,' she says, 'but I couldn't locate him, because he knows better than to let me to,' she says, 'after what P. Borodino Thompson's just been tellin' me about him! Lucy Cope Ricketts is back in town,' she says, 'and none the men reckanized her yet,' she says, 'and you better go on up to the Square and take a look for yourself how they're behavin'! *I* hear,' she says, '*I* hear hasn't anybody been able to get waited on at any store-counter in town so far, this morning, except Lucy herself.'"

"Well, sir," Mr. Williams declared, "I couldn't hardly of believed it, but it certainly is her." He shook his head solemnly at Mrs. Williams, and, gently detaching her palm-leaf fan from her hand, used it for his own benefit, as he continued. "Boys, what I'm always tellin' ma here is that there ain't nothin' on earth like bein' a widow to bring out the figger!"

"You hush up!" she said, but was constrained to laugh and add, "I guess you'd be after *me* all right if I was a widow!"

"No, Carrie," he said, "I wouldn't be after nobody if you was a widow."

"I mean if I was anybody else's," Mrs. Williams explained. "Look how George says you been actin' all morning about this one!"

Mr. Fuller intervened in search of information. He was not a native, and had been a citizen of Marlow a little less than four years. "Did you say this lady was one of the Ricketts family, Mrs. Williams?" he inquired.

"No. She married a Ricketts. She's a Cope; she's all there is left of the Copes."

"Did I understand you to say she was a widow?"

"I didn't say she was one," Mrs. Williams replied. "She is one now, though. Her and Tom Ricketts got married ten years ago and went to live in California. He's been dead quite some time—three-four years maybe—and she's come back to live in the Copes' ole house, because it belongs to her, I expect. Everybody knew she was comin' some time this spring—everybody'd heard all about it—but none you *men* paid any attention to it. I'll have to let you off, Mr. Fuller. You're a widower and ain't lived here long, and you needn't take what I'm sayin' to yourself. But the rest of all you rag-tag and bobtail aren't goin' to hear

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"THAT'S LU ALLEN'S LADY WALK—HE ALWAYS KIND O' SAGS—SAGS TOE*WARD* 'EM."

the last o' this for some time! Mr. Fuller, if you want to know why they never took any interest up to this morning in Lucy Cope Ricketts' goin' to come back and live here again, it's because all they ever remembered her she was kind of a peakid girl; sort of thin, and never seemed to have much complexion to speak of. You wouldn't think it to look at her now, but that's the way she was up to when she got married and went away. Now she's back here, and a *widow*, not a one of 'em reckanized her till Mrs. Cal Burns come up-town and told 'em—and look how they been actin'!"

"It all goes to show what I say," said Rolfo. "She always did have kind of a sweet-lookin' face, but I claim that there's nothin' in the world like being a happy widow to bring out the complexion and the——"

"Listen to you!" his wife interrupted. "How you do keep out o' jail so long *I* certainly don't know!" She turned to the others. "That man's a born bigamist," she declared. "And at that I don't expect he's so much worse'n the rest of you!"

"You ought to leave me out along with E. J. Fuller, Mrs. Williams," Mr. Thompson protested. "I've never even been married at all."

But this only served to provoke Rolfo's fat chuckle, and the barbed comment: "It *is* a heap cheaper at mealtimes, Bore!"

"How's it happen Lu Allen's so thick with Mrs. Ricketts?" E. J. Fuller inquired. "How's it come that he——"

"He's her lawyer," Mrs. Williams informed him, "and he was executor of the Cope will, and all. Besides that, he used to be awful attentive to her, and nobody was hardly certain which she was goin' to take, Lu Allen or Tom Ricketts, right up to a year or two before she got married. Looks like Lu was goin' to get a second chance, and money throwed in!"

"Well, Lu's a talker, but he'll have to talk some now!" P. Borodino Thompson announced thoughtfully. "I used to know her, too, but I never expected she was going to turn out like this!"

"You and I been gettin' to be pretty fair friends, Bore," said Mr. Fuller, genially, as the group broke up. "Think you could kind of slide me in along with you when you go up there to call?"

"No, sir;" Mr. Thompson replied emphatically. "Red-headed Lu Allen isn't much of a rival, but he's enough for me. If *you* think of starting in, first thing I do I'm going to tell her you're an embezzler. I'm going home now to get out my cutaway suit and white vest, and you can tell 'em all to keep out of my road! I'm going calling this evening, right after supper!"

"Never mind!" Fuller warned him. "I'll get up there *some* way!"

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Meanwhile, in the sun-checkered shadow of a honeysuckle vine that climbed a green trellis beside an old doorway, Mr. Lucius Brutus Allen was taking leave of his lovely friend.

"Will you come this evening, Lucius, and help me decide on some remodeling for the house?" she asked; and probably no more matter-of-fact question ever inspired a rhapsody in the bosom of a man of thirty-five.

"No, thanks," said Mr. Allen. "I never could decide which I thought your voice was like, Lucy: a harp or a violin. It's somewhere between, I suspect; but there are pictures in it, too. Doesn't make any difference what you *say*, whenever you speak a person can't help thinking of wild roses shaking the dew off of 'em in the breezes that blow along about sunrise. You might be repeating the multiplication-table or talking about hiring a cook, but the sound of your voice would make pictures like that, just the same. I had to hear it again to find out how I've been missing it. I must have been missing it every single day of these ten years whether I knew it or not. It almost makes me sorry you've come back, because if you hadn't I'd never have found out how I must have been suffering."

Mrs. Ricketts looked at him steadily from out the half-shadow of the rim of her pretty hat. "When will you come and help me with the plans?" she asked.

"I don't know," Mr. Allen returned absently; and he added with immediate enthusiasm: "I never in my life saw any girl whose hair made such a lovely shape to her head as yours, Lucy! It's just where you want a girl's hair to be, and it's not any place you don't want it to be. It's the one thing in the world without any fault *at all*—the only thing the Lord made just perfect—except your nose, and maybe the Parthenon when it was new."

That brought a laugh from her, and Lucius, who was pink naturally and pinker with the warm day, grew rosy as he listened to Lucy's laughter. "By George!" he said. "To hear you laugh again!"

"You always did make me laugh, Lucius."

"Especially if I had anything the matter with me," he said. "If I had a headache or toothache I'd always come around to get you to laugh. Sometimes if the pain was pretty bad, it wouldn't go away till you laughed two or three times!"

She laughed the more; then she sighed. "Over ten years, almost eleven—and you saying things like this to every girl and woman you met, all the time!"

"Well," Mr. Allen said thoughtfully, "nobody takes much notice what a chunky kind of man with a reddish head and getting a little bald says. It's quite a privilege."

She laughed again, and sighed again. "Do you remember how we used to sit out here in the evenings under the trees, Lucius? One of the things I've often thought about since then was how when *you* were here, papa and mama would bring their chairs and join us, and you'd talk about the moon, and astronomy, and the Hundred Years War, and ——"

"Yes," Lucius interrupted, ruefully. "And then some other young fellow would turn up—some slim, dark-haired Orlando—and you'd go off walking with him while I stayed with the old folks. I'd be talking astronomy with them, but you and Orlando were strolling under the stars—and didn't care what they were made of!"

"No," she said. "I mean what I've thought about was that papa and mama never joined us unless *you* were here. It took me a long while to understand that, Lucius; but finally I did." She paused, musing a moment; then she asked: "Do the girls and boys still sit out on front steps and porches, or under the trees in the yard in the evenings the way we used to? Do you remember how we'd always see old Doctor Worley jogging by in his surrey exactly as the courthouse-bell rang nine, every night; his wife on the back seat and the old doctor on the front one, coming home from their evening drive? There are so many things I remember like that, and they all seem lovely now—and I believe they must be why I've come back here to live—though I

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didn't think much about them at the time. Do the girls and boys still sit out in the yards in the evening, Lucius?"

Lucius dangled the ferule of the long-handled blue parasol over the glowing head of a dandelion in the grass. "Not so much," he answered. "And old Doc Worley and his wife don't drive in their surrey in the summer evenings any more. They're both out in the cemetery now, and the surrey's somewhere in the air we breathe, because it was burnt on a trash-heap the other day, though I've seemed to see it driving home in the dusk a hundred times since it fell to pieces. Nowadays hardly any, even of the old folks, ride in surreys. These ten years have changed the world, Lucy. Money and gasoline. Even Marlow's got into the world; and in the evenings they go out snorting and sirening and blowing-out and smoking blue oil all over creation. Bore Thompson's about the only man in town that's still got any use for a hitching-post. He drives an old white horse to a phaeton, and by to-morrow afternoon at the latest you'll find that old horse and phaeton tied to the ring in the hand of that little old cast-iron stripe-shirted nigger-boy in front of your gate yonder."

Mrs. Ricketts glanced frowningly at the obsolete decoration he mentioned; then she smiled. "That's one of the things I want you to advise me about," she said. "I don't know how much of the place to alter and how much to leave as it is. And *why* will I find Mr. Thompson's horse tied to our poor old cast-iron darky boy?"

"He's seen you, hasn't he?"

"Yes, but he looked startled when I spoke to him. Besides, he used to see me when I was a girl, and he was one of the beaux of the town, and he never came then."

"He will now," said Lucius.

"Oh, surely not!" she protested, a little dismayed.

"He couldn't help it if he tried, poor thing!"

At that she affected to drop him a courtesy, but nevertheless appeared not overpleased. "You seem to be able to help it, Lucius," she said; and the color in his cheeks deepened a little as she went on: "Of course you don't know that the way you declined to come this evening is one of the things that make life seem such a curious and mixed-up thing to me. After I—when I'd gone away from here to live, you were what I always remembered when I thought of Marlow, Lucius. And I remembered things you'd said to me that I hadn't thought of at all when you were saying them. It was so strange! I've got to knowing you better and better all the long, long time I've been away from you—and I could always remember you more clearly than anybody else. It seems queer and almost a little wicked to say it, but I could remember you even more clearly than I could papa and mama—and, oh! how I've looked forward to seeing you again and to having you talk to me about *everything!* Why won't you come this evening? Aren't you really glad I'm home again?"

"That's the trouble!" he said; and seemed to feel that he had offered a satisfactory explanation.

"What in the world do you mean?" she cried.

"I gather," he said slowly, "from what you've said, that you think more about me when I'm not around where you have to look at me! Besides——"

"Besides what?" she insisted, as he moved toward the gate.

"I'm afraid!" said Lucius; and his voice was husky and honest. "I'm afraid," he repeated seriously, as he closed the gate behind him. "I'm afraid to meet Maud and Bill."

She uttered half of a word of protest, not more than that; and it went unheard. Frowning, she compressed her lips, and in troubled silence stood watching his departure. Then, all at once, the frown vanished from her forehead, the perplexity from her eyes; and she pressed an insignificant handkerchief to a charming mouth overtaken by sudden laughter. But she made no sound or gesture that would check Lucius Brutus Allen or rouse him to the realization of what he was doing.

The sturdy gentleman was marching up Pawpaw Street toward the Square, unconscious that he had forgotten to return the long-handled blue parasol to its owner—and that he was now jauntily carrying it over his right shoulder after the manner of a musket.

Above the fence, the blue parasol, and the hat, head, and shoulders of Lucius bobbed rhythmically with his gait, and Mrs. Ricketts, still with her kerchief to her lips, watched that steady bobbing until intervening shrubberies closed the exhibition.

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Then, as she opened the door of the old frame house, she spoke half aloud:

"Nobody—not one—*any*where!" she said; and she meant that Lucius was unparalleled.

When Mr. Allen debouched upon Main Street from Pawpaw, he encountered Mortimer Fole, who addressed him with grave interest:

"Takin' it to git mended, I suppose, Lu?"

"Get what mended?" asked Lucius, pausing.

"Her parasol," Mr. Fole responded. "If you'll show me where it's out of order, I expect I could get it fixed up about as well as anybody. Frank Smith that works over at E. J. Fuller's store, he's considerable of a tinker, and I reckon he'd do it fer nothin' if was me ast him to. I'd be willin' to carry it up to her house for you, too. I go by there anyhow, on my way home."

"No, Mortimore, thank you." Lucius had brought the parasol down from his shoulder and stood regarding it seriously. "No; it isn't out of order. I—I just brought it with me. What's the news?"

"Well, I don't know of much," said Mortimer, likewise staring attentively at the parasol. "Some wallpaperin' goin' on here and there over town, E. J. Fuller says. Ed says P. Borodino Thompson told him he was goin' to drop round and *call* this evening, he says; but afterwards I was up at the hardware store, and Bore come in there and Rolfo Williams's wife talked him out o' goin'. 'My heavens!' she says, 'can't you even give her a couple days to git unpacked and straighten up the house?' So Bore says he guessed he'd wait till to-morrow afternoon and ast her to go buggy-ridin' in that ole mud-colored phaeton of his. Milo Carter's fixin' to go up there before long, and I hear Henry Ledyard says *he's* liable to start in mighty soon, too. You and Bore better look out, Lu. Henry's some years younger than what you and Bore are. He ain't as stocky as what you are, nor as skinny as what Bore is, and he certainly outdresses the both of you every day in the week and twict on Sunday!"

"Thank you, Mortimore," Lucius responded, nodding. "I'd been calculating a little on a new necktie—but probably it wouldn't be much use if Henry Ledyard's going to——"

"No, sir," Mortimer interrupted to agree. "Henry buys 'em a couple or more at a time. Newt Truscom's goin' to be a rich man if Henry don't quit. So long, Lu!"

Mr. Allen, turning in at the entrance to the stairway which led to his office, waved his left hand in farewell, his right being employed in an oddly

"WOOKIN' AT HIM-SEFF IN THE WOOKIN'-GWASS."

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solicitous protection of the parasol—though nothing threatened it.

But Mortimer, having sauntered on a few steps, halted, and returned to the stairway entrance, whence he called loudly upward:

"Lu! Oh, Lu Allen!"

"What is it?"

"I forgot to mention it. You want to be lookin' out your window along around three o'clock or half-past, to-morrow afternoon."

"What for?"

"Why P. Borodino was talkin' and all so much, about that buggy-ride, you know, so Rolfo Williams bet him a safety-razor against three dollars' worth of accident insurance that he wouldn't git her to go with him, and Bore's got to drive around the Square, first thing after they start, to prove it. There's quite a heap of interest around town in all this and that; and you better keep your eye on your window from three o'clock on!"

And at three o'clock, the next afternoon, Mr. Allen was in fact looking — though somewhat crossly—out of his office window. In Main Street, P. Borodino Thompson was in view, seated in his slowly moving phaeton, exuberantly clad for a man of his special reputation for "closeness," and with his legs concealed by a new dust-robe, brilliantly bordered; but he was as yet unaccompanied.

A loud and husky voice ascended to the window: "On his way!" And Lucius marked the form and suspender of Mortimer upon the sidewalk below; whereupon Mortimer, seeing that Lucius observed him, clapped hand to mouth, and simulated a jocular writhing in mockery of P. Borodino. "Hay, Bore!" he bellowed. "Floyd Kilbert's wife's got a sewin'-machine she wants you to move fer her in that empty seat you'll have in your phaeton when you git back here to the Square in a few minutes!"

Mr. Thompson waved his whip condescendingly, attempting no other retort; and turned into the maple shade of Pawpaw Street. Five minutes later, "General," the elderly white horse, was nosing the unyielding hand of the cast-iron darky boy, and the prophecy made by Mr. Allen on the preceding morning was fulfilled.

A neat young woman, descendant of vikings, but tamed in all except accent, showed Mr. Thompson into an 1880 parlor; went away, returned, and addressed him as "yentleman." Mrs. Ricketts would be glad to see him, she reported, adding: "Yust wait some minute."

The visitor waited some minutes, then examined his reflection in the glass over Uncle Bradford Cope's awful portrait above the Eastlake mantel; and a slight rustling in the hall, near the doorway, failed to attract his attention, for he was engaged in a fundamental rearrangement of his tie.

"Wookin' at himseff in the wookin'-gwass!"

This unfavorable comment caused him to tuck his tie back into the neck of his white waistcoat in haste, and to face the doorway somewhat confusedly. Two pretty little children stood there, starchy and fresh, and lustrously clean, dressed in white: a boy about seven and a girl about five—and both had their mother's blue eyes and amber hair.

"He's dressin' himself," said the boy.

"Wookin' at himseff in the wookin'-gwass!" the little girl repeated, and, pointing a curling forefinger, she asked: "Who? Who that man?"

"Well, tots," the visitor said, rather uncomfortably, but with proper graciousness, "who are *you?* What's your name, little girl?"

"Maud," the little girl replied, without any shyness.

"What's yours, little man?"

"Bill," said the boy. "Bill Ricketts. You got somep'm stickin' out of your vest at the top."

Mr. Thompson incautiously followed an impulse to turn again to the portrait, whereupon the child, Maud, instantly shouted:

"Wookin' at himseff in the wookin'-gwass!"

Her voice was so loud, and the information it imparted so discomfiting, that the visitor felt himself breaking out suddenly into a light perspiration. Foolishly, he attempted to defend himself against the accusation. "Why, no, I wasn't, little Maudie," he said, with an uneasy laugh. "There isn't any looking-glass where I was looking. It's only a picture."

To his horror, she responded by shouting at an even higher pitch than before:

"*Wookin' at himseff in the wookin'-gwass!*"

She did not stop at that, for children in such moods are terrible, and they have no pity. P. Borodino Thompson, substantial citizen, of considerable importance financially, not only in Marlow but throughout the county, and not without dignity to

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maintain, found himself at the mercy of this child who appeared to be possessed (for no reason whatever) by the old original Fiend of malice. She began to leap into the air repeatedly; leaping higher and higher, clapping her hands together, at arms'-length above her head, while she shrieked, squealed, and in all ways put pressure upon her lungs and vocal organs to distribute over the world the scandal which so horridly fascinated her:

"Caught him! Wookin' at himseff in the wookin'-gwass! Caught him wookin' at himseff in the wookin'-gwass! Wookin' at himseff in the wookin'-GWASS!"

Meanwhile, her brother did not escape infection. He, likewise, began to leap and to vociferate, so that it was not possible to imagine any part of the house, or of the immediate neighborhood, to which the indictment was not borne.

"Stickin' out of his' vest!" shouted Bill. "Got somep'm stickin' out of his vest! Out of his vest, vest, vest! Out of his vest, vest, VEST!"

Then, without warning, he suddenly slapped his sister heartily upon the shoulder. "Got your tag!" he cried; darted away, and out through the open front door to the green, sunshiny yard, whither Maud instantly pursued him.

Round and round the front yard they went, the two little flitting white figures, and round the house, and round and round the old back yard with its long grape-arbor and empty stable. By and by, when each had fallen separately four or five times, they collided and fell together, remaining prone, as by an unspoken agreement. Panting, they thus remained for several minutes; then Bill rose and walked into the stable, until now unexplored; and Maud followed him.

When they came out, two minutes later, Bill was carrying, to the extreme damage of his white blouse, a large can of red paint, while Maud was swinging a paint-brush which had been reposing in the can; and the look upon their two flushed faces was studious but inscrutable.

"YOU NEVER TOLD US WE COULDN'T PAINT HORSES!"

Maud applied the brush to the side of the house, leaving a broad red streak upon the gray weather-boarding; but Bill indignantly snatched the brush from her hand.

"Shame!" he said. "You know what you got once!"

"When?" Maud demanded. "When did I got it?"

"*You* know!" her brother responded darkly. "For markin' on the nurs'ry wall with my little box o' paints."

"She did not!"

"She did, too!"

"Not!"

"Did!" said Bill. "And you'll get one now if she finds out you stuck paint on the house. You will!"

"I won't!"

"Will, too! You *know* it's wrong to stick paint on a house."

"'Tisn't!" Maud insisted. "She spanks you more'n she spanks me."

"You wait an' see!"

He shook his head ominously, and for a moment Maud was depressed, but the signs of foreboding vanished from her angelic brow, and she made the natural inquiry:

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"What we *goin'* to paint?"

To Bill also, it was evident that something had to be painted; but as he looked about him, the available material seemed sparse. As a being possessed of reason, he understood that a spanking applied to his sister in order to emphasize the immunity of houses, might well be thought to indicate that stables and fences were also morally unpaintable. Little appeared to remain at the disposal of a person who had just providentially acquired a can of red paint and a brush. Shrubberies were obviously impracticable, and Bill had his doubts about the trunks of trees: they were made of wood, he knew, like many houses and fences and stables.

As he stood, thinking profoundly, there came loudly through the still afternoon the sound of General, shaking his harness and stamping the ground, as a May fly persisted in annoying him.

Maud pointed with her curling forefinger. "Wet's paint that," she said.

"That" was the horse; Maud was pointing at General. And immediately Bill's eyes showed his relief from a great strain, and became eager and confident: nobody had ever told him not to paint a horse.

Hand-in-hand, the brother and sister approached General. The kind old horse, worried by the fly and the heat, was pleased to have the fly chased away; and after the first stroke of the cool wet brush on his right foreleg, he closed one eye in hushed ecstasy and stood motionless, lest he break the spell.

General's owner, meanwhile, in the quiet parlor, had not quite recovered his usual pallor; but the departure of the children mightily relieved him, and he found time to renew his study of Uncle Bradford Cope's portrait and to complete the bestowal of his tie.

Thereafter, Mrs. Ricketts still not making her appearance, he had leisure to acquaint himself with the design of romantic musical instruments inlaid in pearl upon the top of the center-table; and with the two tall alabaster pitchers upon the mantelpiece, each bearing the carved word "Souvenir;" and with the Toreador burnt upon a panel of wood and painted, but obscure with years and the dust of an empty house—though nothing was dusty now, for plainly the daughter of vikings had been "over" everything thoroughly. Altogether, Mr. Thompson considered the room (which spoke of Lucy Cope's mother rather than of Lucy) a pleasant and comfortable one—that is, if those children——

A step descending the stair, a whispering of silk—and Mr. Thompson, after a last settling of his neck into his collar, coughed reassuringly, and faced the door with a slight agitation. More would have been warranted by the transporting vision which appeared there.

She came quickly toward him and gave him her hand. "How kind of you to remember me and come to see me!" she said. "And how inhospitable you're thinking me to have kept you waiting so long in such a stuffy room!" She turned to the nearest window as she spoke, and began to struggle delicately with the catch of the old-fashioned "inside shutters." "We'll let some air in and some light, too; so that we can both see how little we've changed. The children were the reason I was so long: they were washed and dressed like little clean angels, but they're in rather high spirits—you know how children are for the first few days after coming to a new place—and they slipped down into the cellar, which we haven't had time to get put in order yet, and they found an old air-passage to the furnace, and crawled through it, and so they had to be all washed and dressed over again; and when I got through doing it, *I* had to be all washed and dressed over again! I hope they didn't annoy you, Mr. Thompson: I thought I heard them romping down here, somewhere. They're really not so wild as they must seem; it's only that coming to a place altogether strange to them has upset them a little, and— There!" The catch yielded; and she spread the shutters wide. "Now we can have a little more li——"

She paused in the middle of the word, gazing fixedly out of the window.

But the caller did not follow the direction of Mrs. Ricketts's gaze; he was looking at her with concentrated approval, and mentally preparing the invitation it was his purpose to extend. After coughing rather formally, "I have called," he said, "or, rather, I have stopped by on my way to take a drive, because I thought, perhaps, as the weather was warm, it might be cooler than sitting indoors to take a turn around the Square, first, and then drive out toward the Athens City Pike, and return by way of——"

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"*Mercy!*" exclaimed Mrs. Ricketts in a tone so remarkable that he stopped short; and then his eyes followed the direction of hers.

He uttered a stricken cry.

All four of General's legs had been conscientiously painted, and Maud, standing directly under his stomach, so to speak, was holding the can of paint clasped in her arms, while the older artist began work on the under side of General's ribs. General's expression was one of dreamy happiness, though his appearance, and that of the children, from head to foot, clothes, hands, cheeks, and noses, suggested a busy day at the abattoir.

"Don't move!" Mrs. Ricketts called suddenly, but not alarmingly, as she raised the window. "Stand still, Maud! Now walk straight this way—walk toward *me*. Instantly!"

And as Maud obeyed, her mother jumped out of the window, a proceeding which both children recognized as extraordinary, and—combined with the peculiarity of her expression—ill-omened. Bill instinctively began to defend himself.

"You never *told* us we couldn't paint horses!" he said hotly. "We haven't painted him much; we've only——"

"March!" said his mother in the tone that meant the worst. "Round to the kitchen—not through the *house!* Both of you! Quick!"

Bill opened his mouth to protest further, but, almost to his own surprise, a wail came forth instead of an argument, and at that sound, Maud dropped the sanguinary can and joined him in loud dole. Shouting with woe, holding their unspeakable hands far from them, with fingers spread wide, they marched. Round the corner of the house went the dread pageant, and the green grass looked like murder where it passed. But when Mrs. Ricketts returned, after delivering Maud and Bill into the hands of a despairing servitress, General and the phaeton were gone.

"Oh, oh, oh!" she murmured, and, overcome by the dreadful picture that rose before her imagination, she went droopingly into the house. In her mind's eye she saw Mr. Thompson in all his special dressiness and lemon-yellow tie, driving through the streets and explaining to people: "Yes, Lucy Ricketts has come back, and her children did this!" She saw him telling Lucius—and she remembered what Lucius had said: "I'm afraid to meet Maud and Bill!"

She began to feel strickenly sure that

"NOBODY," SAID MR. ALLEN, "TAKES MUCH NOTICE OF A CHUNKY KIND OF MAN WITH A REDDISH HEAD AND GETTING A LITTLE BALD."

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Lucius would return her parasol by a messenger. If he did that (she thought) what was the use of coming all the way from California to live in a town like Marlow!

But the parasol was not sent, nor did Lucius bring it. It remained, as did Mr. Allen himself, obscured from her sight and from her knowledge. Nor was there brought to her any account of P. Borodino's making a dreadful progress through the town as she had imagined. Mr. Thompson had, in fact, led General as hastily as possible into the nearest alley—so Mortimer Fole explained to Lucius one week later, almost to the hour.

Mortimer had dropped into Mr. Allen's office and had expressed surprise at finding its tenant in town. "I been up here two three times a day fer a week, Lu," he said, seating himself. "Where on earth you been?"

"Argument before the Federal court in Springfield," Lucius answered. "What did you want to see me about, Mortimore?"

"Well, they's been some talk about our pension goin' out the family," said Mortimer, "in case it happened my wife's stepmother *was* to die. It comes through that branch, you know, Lu."

"Is she ailing?"

"No," said Mortimer. "She gits the best of care. We were only talkin' it over, and some of 'em says, 'Suppose she *was* to go, what then?' "

"I wouldn't worry about it until she did," his legal adviser suggested. "Anything else?"

Mortimer removed his hat, and from the storage of its inner band took half of a cigar, which, with a reflective air, he placed in the corner of his mouth. Then he put his hat on again, tilted back against the wall, and hooked his heels over a rung of his chair. "Heard about Henry Ledyard yet?" he inquired.

"No."

"Well, sir, he went up there," said Mortimer. "He only went onct!"

"What was the trouble?"

Mr. Fole cast his eyes high aloft, an ocular gesture expressing deplorable things.

"Maud and Bill," he said.

"What did they do?"

"Henry was settin' in the parlor talkin' to their mother, and, the way I heard it, all of a sudden they heard somep'n go 'Pop!' outside, in the hall, and when they come to look, it was that new, stiff, high-crowned straw hat he went and ordered from New York and had shipped out here by express. They got a woman up there cookin' and a Norwegian lady to do extra work, and I hear this here Norwegian tells some that the way it happened was Maud was settin' on it, kind of jouncin' around to see if it wouldn't bounce her up and down. Seems this Norwegian she says spankin' and shuttin' up in the closet don't do neither of 'em one little bit o' good. Says there ain't nothing in the world'll take it out of 'em. Them two chuldern have just about got this town buffaloed, Lu!"

"Oh, only breaking a straw hat," said Lucius. "I don't see how that's——"

"The two of 'em come up-town," Mortimer interrupted firmly. "They come uptown to the Square, the next afternoon after they busted Henry's twelve-dollar hat, and they went into E. J. Fuller's store and Ed says they come mighty near drivin' him crazy, walkin' up and down behind him singin' 'Gran'mammy Tipsytoe.' Then they went on over to Milo Carter's, and they had a dollar and forty cents with 'em that they'd went and got out of their little bank. They et seven big ice-cream sodies apiece and got sick right in the store. Milo had to telephone fer their mother, and her and the Norwegian come and had to carry 'em home. And *that* ain't half of it!"

"What's the other half?" Lucius asked gravely.

"Well, you heard about *Bore*, of course."

"No, I haven't."

Mortimer again removed his hat, this time to rub his head. "I reckon that might be so," he admitted. "I guess you must of left town by the time it leaked out."

"By the time what leaked out?"

"Well, you remember how he started off, that day," Mortimer began, "to git her to go out buggy-ridin' in his phaeton with ole General?"

"Yes."

"Well, sir, you know he was goin' to drive back here and around the Square to win that bet off o' Rolfo, and he never come. 'Stead o' that he turned up at the hardware store about two hours later and settled the bet. Says he lost it because she wasn't feelin' too well when he got there, and so they just set around and talked, instead of ridin'. But Bore never went back there, and ain't goin' to, you bet, any more

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WITH THE HAND OF A CHILD RESTING QUIETLY IN EACH OF HIS, HE SET FORTH.

than what Henry Ledyard is! There ain't hardly a man in town but what Maud and Bill's got buffaloed, Lu."

Mr. Allen occupied himself with the sharpening of a pencil. "What did they do to Thompson?" he asked casually.

"Well, sir, fer the first few days I expect I was the only man in town knowed what it was." Mr. Fole spoke with a little natural pride. "You see, after he went up there, and wasn't no sign of him on the Square fer awhile, why I didn't have nothin' much to do just then, and thinks I, 'Why not go see what's come of him?' thinks I. So I walked around there the back way, by Copes's alley, and just as I was turnin' in one end the alley, by Glory! here come P. Borodino Thompson leadin' ole General and the phaeton in at the other end, and walkin' as fur away from him as he could and yet still lead him.

"Well, sir, I almost let out a holler: first thing I thought was they must of been in the worst accident this town had ever saw. Why, pore ole General—honest, he looked more like a slaughter-house than he did like a horse, Lu! 'What in the name of God is the matter, Bore!' I says, and you never hear a man take on the way he done.

"Seems Maud and Bill had painted ole General red, and they painted him thick, too, while Bore was in the house fixin' to take their mother out on this here buggy-ride. And, well, sir, to hear him take on, you'd of thought *I* was responsible for the whole business! Says it might as well be all over town, now he'd ran into *me!* Truth is, he talked like he was out of his mind, but I kind o' soothed him down, and last I fixed it up with him to give me credit fer a little insurance my wife's been wantin' to take out on her stepmother, if I'd put General

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and the phaeton in George Coles's empty barn, there in the alley, until after dark, and not say nothin' to George or anybody about it, and then drive him over to Bore's, and unhitch him and wash him off with turpentine that night.

"Well, sir, we got it all fixed up, and I done everything I said I would, but of course you can't expect a thing like that not to leak out *some* way or other; so I'm not breakin' any obligation by tellin' you about it, because it got all over town several days ago. If I've told Bore Thompson once I've told him a hunderd times, what's the use his actin' the fool about it!

"'What earthly good's it goin' to do,' I says, 'to go around *mad*,' I says, 'and abusin' the very ones,' I says, 'that done the most to help you out? The boys are bound to have their joke,' I says to him, 'and if it hadn't been you, why, like as not they might of been riggin' somep'n on Lu Allen or Cal Burns, or even me,' I says, 'because *they* don't spare *no*body! Why, look,' I says. 'Ain't they goin' after Milo Carter almost as much as they are you and Henry,' I says, 'on account of what happened to Milo's store?' I says. 'And look at E. J. Fuller,' I says. 'Ain't the name o' Gran'mammy Tipsytoe perty near fastened on him fer good? *He* don't go all up and down pickin' at his best friend,' I says. 'E. J. Fuller's got a little common *sense!*' I says. Yes, sir, that's the way *I* look at it, Lu."

Mortimer unhooked his heels, and, stretching himself, elevated his legs until the alteration thus effected in the position of his center of gravity brought his tilted chair to a level; whereupon he rose, stretched again, sighed, and prepared to conclude the interview.

"Speakin' o' the devil, Lu," he said, as he moved to the door—"yes, sir, them two chuldern, Maud and Bill, have perty much got our whole little city buffaloed! They's quite some talk goin' on about the brain work *you* been showin', Lu. I expect your reputation never did stand no higher in that line than what it does right to-day. I shouldn't wonder it'd bring you a good deal extry law-practise, Lu: Mrs. Rolfo Williams says she always *did* know you were the smartest man in this town!"

"Now, what are you talking about?" Lucius demanded sharply, but he was growing red to the ears, and over them.

"Goin' out o' town," said Mortimer admiringly. "Keepin' out the way o' them chuldern and lettin' other fellers take the brunt of 'em. Yes, sir; there isn't a soul raises the question but what their mother is the finest-lookin' lady that ever lived here, or but what she does every last thing any mortal could do in the line o' disci*plinn;* but much as everybody'd enjoy to git better acquainted with her and begin to see somep'n of her, they all think she's liable to lead kind of a lonesome life in our community unless—" Mortimer paused with his hand upon the door-knob—"unless somep'n happens to Maud and Bill!"

He departed languidly, his farewell coming back from the stairway: "So long, Lu!"

But the blush which had extended to include Mr. Allen's ears, at the sound of so much praise of himself, did not vanish with the caller; it lingered and for a time grew even deeper. When it was gone, and its victim restored to his accustomed moderate pink, he pushed aside his work and went to a locked recess beneath his book-shelves. Therefrom he took the blue parasol, and a small volume in everything dissimilar to the heavy, calf-bound legal works that concealed all the walls of the room; and, returning to his swivel-chair, placed the parasol gently upon the desk. Then, allowing his left hand to remain lightly upon the parasol, he held the little book in his right and read musingly.

He read, thus, for a long time—in fact, until the setting in of twilight; and, whatever the slight shiftings of his position, he always kept one hand in light contact with the parasol. Some portions of the book he read over and over, though all of it was long since familiar to him; and there was one part of it in which his interest seemed quite unappeasable. Again and again he turned back to the same page; but at last, as the room had grown darker, and his eyeglasses tired him, he let the book rest in his lap, took off the glasses and used them to beat time to the rhythm of the cadences, as he murmured, half-aloud:

"The lamplight seems to glimmer with a flicker of surprise,
As I turn it low to rest me of the dazzle in my eyes.
And light my pipe in silence, save a sigh that seems to yoke
Its fate with my tobacco and to vanish with the smoke.
'Tis a fragrant retrospection — for the loving thoughts that start
Into being are like perfume from the blossom of the heart;

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And to dream the old dreams over is a luxury divine——
When my truant fancy wanders with that old sweetheart of mine."

He fell silent; then his lips moved again:

"And I thrill beneath the glances of a pair of azure eyes
As glowing as the summer and as tender as the skies.
I can see——"

Suddenly he broke off, and groaned aloud: "My Lord!" he said all in a breath. "And thirty-five years old—blame near thirty-six!"

He needs interpretation, this unfortunate Lucius. He meant that it was inexplicable and disgraceful for a man of his age to be afraid of a boy of seven and a girl of five. He had never been afraid of anybody *else's* children. No; it had to be *hers!* And that was why he was afraid of them; he knew the truth well enough: he was afraid of them because they *were* hers. He was a man who had always "got on" with children beautifully; but he was afraid of Maud and Bill. He was afraid of what they would do to him and of what they would think of him.

And there, in brief, is the overwhelming part that children can play in true romance!

"Lordy, Lordy!" sighed Lucius Brutus Allen. "*Oh*, Lord!"

But at last he bestirred himself. He knew that Saruly, his elderly darky cook, must be waiting for him with impatience; she would complain bitterly of dishes overcooked because of his tardiness. Having glanced down into the Square and found it virtually devoid of life, for this was the universal hour of supper, he set his brown straw hat upon his head, and took the parasol under his arm—not because he meant to return it. He took it with him merely for the pleasure of its society.

Upon the bottom step of the flight of stairs that led to the street, he found seated a small figure in a white sailor suit. This figure rose and spoke politely.

"How do you do?" it said. "Are you Uncle Lucius?"

"Who— What's your name?"

"Bill. Bill Ricketts," said Bill.

Lucius made a hasty motion to reascend the stairs, but Bill confidingly proffered a small, clean hand which Mr. Allen was constrained to accept. Once having accepted it, he found himself expected to retain it.

"Mama lef' me sittin' here to wait till you came down-stairs," Bill explained. "That man that came out said he couldn't say but he was pretty sure you were up there. She told me to wait till either you came down-stairs or she came back for me. She wants her parasol. Come on!"

"Come on where?"

"Up to your house," said Bill. "She lef' Maud waitin' up *there* for you."

It was the truth. And after a rather hurried walk, during which the boy spoke not once unless spoken to, but trotted contentedly at Lucius's side, confidingly hand-in-hand with him, when they came in sight of the small brick house in the big yard, where Lucius lived, a tiny white figure was discernible through the dusk, rocking patiently in a wicker rocking-chair on the front porch.

At sight of them she jumped up and came running to the gate to meet them. But there she paused, gravely.

She made a courtesy, formal but charming.

"How do do, Uncka Wucius?" she said. "Mama would wike her paraso'."

Saruly, looming dark and large behind her, supplemented this information: "Miz Ricketts done lef' the little girl here to wait fer you, Mist' Allen. She tell me ask you please be so kine as to bring the chillun along home with you, an' her parasol with 'em. She tell *me* the chillun been a little upset, jest at first, 'count o' movin' to a new place, but they all quieted down now, an' she think it'll be safe fer you to stay to dinnuh. An' as ev'ything in my kitchen's plum done to a crisp 'count o' you bein' so late, Mist' Allen, if you leave it to me I think you bettuh."

"I'll leave it to you, Saruly," said Lucius, gently. "I think I'd better."

And then, with the parasol under his arm, and the hand of a child resting quietly in each of his, he turned with Bill and Maud, and, under the small, bright stars of the May evening, set forth from his own gate on his way to Lucy's.

"Maud and Bill"—
ANOTHER STORY ABOUT LUCIUS BRUTUS ALLEN—
will appear in the December number.

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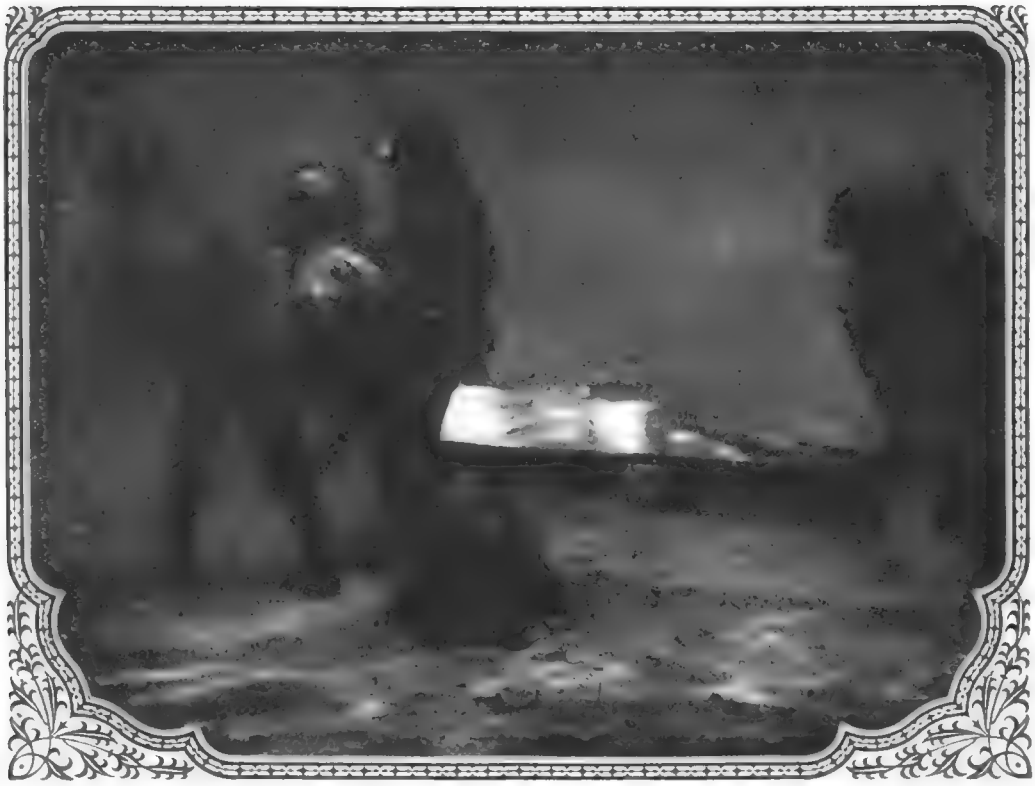

MOTION PICTURES —OF WHAT?

by Edward Mott Woolley

A GREAT criminal was about to escape aboard a power-schooner in Los Angeles harbor. The moment was tense with the possibilities of capture, for a little distance back on the road was a posse of famous detectives in an automobile, coming toward the wharf with the speed of a limited train. Only a few seconds lay between the great criminal and prison, but during that hair-breadth interval the ropes were cast off and the vessel swung away with the tide toward the open sea. Five feet, ten feet, thirty feet! Aha, the propeller-wheel was clear and the signal rang for full speed ahead. Escape!

No, not quite, for at this critical instant the automobile swept down to the dock with its load of detectives, and, without pausing even for the fraction of a second, leaped the chasm of swirling water and made a landing on the schooner's deck, as skilfully as an airship could have done. Captured! By all the fiends of perdition, foiled!

At least that was the plot for the motion picture; and if the overhead wires hadn't broken, the crimson car would have done the thing. The automobile proved too heavy, and went to the bottom of the bay, while the four detectives and their chauffeur were fished out half drowned.

This episode, which happened recently, helps us to understand the plight of the motion-picture industry as a whole. It is suffering to-day from many ills, but the

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chief of them seems to be a vast poverty of ideas. Or, to put the thing conversely, the industry is afflicted with a tremendous overproduction of ideas that are inherently hopeless.

When you mingle with motion-picture men you hear on every side this talk about overproduction. Most of them do not hesitate to say that a crisis has come. They are severe in self-criticism, and half a dozen large producers have said to me that the situation is rapidly simmering down to a survival of the fittest. Many motion-picture companies have failed; many others are reported to be on the verge of collapse; still others are reorganizing. Millions of dollars have been lost, and the making of film pictures has come to be regarded as a hazardous enterprise instead of the golden-lined business journey it was once supposed to be. Yet withal there are still sound and prosperous companies—no doubt plenty of them—and the future of the industry rests in their hands. There are many that have both ideals and money, and are laying out campaigns accordingly; but even some of these are saying:

"Yes, surely we are going to make motion pictures — but motion pictures of what?"

I have been looking about considerably in this field, and doing a lot of inquiring. In many quarters I find semi-stagnation. Around New York, on both sides of the Hudson, are great film studios that are idle, with no mimic life beneath their far-spreading glass roofs. Or if not closed down entirely they are peopled by a few scattering groups of players. From other parts of the country come reports of "slow business" and idle actors and actresses. To put it conservatively, there is a decided lull in the producing end of the industry.

Wherever I went among the prominent producers, inquiring the reason, the answer was practically the same: overproduction—

THE TWO UPPER PICTURES ARE SCENES IN THE UNIVERSAL'S SPECTACLE, "TWENTY THOUSAND LEAGUES UNDER THE SEA," MADE ON THE OCEAN-BED NEAR THE BAHAMAS. THE CAMERA WAS OPERATED IN A SUBMARINE CHAMBER OF IRON AND GLASS. THE WATER IN THE LOWER PICTURE IS REAL, AND SO ARE THE FISH; BUT BOTH ARE IN A THIN TANK, WITH THE PLAYERS BEHIND IT. FROM "LUKE AND THE MERMAID."

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These photographs were made from a negative film loaned to Everybody's Magazine by the Vitagraph Company.

THIS SHOWS YOU HOW A MAN CAN SHAKE HANDS WITH HIMSELF—NOT CHINESE FASHION, EITHER. ONE HALF OF THE FILM WAS MASKED WHILE THE PLAYER WAS PICTURED SHAKING HANDS WITH SOME ONE IN POSITION BEFORE THE MASKED HALF. THEN THE OTHER HALF WAS MASKED AND THE PROCESS REVERSED. THE SECOND THUMB BELONGS TO THE MAN WHOSE PICTURE WASN'T SUPPOSED TO BE TAKEN. THE PLAYER'S THUMB SHOULD HAVE OCCUPIED PRECISELY THE SAME POSITION.

THE WHOLE THING IS DONE TO A SYSTEM OF ACCURATE COUNTS—THE SAME NUMBER OF COUNTS FOR CORRESPONDING ACTIONS PICTURED ON EACH HALF OF THE FILM. A SPECIAL TIMEKEEPER IS EMPLOYED TO KEEP THE TIME RECORDS.

of poor pictures. The crudities of the average film were ruthlessly criticized even by producers who are doing some crude work themselves. The change in film fashions can not come with one jump, but must follow the demand more or less slowly by the development of writers and methods. The public has not fixed any definite standard and doesn't really know what it wants, except that it wants a good story with a real appeal to the emotions. It is tired of slapstick stuff, buffoonery, and the mere magic of trick photography. The people will take the illusions when they are necessary and incidental to the actual appeal, but as the principal film diet this sort of thing is on the wane. Of course, I am speaking now of the great body of intelligent patrons of the motion picture.

If they don't get a film story that is really worth the filming, what then?

There seems to be only one answer: They will get it on the legitimate stage. The spoken drama will come back into its own and the motion picture will lose the wonderful prestige it has enjoyed in recent years.

The causes underlying the picture-play poverty are rather involved. It has been the fashion, for one thing, to stake the success of a play on the reputation of the star player, without much consideration for the story itself. Producers and directors have failed to realize that a story's appeal lies in the situations rather than in the name of the actor. They have given little thought to the writer. I heard of one staff scenario-writer who turned out one hundred and

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fifty-nine film stories in a year. A professional scenario-writer wrote one hundred scripts in an average time of an hour each and sold them for fifty dollars apiece. Another writer boasts that he can create six film plots in two weeks, write the scenarios, and fictionize the stories for the newspapers. Out of charity I withhold names.

As a matter of fact, you can scarcely blame these writers. In their own sphere they are adepts and the market has been open to them. Almost anything went if it came within technical requirements. One scenario-writer says he never even considers a plot until he sits down at his typewriter. Then he looks around his den or out of the window for an inspiration. Perhaps he sees two boys fighting in the street. Good! In an hour he has the scenario done.

Then presently this swiftly built little melodrama is in the hands of a producer's director who draws a salary, say, of two hundred dollars a week, or perhaps four hundred. Three years ago, as a stage manager in the spoken drama, he drew fifty a week. A seven-hundred-dollar-a-week "favorite" actress is assigned to the leading rôle, and, running into the picture, she separates the fighting boys. In turn she is attacked by the mother of one of the urchins, and is rescued by a three-hundred-dollar-a-week actor. Then flaming posters in front of the theatres tell about the "wonder-play," for the girl marries the prince.

Of course I am not characterizing the whole industry; but these conditions do permeate, more or less, a large percentage of the film productions. The frenzied writer, the director with a fictitious value, and the enormously overpaid movie-star produce a grotesquely top-heavy film picture.

The cost has been tremendous and the waste expense appalling, but for a long time the people absorbed the product with some

THE FURIOUS WAITER'S PISTOL FIRES SMOKE BULLETS. THERE'S A MAN WITH A RIFLE OUTSIDE THE PICTURE WHO DOES THE REAL SHOOTING THAT SHATTERS THE CUP. IT'S SAFER FOR THE GENTLEMAN WHO'S EATING. MANAGER LAWRENCE SEMON DOES THE ACTUAL SHOOTING.

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degree of eagerness because the mere wonder of the motion picture had not dimmed. It is estimated that during the last year the public spent almost a million dollars a day, in the United States, at the film theatres. The industry represents an investment of $250,000,000, employs normally half a million people, displays eighteen thousand miles of film a day, and has a daily audience of fourteen million people. For a time capital rushed into the game, the general public investing its savings and the capitalists gobbling the Wall Street exploitations. Losses have been heart-breaking, and to-day capital is wary. One producer told me it was quite impossible to raise any money at all in an effort to save a certain film enterprise.

Then there has been cut-throat competition, and, until recently, a lack of cooperation among producers for the maintenance of living conditions and the betterment of the general product. Finally you come down to the exhibitor. He took what the producers gave him, because his side of the industry was unorganized and because the personnel of exhibitors for years was of low quality. Thousands of saloon-keepers and sports became exhibitors, and others with no experience in the theatrical field joined the El Dorado march. Now the personnel has vastly improved, and the exhibitors are organized and are getting into power.

At most of the studios I visited I found a decided tendency to get away from the old methods. In the matter of the film story's appeal, for instance, there has been something of a revulsion against trick photography as a principal element. At the Vitagraph, World, Fox, Universal, Triangle, Selig, Essanay, Kleine, Edison, Mutual, and other offices there was a disinclination to talk about trick photography on the ground that it was passing into the discard to a certain extent. True, it is being employed to-day, and often in melodramatic ways, but even the directors look at it askance. If they had something to substitute they would retire it, except in its incidental phases.

A favorite stock scene among directors has been an automobile dashing toward a cliff, which is easy enough to photograph with real people in the car because the machine in reality backs away from the cliff. Then, while the camera is stopped, it is cautiously poised on the edge with dummy passengers, and takes the leap as the camera starts again. But this before long will be taboo. The screen will have to find authors enough who can picture a story with an appeal to the intelligence and the emotions.

I saw a remarkable piece of photography done with the aid of a clothes-line and a ten-foot piece of black velvet, which also emphasizes the sort of thing the producers are trying to escape. The director coiled the rope on the velvet in fantastic shapes and photographed each pose separately on a film that was half masked. Then, on the same film, with the other half masked, he took a series of pictures of a man on

IT'S A REAL BRICK WALL, EXCEPT FOR THE CIGAR-BOX SECTION THROUGH WHICH THE AUTO CRASHES. THE PUBLIC IS GROWING TIRED OF SUCH TRICKS; BUT EVEN THE MOST ENLIGHTENED AUDIENCE OUGHTN'T TO OBJECT TO THE USE OF STALE BREAD WHEN BRICKS ARE SUPPOSED TO BE THROWN. EVEN STALE BREAD HITTING ONE'S HEAD DOESN'T FEEL LIKE FEATHER CUSHIONS. PHOTOGRAPH BY VITAGRAPH COMPANY

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RECTOR'S—AT FORT LEE, N. J.
A REMARKABLE IMITATION OF THE BROADWAY RESTAURANT, MADE BY THE CLARA KIMBALL YOUNG CORPORATION FOR "THE COMMON LAW."

horseback, making motions with his right hand. The finished picture showed a cowboy throwing his lariat in the most amazing way. The double exposure, plus "count work," is productive of extraordinary results from a scientific standpoint, but when palmed off on the people in a film story it becomes trickery.

The public is getting pretty keen, too, as to bogus doings on the film. To "get by," the trick must either be very novel or must be used to help portray a situation that rings true to human life.

In one scene a knife drops through a hole in the ceiling, grazes the hero's head, and sticks into an apple; but the audience nowadays knows this to be a reverse-action picture, with the knife really making an upward journey from the apple, by the aid of an invisible thread. A trunk is thrown out of a window with a real woman inside; but the audience knows that the camera will be stopped and a dummy substituted before the trunk comes hurtling to the pavement. A hunter is shown as the prey of a tiger in the woods, and the pursuit by the beast is thrilling enough except for the suspicion that fine wire bars separate the man from the animal, and the further suspicion—which is substantiated by facts—that the tiger is dead when he finally leaps on the hunter and bears him to earth.

This sort of appeal is fast becoming passé, and its passing will leave a gaping hole in the screen industry, to be filled by—what?

By better pictures, the producers say. But better pictures of what? They don't know; nobody knows. Therein lies the crisis. The definite answer seems to await the arrival of a new race of authors, who will get money for producing real picture stories; who will know the technique of the picture stage, and produce the finished story to the last detail, instead of the crude scenario. We have a few such writers to-day, and many distinguished authors whose work has been screened. In fact, almost every available modern story has been done in pictures, with varying success. But the future—that is the rub!

The author, or the absence of authors, is the great question-mark in motion pictures. "It is inconceivable," Commodore J. Stuart Blackton of the Vitagraph Company said to me, "that in all the United States there will not be a plentiful supply of writers who can

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produce high-class stories for feature films of five reels or more. The demand probably will not exceed fifty such stories a week, while of books there are ten thousand printed every year, of all kinds. The authors will be forthcoming; and besides there is a great field still untouched in the classics. As to the latter, the only question is whether they can be pictured with financial success."

A reflection of the situation is seen in the offer by the Famous Players of $100,000 to authors of recognized ability for one hundred photoplay ideas, and royalty in addition. The Universal Film Manufacturing Company has established a new scenario department with the object of cultivating authors and collaborating with them. Other producers are reaching out in a similar way.

Meanwhile the filming of pictures goes on with a pretty big sweep, despite the partial paralysis in the studios. The new crop of films is large and assorted.

I do not vouch for the statement that "The Battle-Cry of War," by the Vitagraph

ANOTHER TRICK PICTURE. THE HOUSE—PRESUMABLY WASHED AWAY BY A RIVER FLOOD—IS IN A TANK, BEING ROCKED BY WORKMEN OUT OF CAMERA RANGE. FATTY ARBUCKLE AND MABEL NORMAND ARE THE FLOOD VICTIMS.

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Company, is to cost several hundred thousand dollars, but I saw a thousand laborers digging trenches on Staten Island, putting up barbed-wire entanglements, and mounting the big guns. Incidentally, I saw some of the cannon in course of manufacture at the company's wood-working shops on Long Island. Here, too, I saw miniature battle-ships of wood, and tiny aeroplanes of different degrees of smallness, according to the perspective desired. Likewise a lot of full-sized dead soldiers in the making, but these were made of clothes and stuffing.

In a barrel was a life-mask in wax of John Bunny, and there were wax masks and heads galore that had done "double" duty. There were cardboard suites of furniture, capable of being smashed over people's heads, and dishes as thin as paper, and bogus trumpets and statuary and hundreds of other imitation things. Then there was real furniture enough in the warehouse to fit out a palace, and rugs enough for a mansion or two, and oil-paintings. A dozen families could go to housekeeping to-day on the things I saw there, and have clothes enough to last them ten years.

In this "Battle-Cry of War" there will be many real guns, of course; also mines, set off by a fireworks expert; likewise gas attacks, armored cars, genuine flying-machines, and hundreds of Uncle Sam's soldiers. Then there will be actual battle-ships, for some of the filming was done among them at the war game off Hampton Roads.

This picture, which is promised as the greatest war film, has its illusions, but in the main they are used merely to further a story that is greater than the tricks necessary to picture it, and the public is inclined to take kindly to this sort of staging. Yet the European war has been responsible for a vast series of picture-crimes against art.

A hundred thousand feet of pictures were sacrificed in getting out the final ten reels of "The Battle-Cry of War." This helps us to understand the great cost of the modern picture. There has been a deal of unnecessary waste, too, in this direction. I was told of concerns that had reduced themselves to bankruptcy by reckless photography that had to be eliminated in the cutting and assembly rooms.

The public rarely hears about these latter departments of the motion-picture industry, and doesn't know that many of the baffling screen effects are produced here. A film can be cut at any point the director wishes and some other scene glued in. Dozens of girls sit at benches, each with a reel contrivance before her, and work with extraordinary rapidity. All pictures have to go through the process of assembly and elimination, for no picture is ever made in consecutive order. If a ship is sunk at sea, the cabin scenes are filmed in the studio.

High up on the cliffs of the Hudson I saw a heartrending scene below decks while half a dozen studio mechanics, outside the picture, rocked the ship with levers improvised from scantling. On the deck itself, which was also under the glass studio roof, a terrific rain-storm was beating, although without a drop of real water. The effect was produced by a rain of shadows on the picture, brought about by the rapidly revolving wheel of a bicycle, turned upside down. A special lightning machine made the picture properly lurid. But this picture was taken six times before it was satisfactory, and you see how much work this caused the cutting-room.

I heard many criticisms of the haphazard, blundering methods followed in some studios in making pictures. The plans are not developed in sufficient detail in advance, and after the films are made, faults and inconsistencies are discovered that require the thing to be done over.

On the other hand, some scenes are very difficult and have to be done repeatedly despite the best-laid plans. One daring piece of work I witnessed was the photographing of an imaginary mob charging down Broadway. The first exposure was actually made in Broadway from an automobile, with the center of the film masked. Then the mob was taken at the studio, on the same film with the outer edges masked. This whole scene had to be rephotographed several times.

On Long Island, too, I saw E. H. Sothern at work on "A Man of Mystery." For this play and two others, "An Enemy to the King" and "The Chattel," he received $150,000, and spent twelve weeks in the filming.

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IN THE MOVIE THE KNIVES SEEM TO BE THROWN. REALLY, THEY WERE *STUCK* IN, WITH BLACK WIRES ATTACHED, THEN PULLED OUT WHILE THE PICTURE WAS TAKEN. THEN THE PICTURE WAS SIMPLY REVERSED.

Made for Everybody's by The Vitagraph Co., with Pete, In Front posing and Lawrence Semon pulling the wires.

One day I saw Mr. Sothern, as I supposed, dashing madly up a Long Island road astride a black horse while the camera man cranked fast. When the camera stopped, the rider pulled off his mustache and showed himself to be Mr. Sothern's double, whose pay was five dollars a day. But this was an illusion forced on the director by Sothern's complete fall-down as a rider. He tried it out on an undertaker's horse, but confessed himself to be very punk.

The custom of doubling is common, and probably no idealism can ever eradicate it. Recently Alice Brady faced a rôle in "Miss Petticoats" in which it was necessary to catch a runaway horse. No director would ask a lady to do such a thing, and the job was given to a shapely young actor who borrowed Miss Brady's clothes, got some long hair, painted his face, and did the thing neatly.

Incidentally, he cracked his shins.

One of the biggest of the new pictures will be the Universal Film Company's under-sea spectacle, "Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea." It has been a year and a half in the making, and the sea part of it was made around the Bahama Islands. The players, headed by Stuart Paton and including Jane Gail as a star, went to the islands expecting to be there eight weeks.

They stayed six months.

The filming was done in a submarine chamber of iron, with large observation windows. A flexible waterproof tube extended from this chamber on the bottom of the sea to a large scow on the surface, and the camera men passed up and down the tube on a ladder. The chamber was shifted by a derrick on the scow. Nine Cooper-Hewitt lights, outside the chamber and close to the bottom, were used at times, but usually the clearness of the West Indian sea made artificial lighting unnecessary.

This chamber was the invention of George and Ernest Williamson of Norfolk, Virginia, who had charge of the mechanical end of the expedition, and took part in some of the pictures. Ernest Williamson posed in a fight with a shark; but whether or not the big fish was already dead, like the tiger in the jungle scene, I don't know. A special submarine vessel was built for these pictures, capable of submerging, and for one scene she rammed the yacht *Loando*, which the Universal Company avers cost $20,000. Jane Gail and Matt Moore were aboard the yacht when the attack was made, and jumped overboard, sinking in front of the camera.

Supplementing the under-sea pictures were many scenes taken on the islands, where elaborate sets were built that included houses, streets, rafts, and so on. I

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am told that the whole population of one island, eighteen thousand Bahamians, took part in some of the scenes. They worked for twenty-five cents a day and three cents an hour for overtime.

This production, which will be released by the time this article is in print, cost $375,000, according to the Universal Company. But the public which gives up a million dollars a day to see moving-pictures, is blasé on the matter of cost, and producers are not taking as many "million-dollar pictures" as formerly.

There is no copyright on "Romeo and Juliet," and the picture stage has two new versions, one by Fox and the other by the Metro people. The Metro concern built a replica of the Market Place in Verona in the fourteenth century, comprising eighteen buildings and designed for six hundred players. Just as this spectacle was staged for the camera at Brighton Beach, Long Island, along came a tornado and wiped Verona from the earth, at a cost of $25,000. Some costs may be fictitious, but there are enough real ones to turn the producer's hair white.

Lighting has been greatly improved in recent years. Formerly the batteries of electric lights were placed back of the camera, so as to throw their glare in the players' faces. The modern way is to have the lights back of the players and over them, giving a much softer effect. The picture stage, however, becomes an inferno in summer. I was watching a scene one hot day in the World studio at Fort Lee, New Jersey, when one of the girls sank in a heap before the camera, and another actress toppled over a few seconds later. Out in the yard were perhaps a hundred girls awaiting a chance to get on the screen.

At one of the Vitagraph studios the man in charge of the employment office told me that two hundred people apply there every day for work as extras, the majority of them girls. Among the men applicants, however, are many interesting types. One ex-judge is now working as an extra man, and there are numerous professional men, artists, and men who have moved in the upper social strata. Those employed on the extra list get from three dollars and a half to five dollars a day when they work, but often they stand around the yard for a week waiting for a call. One day while I stood contemplating such a group a man appeared on a balcony of the film company's office building and, after casting his eyes over the available material below, called out imperiously:

"The dame with the red hat on!"

This "dame," a girl of perhaps seventeen, went inside, very red in the face, and I suppose she achieved her ambition by getting on the screen.

THIS IS WHAT OFTEN HAPPENS WHEN AN ACTOR FALLS OFF A ROOF: HE FALLS TO A SECOND ROOF A FEW FEET BELOW, WHICH IS OUTSIDE THE CAMERA'S EYE.

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At another studio I was in the yard when the caller came out and shouted in a voice full of command: "Jesse James!" But the man who had been assigned to play the part of the notorious bandit had gone across the street to get a drink, somebody said. He lost the part, for they got another Jesse within the minute. On Long Island there are to-day at least a thousand men waiting to hear the voice of the caller.

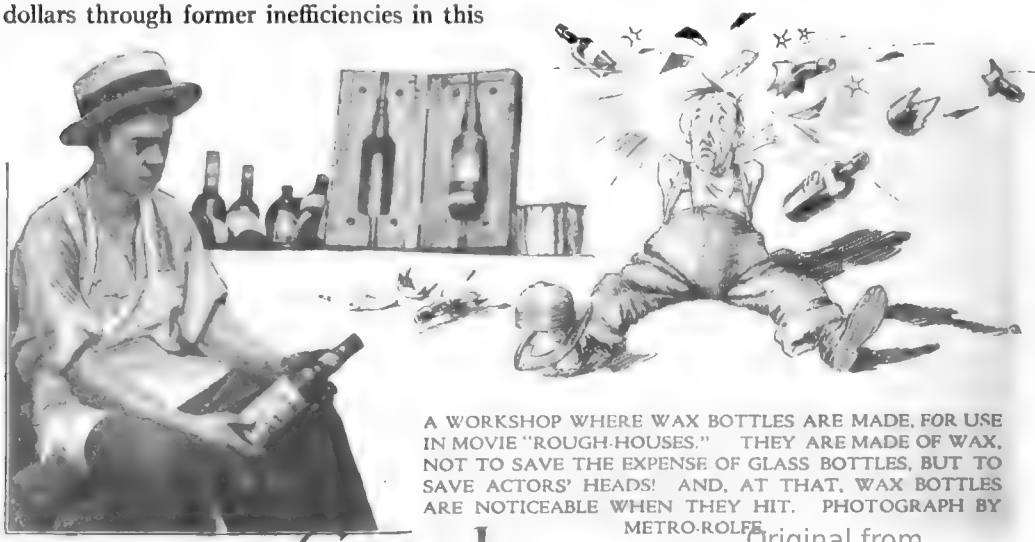
Long Island, indeed, is second only to California and perhaps New Jersey as an open-air stage. The picture "Under Two Flags," recently released by the Fox Company, was one of the many that have been staged there in part. They took Theda Bara and a company down to Montauk for the desert scenes, for on Long Island you can find almost everything in the shape of scenery. For her leap off the cliff, Miss Bara went to Saranac Lake, that Mecca for pictures as well as for invalids. For pool effects, however, mirrors are often used, as in an "Imperial ballet" scene made by the Edison Studio.

In this connection I was shown a curious scenery index prepared by the chief director of a large picture concern, by means of which any necessary natural setting can be located almost instantly. If they need a sylvan vale, the index affords a choice of a dozen, with pictures from which to select the best. If a bold promontory is wanted, they locate it through the index instead of wasting days running around looking for it. The chief director told me that his concern had wasted at least a hundred thousand dollars through former inefficiencies in this direction, but now it sends out scouts who report on landscape features, baronial mansions, log cabins, deserted houses, barns, fences, rivers, and so on.

One of these scouts discovered an old-fashioned empty house with an ideal tower —a landmark of Long Island—and the picture company prepared to use it in a film story; but when the players arrived at the scene they found another film company in possession, the house on fire, and the camera working at a lively rate. Not to be outdone. the disappointed camera men got busy and took the fire scene anyway. The house had been bought up overnight by the people who set fire to it.

Out in New Mexico the Fox people have just bought a whole village and scheduled it for destruction. It is the town of San Felice, and its fall will make part of a border film. Probably the Mexican-border affair has been seized by a hundred directors as an inspiration. Hundreds of pictures will be made of the border, but most of them, no doubt, will be made on Long Island or out in that versatile New Jersey country where I happen to live. One Sunday morning while out for a ride I was halted by a red flag and requested to wait until Villa could chase an automobile down the country road.

It is, indeed, costly to produce a real thing in pictures, and that is the one source of unending disappointment and failure in film enterprises. Even the most conscientious producer is forced to accept substitutes that



A WORKSHOP WHERE WAX BOTTLES ARE MADE, FOR USE IN MOVIE "ROUGH-HOUSES." THEY ARE MADE OF WAX, NOT TO SAVE THE EXPENSE OF GLASS BOTTLES, BUT TO SAVE ACTORS' HEADS! AND, AT THAT, WAX BOTTLES ARE NOTICEABLE WHEN THEY HIT. PHOTOGRAPH BY METRO-ROLFE.

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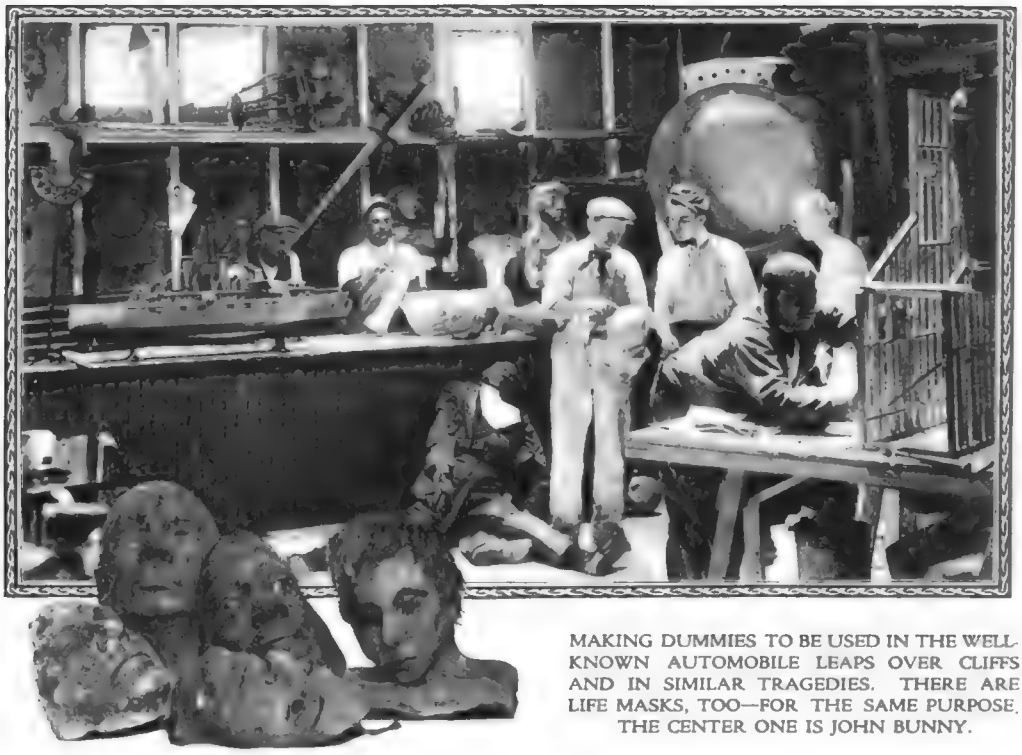

MAKING DUMMIES TO BE USED IN THE WELL-KNOWN AUTOMOBILE LEAPS OVER CLIFFS AND IN SIMILAR TRAGEDIES. THERE ARE LIFE MASKS, TOO—FOR THE SAME PURPOSE. THE CENTER ONE IS JOHN BUNNY.

gall his soul, as well as the souls of the ultimate audience. In "The Primitive Call," a new five-reel feature by Fox, made chiefly near Englewood, New Jersey, and featuring Gladys Coburn, it was necessary to have a hundred Indians. This looked easy until they tried it. Finally they rounded up quite a number of redskins through vaudeville agencies, and for the rest they had to fall back on Irishmen. The director had a theory that the Indian race originated in Ireland, and, indeed, these chaps required so little make-up that this notion seemed to have some value.

An old log cabin near Englewood made a fine Westerner's home, and swarthy Irish-Indians closed in upon it. Stealthily they crept up, and the clicking of the camera was the only sound. Then they swooped.

"Stop!" yelled the director. Then he ran over and grabbed a savage by the scruff of the neck. "You mick!" he shouted. "You laughed and spoiled the picture. And it's getting too dark to do it over to-day!"

And now he has relinquished his Indian-origin theory.

Another new photoplay in which it was difficult to get everything wanted was Thomas H. Ince's production for the Triangle Film Corporation of Richard Harding Davis's story "Somewhere in France." For one thing, it was necessary to get twenty bobtail horses, because French generals will not ride any other kind. After a frantic search only six bobtails could be found, and the owners of other horses would not permit the sacrifice of tails. A requisition was made for sixteen horses at five hundred dollars apiece, with intent to cut off their rear hirsute ornaments; but eight thousand dollars looked pretty steep, so another effort was made while the scene was being held up at high cost.

Through a piece of luck the discovery was made that a certain wealthy woman owned twelve bobs, but when she learned that Frenchmen would ride her pets, she balked. She was German! True, they were only bogus Frenchmen, but no use! So the director switched the story a bit, turned the French generals into Germans, and got the bobtails.

Yet some authors complain that directors take liberties with their yarns!

One of the important developments in the picture field is the serial that runs in

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THE GREAT BATTLE-SCENE FROM THE BIG FOX PRODUCTION, "A DAUGHTER OF THE GODS;" WHICH FEATURES ANNETTE KELLERMAN. AN ENTIRE CITY, SEEN IN THE BACKGROUND, WAS MADE EXPRESSLY FOR THIS PRODUCTION.

newspapers and magazines and on the film simultaneously. There seems to be a great field here, for these stories have caught the popular fancy, at least so far as the idea is concerned. The public likes to follow a star character through a long series of episodes, and a sort of personal intimacy grows up between the audience and the film players. It is the same sentiment that makes a series of books in the juvenile field more popular than a single book. But the great danger —the same peril that has beset the whole motion-picture industry—is poor quality. If the serial picture is to degenerate into a mere collection of antics and impossible adventures, then it will have its brief day and be forgotten. On the other hand, if these serials can be made to run true with genuine human emotions and be given true dramatic appeal, they ought to go a long way toward filling the picture theatres, especially in towns out of the metroplitan class.

There promises to be much competition in the future among concerns that give a "Newspaper service in pictures," such as the International Film Service and Pathé; and the picture scoop is going to be as important in its way as the printed scoop. In New York one day I met a camera man I had formerly known in newspaper work, hurrying to catch a train on the Jersey side. He had an assignment from a motion-picture concern to cover a strike, and he wanted to beat out the other fellows.

One producer prides himself on having beaten competitors a whole day with motion pictures of scenes connected with the explosions on Black Tom Island, near New York. He had these views on the screen the same day the calamity occurred. This class of producer has the advantage inasmuch as he knows just what to photograph and needs no scenario.

The film editorial, so called, is another phase of the screen that has great possibilities. At present it is largely used to disguise vampire-women films and sex subjects of the most prurient sort. Most producers agree that this sort of picture has done vast harm to the industry by alienating the better classes, who will not allow their children to attend many supposedly reputable picture theatres. It might be developed into a power for good.

In line with the newspaper film, fashion pictures are destined to be very popular. "Betty Preparing for Cool Weather," or "Betty at the Seaside," has an irresistible

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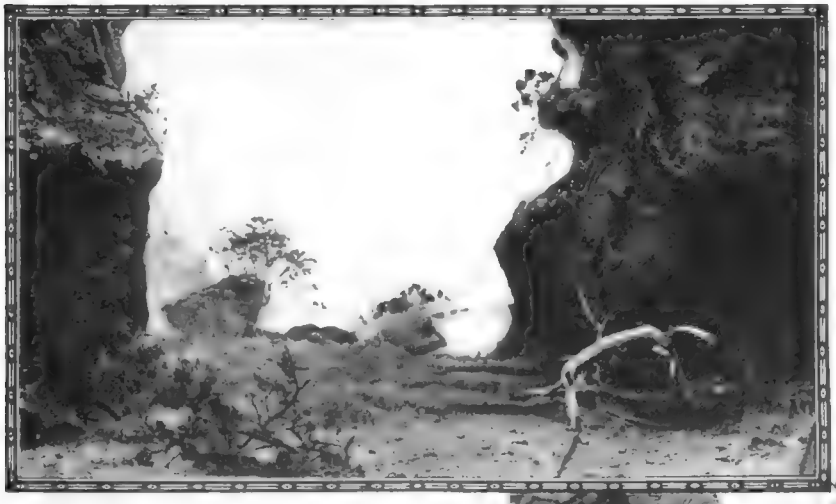
appeal. Then our old friend Happy Hooligan has come to life, along with Hans and Fritz, Mutt and Jeff, and other favorites who were supposed to be merely ink blotches. They round out the picture newspaper, though at the expense of much laborious work, for every step, wink, or kick must be a separate drawing. I think that this sort of picture is in its infancy, and that you will see amazing animated cartoons. I understand that experiments are now being made with mechanical contrivances that may make whole drawings act for the movies.

A development of the picture industry that undoubtedly will be very popular, and perhaps hasten the film-story producer in mending his ways, is the dissemination of geographical, commercial, industrial, and vocational information by means of the screen. In this work the Bureau of Commercial Economics of the Department of Public Instruction at Washington is active.

This Bureau is an association of the governments, institutions, manufacturers, producers, and transportation lines of America and other countries. Its reels are displayed in universities, schools, libraries, armories, public institutions, commercial clubs, conventions, fraternal halls, parks, playgrounds, rural communities, and other centers. No admittance fee is allowed, and for large audiences the Bureau will provide special lecturers on current subjects, such as travel, industry, and banking. The Bureau is supported through contributions, and no film is ever shown for a money consideration, though transportation charges must be paid by the organization using the pictures. There are about a hundred universities and colleges that act as distributing points for the Bureau.

This organization plans a vast extension work in which motion pictures and slides will play the chief parts. It aims to force better working conditions among the poor, to encourage recruiting in the army and navy, to educate immigrants in American methods and opportunities, to make better citizens of our own people, to present travelogues of the world, to disclose the production and manufacture of articles in common



A VOLCANO CRATER—IN FLATBUSH, BROOKLYN, WHERE SOTHERN WAS FILMED IN "A MAN OF MYSTERY." THE UPPER PICTURE IS A VIEW INTO THE CRATER FROM THE OUTSIDE, AND THE LOWER ONE SHOWS THE REAR OF THE STRUCTURE.

SOTHERN SPENT TWELVE WEEKS ON THE FILMING OF THIS AND TWO OTHER VITAGRAPH PICTURES. LONG ISLAND, BY THE WAY, IS AMONG THE LEADING OPEN-AIR STAGES FOR PICTURE WORK.

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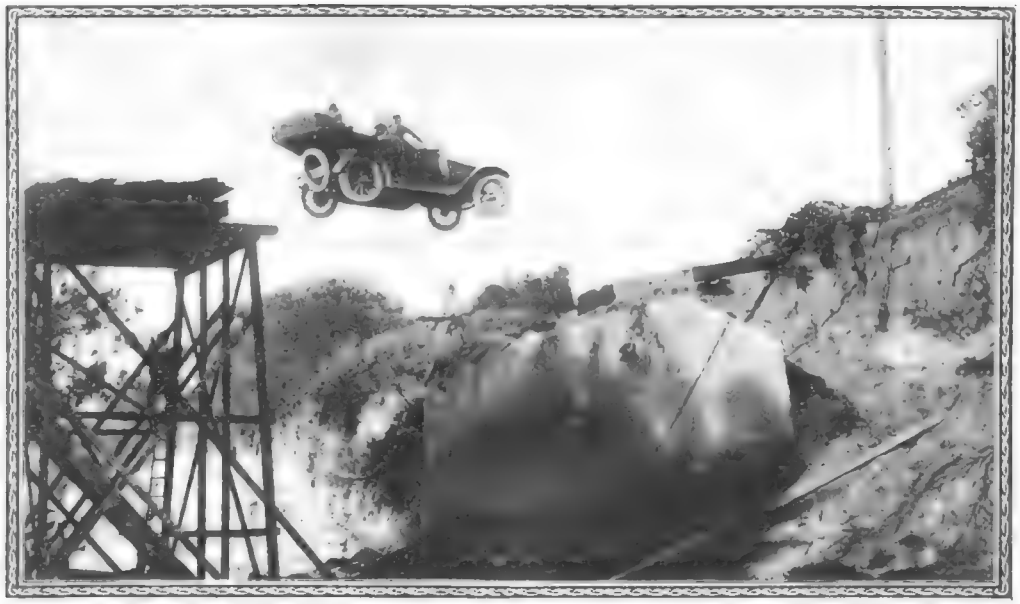

THIS JUMP IS GENUINE. THE GAP JUMPED IS FORTY-THREE FEET WIDE, ABOUT FORTY FEET DEEP. IT TOOK MUCH PRACTISE ON A SANTA BARBARA RACE-TRACK TO DETERMINE JUST WHAT SPEED AND WHAT INCLINE WOULD COMBINE TO CARRY THE AUTO OVER. AL THOMPSON, OF THE AMERICAN FILM CO., IS DRIVING, WITH EARL MONTGOMERY AND JACK LITTLE IN THE MACHINE.

use, and to present animal, fish, and forest life. There are now available hundreds of films, a few of which, taken at random, are these:

Out of the Mud—Good Roads;

Under the Feet of Men—Carpet Weaving;

What Brings You Home—Locomotive Building;

As Others See Us—Mirrors;

The X-Ray;

The Modern Horse—Tractors;

Pelt to Pelt—Shoes.

Some of the other subjects treated are synthetic preparations, wood, drugs, rubber, bamboo, fibers, jute, amber, blights and pests, linens, furniture, magazine publication, crockery, soap, ice, silk, starch, glue, railroad construction, shipbuilding, freight traffic, explosives, hospitals, social work, and so on indefinitely.

When we consider the number of educational subjects, and how little the average person knows about them, it looks as if the motion-picture industry had long neglected a fascinating field.

Individual manufacturers, merchants, banks, and industries in general are going into motion pictures, too, both for advertising purposes and in general educational work. At least one large New York bank had a "thrift story" filmed.

For educational work in the schools the field is as yet scarcely touched, though the time must come when every school will have its motion pictures to supplement textbooks. New York City now has an official investigator of educational motion pictures.

There will be more motion pictures for children, and here is a wide field for specialized screen authorship of a high order. Several companies have been organized to carry on this sort of enterprise, one of them calling itself the Juvenile Film Corporation, and announcing itself as a pioneer in juvenile comedy. It presents "For Sale, A Daddy," "A Chip Off the Old Block," and others. In various parts of the country organizations are be[ing] formed by the people to promo[te] the filming of good pictures [for] children.

Altogether it looks very muc[h] if the motion-picture industry almost reached the fork in [the] road, one course leading d[own] toward partial obscurity, and other up toward a new pres[tige]

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A NEW FACE ON IT

by Mary Brecht Pulver

AUTHOR OF "THE SPRING LADY"

ILLUSTRATIONS BY GEORGE BREHM AND DECORATIONS BY GEORGE W. WOLTZ.

REPORT 6, File 11; Dental Section, The American Ambulance, Neuilly, France.

Case 28 (Dental Surgeons: Drs. Darlington and Hastings)—"Doriot, Louis Paul Edgard, aged 27; double fracture of the mandible, with great loss of substance. Wounded, November 9, 1914, Canal de l'Yser, by bullet in mouth while patient was charging with lips open and teeth set. Bullet made exit through the cheek, after causing multiple fractures, and backward displacement and fracture of maxilla. All crowns of teeth on left side broken. Cheek torn open so that one could from behind look through the open mouth. Probing revealed many loose pieces of bone and large piece involving angle of jaw.

February 20.—Patient dismissed; fractures completely reduced and consolidated; complete set of artificial dentures; lips of small scar show light depression; facial contour normal otherwise."

IT'S a long, long way to Tipperary, as all of us know by this time, but it was a longer way still, as Louis Paul Edgard could tell you, from that November night on the Canal de l'Yser to that hour in February when he dared to look into a mirror for the first time. In that span of time—by the calendar a mere matter of days, but bodily a hell-span of centuries—Louis Paul Edgard trod the way of all others who suffer the dire head wounds of this modern war. There was pain; there was delirium; there was hope; there was despair; and he could embroider the cold data of the ambulance record with a hundred nuances of agony and endurance; but he probably will not. He will shrug and consider himself lucky, as indeed he is; for he was one of that fortunate company by whose side Skill walked through his dark days—in short, lucky enough to be cared for by the Dental Section.

So that on that day of the mirror, unlike those maimed and frightful beings who forfeit even our glance, he, Louis, Comte de Jeauvac, born in the great tapestry-hung house in the Faubourg St.-Germain, finished frequenter of Nice and Monte Carlo and Ostend, killer of pretty ladies and idle moments, could smile at what he saw, forgetting that black night when he rose out of his filthy trench and ran into the bullet hail, all soaked and dirty, his heart straining wide in his breast—ran until the ball of flame broke in his brain and he tumbled into the sticky earth with life—life itself—slipping out.

Even in that moment, while the bold, brave legs of him had borne him fearlessly on to the charge, there had been an instinctive, unuttered fragment of prayer back in the lady-killer part of his brain.

"Jesu! Not in the face!"

But this is not the story of Louis Paul Edgard chiefly, and we are diverging sadly. For the story is, of course, concerned with young Rodman Hastings, D. D. S.—he who opened the little two-by-four office in Lanesboro—and with that human Rose of Killarney, Aimée—christened Amelia—McManus, daughter to old Peter of contracting fame, whose big estates border Lanesboro corporation.

It begins, properly speaking, on a certain white-silk night in July, when Rodman Hastings, "off his chump" (or he would have remembered the relative size of his income and that of the house of McManus), kissed the Rose of Killarney on her sweet, moist lips and told her the old, old story.

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The first time he saw her was in his office. It had seemed a rather wonderful office to him up to that time—that tender, young nursling of his—a thing achieved rather painfully, like the university education that had preceded it, inch by inch, with a lot of pinching.

The tiny operating-room, quite fiercely modern, glistened like the Kohinoor with nickel and enamel (it was quite adequate, *that!*); but the waiting-room with a blue-tile linoleum, a few rag rugs, a varnishy little table, and the three chairs (arranged to look like six)—this, while good enough for the Lanesboro proletariat, suddenly shrieked of cheapness and badness on that morning when Aimée McManus climbed out of the big car and led the two men inside.

The foremost man was the one in trouble—old Peter, the father. And you knew by the way he peeled his sharp blue eyes under the bushy brows that he was an aristocrat of the purse, and considered the little office a four-flushing, cheap-skate place, utterly unsuited to the needs of an opulent millionaire. But pain drives a man to any length and his regular dentist was in New York, so he scowled at the rag rugs and ten-cent swiss curtains and packed his ruddy, white-headed person into the Kohinoor chair, and he presently said, rather grudgingly, that it wasn't so bad, doctor, not so bad.

Aimée had been charming. She had picked up a five-cent woman's magazine from the little table and had read very carefully an account of "How We Saved For An Automobile on Irish Stew," and looked like an angel while doing it. The third person, whom the young doctor did not observe carefully, dawdled around, slightly bored, in an expensive, too large coat of tan-orange tweed.

When they all left, Rodman peeped out from behind the swiss curtain (he really couldn't help it), and Mrs. Carson, on whose lower floor the offices were situated, obligingly rushed in and joined him.

"That's our McManus," she said; "he's as rich as all get out."

"And the other?" There was only one to Rodman.

"Oh, *him*—that's the Comty dee Joovack, the Frenchman that's visiting 'em."

"I meant the girl," said Rodman with fine indifference.

So she told him.

The next Sunday Rodman put a very high polish on himself, which was not unbecoming to a very sightly young American with a particularly fine head. His fine, clean skin, his nice brown eyes, his thick chestnut hair challenged the eyes so successfully, you failed to note that his blue coat had been dry-cleaned many times, that his ducks and white sneaks came from Saltzman's Emporium.

He walked out toward the big McManus villa and on the way he met a young lady Robin Hood—a girl in a green habit—on a bay horse. For some reason she pulled in; for some reason Rodman stopped. For no reason both blushed.

"I was wondering," said the boy, "how your father's tooth is."

"It simply *isn't*," said the girl, and—for no reason—they both laughed.

There are lovely lanes with tall hedgerows (else why the name?) in Lanesboro, and a cunning little river; and a young lady with a taste for canoeing or hiking and a young practitioner with (as yet) scarcely any practise can manage many a pleasant evening hour if they choose. At any rate, incredibly soon it seemed, he was calling her his darling and crushing her two small tanned hands in his.

And when she had let him do this Aimée did some crushing of her own. "If my father knew this, he would *kill* me—simply that. I am destined to marry the Comte de Jeauvac."

"That French runt!"

"He isn't a runt—in France. It's a wonderfully old title, and there are châteaux and art galleries, and a palazzo in Venice, and rare pictures and old lace—and I shall be Madame la Comtesse. My father, you know, used to carry a hod. That kind sometimes gets to be very keen for the title game."

"But, Lord—that little creature; that mustache, those eyes!"

"It's wax on the mustache. It hurts, too," Aimée said. "He kisses my hand," she explained hastily. "But his eyes are beautiful, and of course he can't help his size. Last week I might have done it. Not now," she sighed blissfully.

"I'll speak to your father to-morrow," flamed Rodman. "I'm poor, but I can work. I—I'd think a solid, self-made man would prefer my kind of chap. Why, I'm young and decently educated——"

"Save it for father," said Aimée. "You

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have convinced me." And they kissed again.

Rodman kept his promise. He threaded his way in among the lackeys to the morning-glory pergola where old Peter was sipping a glass of vichy.

"Mr. McManus," he said, and he stood very white and erect, "I have come to ask of you the greatest favor a man can ask —the greatest gift. I—I love your daughter. She has sent me—to win your consent."

For a moment some of the vichy threatened to get into Peter's eyes by the "inside route;" his face turned purple, but he spoke with some semblance of calm. "I believe, sir," he said, "that my daughter is beyond such a request. She's engaged to the Count of Joovack."

"Not yet." Rodman grew slightly firmer—also paler. "She—she hinted that your wishes lay that way, but hers do not. She —she—I—we love each other." It was a lame Victorian finish.

Old Peter ran a finger inside his collar; his neck was magenta. "And you!" he said in an odd, whistling voice, "I recognize ye now—you're the beggarly dentist with the two-cent tile out here in the village. You—you—I suppose your income *isn't* quite as large as your gall, eh?"

"I couldn't state it, because I haven't got it yet—regularly. But I'm well-educated and strong. I can work like a horse——"

"A dentist! A tooth-puller! A jaw-whacker! A man who lives on other people's mouths, and not even an income! Nobody ever heard of a dentist, anyhow! He's only comic-paper stuff!"

"You can insult me all you like; but you can not hurt my profession with your epithets." Young Rodman flushed. "It is above such assaults. It's a big profession, with a splendid future before it, as you'd know if you were properly informed——"

"Silence! I'll have no damned jaw-puller saucing me back in my own back yard. You are an insolent puppy, sir, and have no business here at all, and I advise you to walk, and walk quick, or I'll have me boys throw you out."

"If it were not that you are the father of the girl I love——"

"Go to hell!"

Young Rodman bowed. He turned away very proudly, though his heart felt like mashed strawberry.

It did not help him that he realized the presence of another during the latter part of the interview. A small dapper person in costly morning garb, a rose in his buttonhole, a bit of mauve handkerchief peeping from his pocket, and a spiketailed mustache on his lip, had come sauntering slowly down the green alleyway, fingering alternately the rose and the spiketail.

He must inevitably have gleaned some scraps from the conversation. It seemed to Rodman in turning away that he caught a laugh in the Frenchman's romantic black eyes, a flash of finely kept teeth, and Rodman clenched his hands with impotent rage.

Aimée was not surprised at his tidings. "Just what I expected. He's a dear, but *so* pig-headed. He takes—persuading."

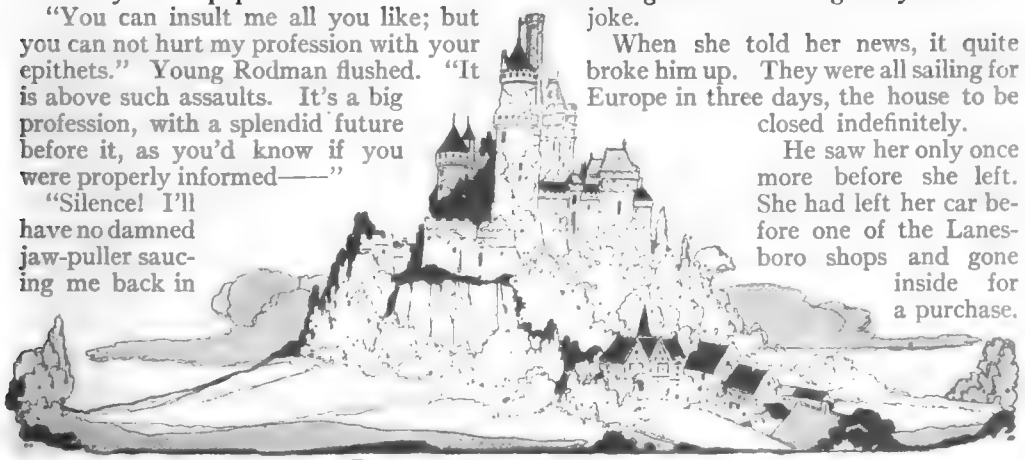
"And I've nothing to persuade with, by his count. Come away and marry me anyhow, sweetheart."

"I couldn't do quite that, dear. He'd disown me. It isn't just for the money, although I am very fond of that; but I'd hate being disowned because—perhaps you can't see it—but I'm awfully fond of him. We've simply got to have patience and wait for something."

"It's the other kind of patients I need," Rodman groaned with a ghastly effort to joke.

When she told her news, it quite broke him up. They were all sailing for Europe in three days, the house to be closed indefinitely.

He saw her only once more before she left. She had left her car before one of the Lanesboro shops and gone inside for a purchase.



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Rodman followed—or tried to. He found the doorway barred. He looked down at a small masculine shape in a big tan-orange motor-coat. The spiketail mustache was there, also the pink rose.

"If monsieur will kindly stand aside? Mademoiselle has finished her purchase and returns to her car."

"I wish to speak to Miss McManus." Rodman flushed but controlled himself.

"Alas, I must prevent, monsieur. It is impossible!"

Rodman gulped. "I am the best judge of that, I believe. I'll punch your block if you don't get out of this doorway—*quick*." Young Rodman glowered at the little man very pugnaciously.

The little Frenchman seemed very languid. "Permit me to remind monsieur that one does not quarrel in the presence of a lady. Perhaps I can oblige you later—with pleasure." He drew a card from his pocket, and offered it with a ridiculous foreign air. "I shall be charmed to meet you any time before we sail or in the future. . . . I have unfortunately given my word to Monsieur McManus that Mademoiselle Aimée is addressed by no young man, and in particular *not* by Monsieur le Dentiste of the *beaux yeux*."

There were mingled sneer and pleasantry in the words, and Roddy tingled to slap the little man. He might have done so, but he saw Aimée coming and stood aside.

"Nothing doing, Roddy. It's a promise. But I'll write to you."

Her note made him utterly wretched.

Dear, I've had to give in *pro tem*. I'm engaged to de Jeauvac. Don't go up in the air. It's only for the sake of peace. Father made a piggish scene, but I'll bring him around yet. This engagement is nothing, a mere formality, and I'll never let it go any farther. Keep up a good heart. We'll be back by Christmas, and you're my own boy and the only one I love.

It was July. The road and big elms were white with dust, barefoot children played outside, and swallows skimmed in the street. There was nobody in the little office, and Dr. Rodman Hastings put his head down on his nice new vulcanizer, his throat strangely stiff, a lump like lead in his breast.

"What chance have I got? She can't stand that old brute's pressure. I'll lose out—just for a few measly dollars—to that little frog-eating fool."

IT WAS August and dust-white in Lanesboro town, but across the ocean the dust was red, great guns had begun to pound, and presently they were battering before the forts at Namur.

Presently, too, the corn-on-the-cob season beginning, came sunburned countrymen into Dr. Hastings's office for the annual "store-teeth" crop. Came also after a little something more important—a letter from old chum Charley Buckley.

So we're going—a unit of six of us. All old—— University boys, and Darlington's our chief; and, by heck, it's the chance of a lifetime. We'll taste of life, and see such head surgery, old boy, as'll make a high-cost-of-living specialist of every one of us. Expenses paid, too. Don't you want to come along? We'll find you a place.

"Why in the name of conscience *should* I stay here?" Dr. Hastings addressed the rag rugs and the ten-cent curtains. "I'll go, as sure as I'm a Dutchman." And he went.

They sang together, that unit of old college boys, leaning over the ship's rail watching the Liberty recede. They sang college songs, and "Hail, Columbia" and "Onward, Christian Soldiers," and presently, meeting neither submarine nor man-of-war, they got safely to France. From then on they sang no more, for, as Charley Buckley said, they "tasted of life."

The true inwardness and history of the labors of the Dental Section of the American Ambulance, in this war of the high explosive and shrapnel, are part of the romance of surgery. For under its guidance the seemingly impossible is achieved. Creatures that look like nothing human after the flying ball or shrapnel scrap has left its deadly mark on their faces, come into the wards of this section ruined for life, apparently, and go away after the amazing plastic surgery with a brand-new nose, lip, or chin-section, or some wizard-wrought miracle of the mouth. Better still, depart with a new hope in their hearts, and all wounds in their self-respect healed.

Here's where we make you over—
Nose, jaw, eye, or brain.
We're the grand little Oral Surgeons,
We'll turn you out pretty or plain.

This had been one of Charley Buckley's songs too, at first, which, like the others, had long since fallen into disuse.

On a day in November, murky—it had

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FOR SOME REASON SHE PULLED IN; FOR SOME REASON RODMAN STOPPED. FOR NO REASON BOTH BLUSHED.

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rained three days and the cobbled French street ran chrome rivers—the erstwhile cheerful Buckley with a green shade over his eyes was swaging a metal splint in the laboratory for Case 776, who'd lost a piece of his nose and most of his teeth.

"Three months ago, too, and all healed. That's the cursed shame of it—if we could catch 'em *fresh*, it'd be so much easier."

"They're fresh enough now, Lord knows." It was his friend Rodman Hastings who had looked in on him. "There was fighting on the Yser yesterday and they're coming in a dozen to the minute. Chief's done eleven major operations since noon. It's going to be an all-night session, too."

Both young men looked thinner, keyed-up, and taut with strain and responsibility.

"What I object to all day is this confounded gangrene smell. You can't get away from it."

"What I object to is that boy up there in among the lungers with that shrapnel in his chest shrieking all night."

"This is the life." Buckley spoke mechanically. "Wonder my hair isn't white. Chief wants you right away? You look done up."

"I'm going on again—in an hour. I'll have a pipe and turn in for a short nap. It'll be a night session for all of us, I tell you."

Rodman turned out into the hall. Here the faint, sweetish, fetid odor to which Buckley objected, which clung to the air and defied all the iodoform odors of the hospital, grew stronger. Two nurses passed in the white-banded head-dresses of the volunteers; another in the blue-and-white of a regular nurses' order; one of the French medical staff came in, a gray, alert little man with his black case; two orderlies in khaki swung by with an empty stretcher.

It was a familiar vision, a wearisome one to-night to Rodman Hastings's eyes. Not that he ever regretted coming. He realized the enrichment of experience it meant in every phase; but his body to-night cried out for rest, his eyes were haggard with the things he had seen that day—things to which he was even yet not hardened.

A door on the lower hall opened suddenly, and a man came out. This was Dr. Darlington, the chief of Rodman's unit, a man whose personality and skill the boys fairly venerated. He came up, a gray-haired, kindly man, his face very weary.

"Oh, you are there, doctor?" he said to Rodman. "I've been looking for you. I'm afraid we'll have to curtail your rest. Cases are coming in very rapidly. I should like you to report to Dr. Reeves in about fifteen minutes—there is a bad maxilla operation coming on. You'll be ready in fifteen minutes?"

"Yes, doctor."

"You look pretty fagged." The senior eyed Rodman's face carefully. "Better take your quarter-hour in the court and get a bit of air . . ." He hesitated. "You boys mustn't run down on me. Standing the gaff pretty well?"

"Yes, doctor."

"Kennedy and Mitchell will be coming on to-morrow and you can have a relief or go back to Paris if you wish. We ought to have more volunteers coming out here right along."

"Thank you, doctor, but I'm staying on."

"Good boy! I've wanted to tell you fellows for some time what a support you've been, and I'd like to speak particularly of your own work. You've given me some very nice work, doctor. You have a clear vocation for surgery. Dr. Buckley tells me you are in general practise?"

"In a country town, doctor. Worth about fifteen hundred a year, perhaps. I've often thought of surgery, but it takes funds——"

Dr. Darlington waved a hand comprehensively.

"You're getting experience here no funds can buy. When you go back, doctor, if you still feel inclined to specialize, I wish you would keep in touch with me. I like to work with you, and I can render you real assistance in making a start."

"Thank you, doctor."

The chief turned away and Rodman moved down to the front door. There was a curious ringing in his head, as though his subconscious self realized what the great doctor had said. He had had a door opened—wide; a way made for him all in a few words, for the years that were to follow; a chance to climb and climb high in an honorable profession. He should have trodden on air, but his conscious self was slow about it.

He was too tired, for one thing; too wrought with the present. And there was the matter of Aimée. He had had no word from her in months. He had a vague idea

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"I HAVE GIVEN MY WORD THAT MADEMOISELLE IS ADDRESSED BY NO YOUNG MAN."

that she was safe in Scotland, far away from Zeppelin and Taube, out of all danger—with old Peter, and quite likely her little fop of a Frenchman.

"He'd be the kind to play it safe, and by this time no doubt he's safe enough with her," he told himself bitterly.

In his heart of hearts he did not believe this, but he tortured himself blissfully, as men in his state do. Beside the possible loss of his heart's love, the thought of future professional glories loomed small.

It was thick and foggy in the courtyard—so dark the old concierge had lit the lamps. Rodman looked up to see a motor ambulance—British—backing in carefully.

He stood a little while watching. The driver and an orderly were lifting out the contents, drawing out from their racks and swinging down the light stretchers on which lay huddled masses under carefully spread army coats. Mechanically, out of the experience he had garnered these months, Rodman registered, by the stretcher position, the swing and lift of the attendant's skilled wrist, a crude diagnosis of each case.

"Spinal!—Abdominal!—Head-wound!"

There were four of these last in succession; he saw them taken into the little offices in the front corridor, and he followed. They had been put on the floor in a neat row and he stopped by the first one. The figure under the coat appeared to be that of a slender boy of fifteen; the head was enveloped completely in rude field-dressings. There was the field-hospital record—the hasty "sorting-tag" fastened to the coat. Rodman stooped to read the first lines:

Doriot, Louis Paul Edgard,
Third Company, Second Battalion, Second Regiment Chasseurs de la Ligne.
Shot in the mouth.

Something clicked in Rodman's brain. He was back on Lanesboro River, in a lazy canoe, with a girl who read him little French lyrics out of a rococo volume of white-and-gold. She had showed him the fly-leaf. It bore:

To
Mademoiselle McManus
from her devoted
Louis Paul Edgard Doriot.

"That's the count's real name—his family name, you know," she had said.

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Now Rodman drew a deep, amazed breath.

"By the living, it's the runt!" he gasped. Then a queer tingling possessed him—the feeling that always seized him when he saw them brought in—these broken, futile-looking beings who had offered their supreme treasure so magnificently for their ideal—and he colored.

"I beg your pardon, Comte de Jeauvac," he said contritely, addressing the unconscious figure in the huddle of stained clothing, as though it could hear.

"I HOPE you realize what a situation this is." Young Dr. Hastings arranged his little steel probes carefully, and glanced at the still figure on the operating-table. "This is the goods for a shilling shocker, a good old-time melodrama, and if it were—Zowie—what a situation! Villain is unconscious, prostrate, helpless on the table . . . skilled hero with his probes and lancets. Aha! Foiled at last. One slip of the lance . . . *viola!* Of course it's the chief's job really—all the big part, but he hasn't seen you yet. I could make all the necessary alterations and get you ready nicely—if this *were* the melodrama. There's that nimble tongue of yours; it's in good working shape yet, but I could fix you so you'd never make love again. Pretty bad! pretty bad, old boy!"

The last words were uttered aloud as Dr. Hastings picked up his probe and bent over the silent Comte de Jeauvac.

"Swing that light more to the left, McCready," he said. Then his mind went on talking to itself: "Yes . . . I'm the high-mucky-muck just now—ace-high on this job, my little soldier. I could put a totally different face on you if I wished. But you're safe enough. That sort of thing isn't done in the best circles, and never, never in the Dental Section. We reconstruct; we build, not tear down. Your facial architecture is quite safe. I shouldn't be surprised if you wouldn't have much of a scar, even. Didn't know that, did you? That's the kind of man we've got at the head here. Wouldn't like to go through life, would you, with all the pretty girls turning their heads away—even Aimée? I expect even old Peter'd balk at deformity. Yes, you'd queer yourself then, and in a movie-film I'd give you the chance to do it, but I'm not going to now." He laid down one probe and took another. "Bad—pretty bad. Chewed you up some. Never thought that day in my office in Lanesboro we'd play together like this—you and I—never thought you had it in you, for my part. You're the bully little boy, all right. Regular fightin' scout, like the rest of these Frenchies—all nerve and ginger and pure spunk. Title hasn't seemed to hurt you at all. A-a-ah! *Now* we're coming," as the probe got in its work. "We will have the radiographer in a minute, McCready, please," he added aloud.

"It is of a terribleness, his pain, yet it is not for that he weeps." The little nurse in the winged head-dress, who spoke to Dr. Hastings three days later of the Comte de Jeauvac, shook her head decidedly. "Me, I know. I have handle' many men. And it is a brave one, him. It is not when he suffers he cries, but when he has peace. He thinks then——"

"And what's your theory?"

The young sister blushed. "Me, I think it is a woman, doc-tair. I think he gives himself fear for his comeliness."

"You may reassure him on that point," said Hastings gravely.

He passed through the ward a little later and stopped to study the silent, bandaged figure on the cot.

"Good Lord! is it possible he *loves* her? That's an insult to Aimée; but you take it for granted these chaps have the mercenary motive."

It was two weeks later when the little nurse reported confidentially again: "There is some fever yet, as you know. It is, I think, that he still worries. The lip moves now after the electric massage, and he speaks over and over a single word—most badly, but one understands."

"What sort of word?"

"It is a woman's name," triumphed the little nurse.

Dr. Hastings went in and sat by the patient. There was no sign that de Jeauvac knew his world as yet, but presently he began to mutter. It was the same sound many times repeated, and presently the doctor caught it.

"Marie!" murmured the Comte de Jeauvac.

Rodman shook his head. "The name is Amy—Aimée," he corrected.

De Jeauvac paid no heed. "Marie! Marie!" he murmured.

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"The commonest name in France, and it *might* be his sister, but I'll bet a penny pickle it isn't. Can you beat it?"

He scowled at the still bandaged shape. These men of France, magnificent fighters, but as lovers—husbands——

"It's this Marie-person he loves, I'd bet my next year's suit. Not that that would make any difference in his conduct." He scowled again, yet somehow his heart was lightened that it had not been Aimée's name.

On a day three weeks after his admittance Louis Paul Edgard Doriot opened his black eyes above his diminishing bandages, and recognized for the first time the person who stood at the foot of his cot.

"So! At last! and of an also—you know me," young Rodman grinned at him.

The Frenchman's face flushed slightly.

"Monsieur le Comte," said Rodman gravely, "back in America one day you were good enough to offer me satisfaction along with your card. It may interest you to know that I have had it." He grinned more broadly and flourished his arm. "I have fought my duel, monsieur—one-sided perhaps, but highly satisfactory—with lance instead of rapier."

The color as suddenly left the Frenchman's face. "Monsieur," he articulated slowly, "not my life—not many years—will suffice to—tell my—grat-itude."

"Cut the heroics." Rodman blushed a little. "That was only the day's work, brother." He hesitated. Then:

"There's one question I'd like to ask you, Comte de Jeauvac," he said. "You—do you happen to be engaged at present to Miss McManus?"

"I—I have that plaisure," the Frenchman enunciated slowly. But there was no pleasure in his face, and he closed his eyes slowly.

Somehow Rodman no longer felt anger toward the little Frenchman. You can't posset and handle a limp and feeble human, and knead it like malleable clay, and pray over it, so to speak, and agonize your brain, and shave to a hair your knowledge of science, and, in a sense, play its creator, without awakening in yourself a maternal feeling. De Jeauvac, save for one major operation, had been Rodman's own task in that time of stress, and he hovered over him like an anxious hen about a feeble chick. Was there an acceleration or a depression in the little Frenchman's pulse, Rodman was there to fight it. Was there a night crisis, some shadowy watch-hour that threatened his success, it found the young dentist-surgeon battling, keen-eyed and taut, for the life of his sweetheart's fiancé.

He didn't put it that way, of course. He had forgotten that de Jeauvac was a fiancé, he had forgotten that he had a sweetheart.

De Jeauvac had become only a human being, and Rodman fought at his side for science's and humanity's sake. Even in his calmer moments the thought of Aimée was shelved—for the time. He had a duty to this soldier of France, and he did it manfully.

De Jeauvac had relatives in Paris, and hither presently came wines and cigarettes and rich jellies. The first two he insisted on offering to Dr. Hastings as he offered more intangible things. If the hen protected the chick, the chick was no less anxious to be shielded. He was in no doubt, de Jeauvac, to whom he should direct his allegiance. He tried to show it in a dozen ways.

The two young men grew to be friends quite rapidly, and when a moment spared Hastings sat with de Jeauvac in the convalescent ward, while the little Frenchman relived for him the first hours of mobilization, the calling out of his class, the long tedium of the train journey, of the first rude trench life, and that wild night at de l'Yser. At this last he brought up standing, his hair in sympathy, and unless Rodman was careful it usually meant heroics.

But on the day of the looking-glass he lost all control over de Jeauvac. He brought to his patient a set of camera-prints and laid them silently on his knee. They showed his original wound, and the progressive steps of the healing. The Frenchman looked at them trembling.

"Mother of Christ!" he gulped, his face white.

Then Rodman put the mirror into his hand. He thought the Frenchman was going to faint at first. But he didn't—he burst out crying instead, in shrill, girlish abandon. And a really horrible thing happened—he threw himself on Rodman's breast and kissed him violently, first one cheek and then the other.

"Hell!" sputtered Rodman, and ran for cover; but his heart was the size of a county-fair cabbage, and something stung in his eyes.

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"IT'S THIS MARIE-PERSON HE LOVES, I'D BET MY NEXT YEAR'S SUIT."

When he came again to de Jeauvac he had a face like an undertaker. He carried a letter that was several weeks delayed and had come round by way of Holland.

"It means they're coming here—to find you?" he suggested.

It was the first time since that moment by his cot that he had mentioned Aimée to the Frenchman.

De Jeauvac nodded.

"Won't it be a little tough on Marie?" asked Rodman, looking him square in the eye.

The Frenchman looked at him startled, then moistened his lips, but he did not answer directly. "Monsieur," he said enigmatically, "it is a great thing to fight for one's ideal. It teaches one the true values of life."

Rodman got no more out of him about it.

They came next day at dusk. An orderly showed them to the

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convalescents' ward, where de Jeauvac sat alone—or almost. For the life of him a very miserable young member of the —— University Unit could not forbear appearing suddenly on a quite superfluous tour of inspection.

When he entered a shameful thing occurred. The young lady of the party flew to him as on a signal, and did not fly in vain. His arms went about her like clockwork.

"I knew all about you," she whispered, "and I'm so proud, and it's *all right.* I threatened him with the Russian Red Cross and he *has* come around."

There was time for no more, for the little Frenchman's voice reached them very clearly, across the room. He was standing very erect and very military, closing and unclosing his hands rapidly, his face quite pale.

"Monsieur McManus," he was saying, "I have traveled a long road since we met last. I have fought for France. And it has taught me much. War, monsieur, is the great purifier; it purges the soul of base desires, and teaches a man his own heart. It simplifies life and brings a wider, clearer vision. In short, monsieur, with regard to our relation, it will be unfair to you and to your beautiful daughter if I neglect to state that the heart—the ideal—is not in it, as I would have had you believe. Out of my childhood I grew up beside a girl of a neighboring estate, nobly born but very poor. We love each other, but it is an impossible match, or so one thinks. And so—what would you?—I seek America, where there is always much wealth. But back there, where one looks God in the face, I know better, monsieur. It is the soul that counts, not the purse, and so I would clearly tell you——"

"That you throw my daughter back at me, you little puppy!" There was a St. Bernard's rumble out of the McManus throat. "You'd try to jilt us, would you?"

"Stop bluffing, father!" Aimée whirled round on him. "Don't pretend that you didn't come here to help me break my engagement. He knows all about it—Louis does, anyhow. And he told me all about Marie long ago. And if there's one bit more fuss I *will* go straight to the front as volunteer nurse, as I ought to after all those lessons in London, instead of staying safely here with Rodman as I promised—if he wants me."

"Wants you!" gasped the boy dizzily.

The little Frenchman bowed to McManus: "Monsieur, I have been thoroughly assured long since as to the location of mademoiselle's heart, and I can only say that I congratulate you. It has been my pleasure to know Monsieur Hastings intimately of late, and to have tasted personally of his skill. He is a gentleman and a great surgeon. Perhaps these will the better convince you of the last statement."

He laid his little duplicate set of prints in McManus's hand, and with an air of elaborate delicacy bowed himself from the room.

There being no one to give him any attention, the McManus leafed through the little prints. His face ran the scale of amazement and awe. Once or twice he even whistled, then his face took on an injured look. He pounded his knee with his fist.

"Damnation!" he said. "It's a man of science you are, and a fair wonder too—and I wouldn't have believed it of a dentist, either. But I wasn't so far wrong. It's a jaw-whacker I called ye, and a jaw-whacker ye are, and proud you should be! What, in the saint's name, would you call it else?"

He looked across the room as though he expected an answer, but he got none. For the "jaw-whacker" had retaken the Rose of Killarney to his heart and had no time for the foolish questions of this world.

ARE you reading the stories about Lucius Brutus Allen, the New Tarkington hero? There's one called "MAYTIME IN MARLOW" on Page 513 of this number. And in it are two very young people named Maud and Bill, who have a great deal to do with "Lu" Allen's fate. Next month Maud and Bill get the limelight, in a story that bears their names. If you ever knew any active *children; if you ever knew anything about a small town; if you enjoy romance and amusement well mixed—read Mr. Tarkington's "MAUD AND BILL" in December.*

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WHAT IS AN AMERICAN?

by Richard Le Gallienne

Some of us have forgotten that the United States was a great nation a century before it was a rich nation. And some of us believe that our classical charter of human freedom, the Declaration of Independence, stamped the hall-mark of a national ideal on Americanism for all time. Is that ideal —Anglo-Saxon in its conception —as strong now as it was before the great tide of southwestern European immigration turned toward our shores? What is an American to-day, and what is Americanism? These questions have been vitalized for us during the past two years by the great war. Mr. Le Gallienne, an American by adoption, answers them in this keen-visioned article that goes straight to the heart of Americanism. -The Editors.

A FRIEND of mine, a lady interested in the future of the American ideal, once made it her business to investigate the budding American citizen on the subject, by lying in wait for the American schoolboy as he emerged vociferously from the schoolhouse door, lesson-free for the day, and trying to discover from those uncompromising lips his own spontaneous notion of what it meant to be an American. In this way she questioned some thousand boys of all classes and races, and she struck an average of their answers.

The result was not the one

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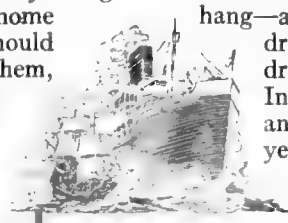
it was not a little depressing. For the prevalent idea of these young minds was that an American was one who made much money, and made it fast. The capacity for getting rich quick was for these young minds the American birthright. Such was the seed somehow planted and already flourishing in the thought of these heirs of the Declaration of Independence. Such was the idea already actively formative in them for their own future, and the future of the land to which since the fourth of July, 1776, the other nations of the world have looked up as the guardian and champion of a very different ideal.

Now these schoolboys did not, of course, evolve this idea for themselves. They must have caught it from their elders, and it would seem, too, that their school-training must have been deficient in that inculcation of a noble nationalism which should go along with religion, as one of the first principles of national education. Alas! it is to be feared that their elders, including their teachers, have in the pursuit of strange gods been too inclined to forget how and why America became a great nation, long before it was a rich nation, too, and to forget also the sacred obligation of every man, woman, and child to keep it great.

The eternal *raison d'être* of America is in its being the "sweet land of liberty." Should a land so dreamed into existence so degenerate through material prosperity as to become what its European critics, with too much justice, have scornfully renamed it—"The Land of the Dollar"—such a development will be one of the sorriest conclusions of history, and the most colossal disillusionment that has ever happened to mankind. .

Of course, it is but natural that in the thought of the poor workers of other lands, who flood in upon us daily in such gigantic tides, the shining reality of higher wages than those at home should loom large; but it should somehow be impressed upon them, by educators and other agencies, that those higher wages carry with them a spiritual responsibility; that the citizenship granted to them, which makes their improved conditions possible, involves their active loyalty to those ideals of justice and liberty by fighting for which the American citizen first came into being.



More important to the future of America than the immigrant's possession of a certain minimum sum of money is his possession of a right attitude of mind toward the country of which he proposes to become a citizen. America is indeed a generous host. Her doors are wide open to all and sundry. Perhaps a little more discrimination would be wise. But one thing should be most clearly and uncompromisingly demanded of all the polyglot elements she welcomes to her board—that, while as individuals the new immigrants are free to follow after their own particular racial gods, as citizens they must subscribe to one national ideal, and that ideal an Anglo-Saxon ideal.

Whatever her multifarious affiliations, America must continue Anglo-Saxon, as she was born, and should her Anglo-Saxondom fail spiritually to absorb the other race elements by which it sometimes seems to be threatened, her meaning and object will be gone, and she will sink back into a mere congeries of commercial activities, the workshop and department-store of the world—but no longer a nation, with a national soul.

For the soul of America, I repeat, is Anglo-Saxon. Should that die, there will, properly speaking, be no America, and "Liberty" must seek another home.

There are times, I confess, when some of us can not help growing anxious about the health of that American soul; times when the dream we had dreamed of America—some of us, maybe, in our boyhood far away in Europe—seems lost, and gone the way of so many other noble enthusiasms of mankind.

Perhaps the born American does not sufficiently realize what a spiritual glamour used to hang—and I hope still does hang—about the word "America" for dreamers, particularly political dreamers, in "less happier lands." In Europe the eyes of young and old alike were still, twenty years ago, turned toward America as the land where at last "the painful riddle of

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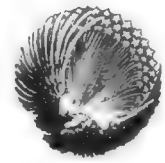
the earth" was to be solved, at least so far as it relates to that considerable part of human happiness which is conditioned by just laws and good government.

In America at all events, we used to say, the ancient tyrannies and oppressions under which Europe groans can not be; for is it not a new land, peopled by courageous, high-souled men and women, voluntarily exiling themselves to escape from the old wrongs and corruptions deep-rooted in "the gray-grown ages"? In America, we said, humanity has its chance to make a new start. There it can begin again with a clean slate. The men and women that have gone forth to people it have learned the lesson of Time. By experience of old historic errors, they have learned in what human happiness consists, and on virgin soil, cumbered with no rotting foundations of decayed feudal and ecclesiastical systems, they can build a new state of freshly quarried stone, and beams and rafters smelling sweet of the forest. If ever men had a chance to build a new heaven upon a new earth, it was here in America.



So the dreamers dreamed, and who shall say that the dream has been entirely lost? Perhaps, after all, it is saying a good deal, as mortal dreams go, that it has been but imperfectly realized. Doubtless we expected too much; forgot that, like all dreams that depend for their realization upon human beings, it could not fail to be subject to the imperfections of human nature. There is no Ellis Island to protect us against the infirmities of the soul. We can not guard ourselves against trachoma of the spiritual eyesight. And so, too, many of the old troubles that haunt the health of ancient civilizations have in the course of time, since July 4, 1776, crept into the blood of the land which, with such high hopes, we christened the New World.

There is no need to specify those troubles. We who live in America and watch the dark travail of American politics know too well what they are. All the condemnation they need is pronounced when we call them Un-American. The best we can do is to battle against them with all the might of our hearts and brains, so that America may still continue American, still be kept true to those lines of development laid down so prayerfully by the American Fathers.

The Declaration of Independence is in danger of being regarded by us too much as a quaint antiquarian document. The reading of it each Fourth of July is too much of a self-congratulatory exercise; whereas as the years follow each other it should become more and more of a solemn and passionate reaffirmation of the truths for which it stands; for it is in the nature of such classical charters of human freedom that they have by no means done their work when they have served the occasion which inspired them, but that they retain forever an inexhaustible potency of application.

Of course our mistake with such hard-won charters of human freedom is, after the victory, to rest too long on our laurels, to go to sleep upon them, in fact. It has always been so with man in all the ages, and among all peoples. For, with all his bitter experience, man is a pathetically optimistic creature. Let him but win some one resounding victory over tyranny, and he fondly imagines that the question of Freedom is settled forever. It was so in England with the signing of the Magna Charta; it was so in France with the fall of the Bastille; so was it once more here in America with the promulgation of the Declaration of Independence. Ring out, ye bells; roar to the clouds, ye cannon, for Man at length is free, and shall be put in chains no more forever! There is no belief so firmly fixed in the human mind as the belief in the Millennium, and it is confidently declared to have arrived with the signing of each new Bill of Rights, each new Repeal of Corn Laws and other ancient iniquities.

In the happiness of the golden moment of victory man would seem innocently to believe that all wrong has been banished from the earth forever. Indeed, without being aware of it, nations would seem to impute little less than magic properties to their classic charters of freedom. They become wonder-working fetishes, and so cease to have any practical value whatsoever. Once the morning-call of freedom, their only use, in course of time, is to put freedom to sleep. Men grow to rely upon them instead of upon themselves.

When tyranny, in the course of time, takes on new forms, instead of at first fighting it, men point to one of these old charters,

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as to an indestructible ægis. Britons never shall be slaves, whatever you may say about Whitechapel and the East End. What about the Magna Charta? With "Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité" on all his public buildings, what has the poorest French workman to fear? And so with America. Say what you like about this and that. Point your finger to this or that danger. It's "a free country," all the same. Read "the Declaration of Independence!"

Yes, let us read it, by all means. We can not read it too often. But let us read it in the right way—that is, read it with our minds on its spirit, that spirit which giveth life, not on the letter which killeth. We celebrate the Fourth of July too much in the spirit in which the juvenile English still keep up Guy Fawkes's Day.

Remember, remember,
The Fifth of November,

bands of English urchins still go about the streets bawling, to the glorious accompaniment of firecrackers, and carrying with them an effigy, a "guy," presently to be burnt with vociferous contumely. "The Fifth of November" to which they refer is, of course, November 5, 1605, when James I. of blessed memory, and the two houses of Parliament were mercifully apprised of a "popish" plot, organized by one Guy Fawkes, to blow them up with gunpowder, as they sat deliberating at Westminster Hall.

ENGLAND has had many deliverances from more serious peril, but somehow, owing doubtless to its dramatic nature, the memory of this particular deliverance has impressed itself on the imagination of the nation's boyhood as no other. Now George III. is almost as long dead as Guy Fawkes, and to limit our Fourth-of-July feelings at this time of day to congratulations on our deliverance from a tyranny so long fallen into dust, is a piece of childishness only paralleled by that English "Fifth of November."

Of course, the only valuable observance of the Fourth of July is made when we recall in a serious, in a religious, attitude of mind the spirit which animated those early patriots to defy the British tyranny and throw off an unjust yoke. It is not the mere accidental circumstances that demand remembrance. We can afford to forget those. Enlightened English opinion has long since admitted the justice of the American "rebellion." It is surely best for both parties concerned in that old quarrel to "let bygones be bygones."

Rather let England and America together share in the spiritual lesson of that Fourth of July with that "Declaration of Independence" which by this time may be said to be no less a manifesto even of British liberty too, as well as American—the manifesto, indeed, of Liberty wherever and whenever that most sacred of all principles is in danger from the oppressor.

May we not, indeed, instead of looking back each Fourth of July, ask ourselves if there is not room here at home, at this very present moment of our national existence, for an up-to-date reaffirmation of those great principles we take so much pride in historically professing? We are free long since from King George, but are we yet free from ourselves? Are our social and economic conditions such that we can honestly say that *all* American citizens, of whatever degree, enjoy their inalienable rights of "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness"? On the contrary, is not Emerson's noble admonition, written for a Fourth of July fifty-nine years ago, even more pertinent to-day than it was then?

United States! the ages plead,—
Present and Past in under-song,—
Go put your creed into your deed,
Nor speak with double tongue.

Be just at home; then write your scroll
Of honor o'er the sea,
And bid the broad Atlantic roll
A ferry of the free.

For He that worketh high and wise,
Nor pauses in his plan,
Will take the sun out of the skies
Ere freedom out of man.

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America is a much richer nation to-day than when Emerson uttered that solemn warning. But can we sincerely declare that she is a greater nation—greater in those qualities which alone constitute national greatness? Is her national conscience as clean and noble as it was when she freed the negro? What would be her response to any such moral crusade at the present time? That movement—no more than any other national movement toward idealism, not forgetting the "official" foundation of Christianity itself in pagan Rome—was not, one is well aware, free from alloy. As there is a soul of goodness in things evil, there is always a base element of self-interest in all widespread idealistic movements.

The Crusades were not undertaken merely in the interests of the Holy Sepulchre. Trade, then as now, thrust its muddy hand in the pure stream of enthusiasm. Nor were the founders of the American Republic exempt from human frailty, nor the Pilgrim Fathers themselves. The story of the extirpation of the American Indian from then until now is a chapter of American history that may well cancel American comment on the manner of the British acquisition of India.

That all great nations have been founded so in the past is but too true: it is only of late that the advanced consciences of the world are beginning to question the righteousness of that systematized subjugation of weaker races by the stronger that was once counted for national glory. But these consciences are isolated, as yet voices crying in the wilderness, and there are other ways of such subjugation than war—as the hordes of American aliens at the present time might well testify.

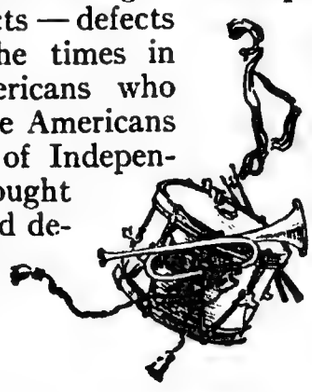
The light is coming, it is ready to pierce the darkness; but the darkness is still dense, and the national conscience on this matter, among all nations, as yet but moves in its sleep.

Still, to return to American beginnings. With all their defects — defects probably inseparable from the times in which they lived—the Americans who landed at Plymouth Rock, the Americans who signed the Declaration of Independence, the Americans who fought the Civil War, were, it is beyond denial, superior to the Americans of 1916, in one all-important particular. They still held fast in their hearts that most saving of all truths, that man does not live by bread alone. They were still a spiritual people. They still cherished and were ready to die for a national ideal.

I do not say that the modern American has entirely lost this life-giving inheritance. But it can scarcely be denied that he has grown careless of it, that in the pursuit of material prosperity he has in a saddening degree lost his hold on "the things that are more excellent," and that there is all too much reason for the mistake made by those schoolboys, with whose definition of an American I began, as "one who made much money, and made it fast."

NO DOUBT we can make explanatory excuses for this temporary eclipse of the truer American ideal. Probably one very real reason for it lies in the comparatively inferior quality of the immense immigrant material which America in recent decades has been called upon to assimilate and transmute. This material has been mostly drawn from that industrial class in Europe which, in the course of ages, has suffered such grinding exploitation at the hands of its masters as to have been all too naturally left with but one desire—that of making physical existence more endurable. These vast hordes of the downtrodden have come to America with but one object—to eat more, and to work less or for better wages. They are too poorly nourished, too downcast in spirit, to have strength or room in their tired souls for the abstract ideals of the nation into whose arms brute necessity has alone driven them. The fierce struggle for physical existence is all they know, all they have courage for.

And, alas! do they not find American industrialism all too ready to welcome them on those terms? The land they have come to is literally the land of the easily earned dollar—not the land of the Declaration of Independence.



Now, as they find but little assistance toward the attainment of the truer American ideal, but none the less, as they are naturalized, become voters, and so units in the national Constitution; and as their numbers are so enormous and overwhelming, it follows that they must — till they are sublimated by higher influences, as yet all too imperfectly

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organized—exercise a wide-spread lowering influence on the national conscience.

Without being in any true sense Americans, they have yet the power to threaten the very existence of true Americanism—the fine vitalizing leaven of which it therefore behooves all of us who believe in America as something more than a factory, a sweat-shop, or a joy-ride, to guard with all our soul and strength, as we would guard a sacred fire.

What does one mean by "true Americanism"?

Pocket definitions are apt to be more easy than profitable. One might hazard that among its chief components are practical idealism, moral seriousness, youthful energy, and quick-witted gaiety. Your true American is much of an Englishman, with English stolidity left out, and something like Gaelic *esprit* let in. He is a sort of rarefied Anglo-Saxon, the product of Anglo-Saxon blood rarefied and electrified by the American climate. Under all his surface preoccupation with business he is an idealist, a dreamer of dreams, but it is one of his prevailing characteristics to go about his seriousness humorously.

Being, as I said, at once practical and an idealist, it follows that he is a born experimentalist. He is always ready and eager to try new ways—too ready perhaps, and too eager. He sometimes learns that the old way is best, after all; but that also, to do him justice, he is willing to learn. He is a believer in life, and no race has ever shown so curious an indifference to death—as though, involuntarily, he regards it as a comparatively trifling detail in the process of life.

He is, irrespective of creeds, essentially religious, moral with the morality of clean health, and his mind, though shrewd, is boyishly unsophisticated. He is still a Puritan and a Protestant, a believer in God and in common sense.

He is simple, clearsighted, and a ruthless critic of values. He is a mocker of shams, a skeptic of traditions, a tester of all things, and gives allegiance only to what he regards as realities.

In all these things he is the true son of his forefathers, whose qualities he has but specialized and modified in the process of time. Still, as they, he is a believer in spiritual, intellectual, and individual liberty—for himself. So far, perhaps, he has given too little concern to others, occupied as he has been with his own salvation. He has been selfish, as the young are selfish; yet generous, too, with the careless generosity of youth. He has been slow in growing up—which is only to say that he has had a long youth. He has been marked by too much of the irresponsibility and cocksureness of youth. And, like youth, he has been too forgetful of the strength and wisdom of his elders.

The time is at hand, is now, when he must renew himself at the ancient founts. This can only come about by a great spiritual renaissance, by a renewed concern for the things of the mind.

Like the goddess Aphrodite, he has too long "played with gold," quite humanly tempted by the natural wealth that lay to his hand. By this wealth he has become materialized, even vulgarized. He is presently to relearn from his fathers that wealth is the lowest of all achievements, that the only real distractions are those of the spirit, the heart, and the mind.

The false god of "efficiency," on which he has too much relied, he will cast down, and he will learn that true success in life consists in the harmonious development of all our faculties, and that the only final meaning of life is still—the soul. "Life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness" will still be his motto, but he will give it a still nobler application.

Liberty, need one say, is not an American invention; but, as with many American inventions, it is to be hoped that the American brand of it may in course of time come to be an improvement on any hitherto found on the earth. Our conception of liberty, like most liberal ideas, came to us from Greece; England, and France, and Italy have each worked manfully toward its development.

If America is but true to her founders, and the pure and stalwart traditions they have bequeathed, it will be merely the fulfilment of her natural destiny that she shall become not merely in name, but in actual fact, not merely the guardian of all the liberty so far evolved from the travail of the ages, but the patient evolver of ever purer and complete forms of liberty.

For what men have called Liberty in the

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past, and acclaimed with tears of joy, has been indeed but a partial, provisional boon, a limited victory no sooner won than wrested back again by new forms of tyranny. One wrong has been righted, only for two to take its place. Never for more than a brief sunlit moment have the brave soldiers of freedom been allowed to rest on their swords. Always ahead of them were "higher heights of freer freedom" to be scaled and stormed.

Here in America let us hope that the long fight shall be at last, to employ the colloquialism of the moment, a fight to the finish. Here all the races of the world are gathered together to work, and may it be to pray also. Here all the varied problems of mankind are brought as to one vast council-board.

Never was such an opportunity for their solution, and surely America will not fail to take it.

Once for all, shall she not constitute herself a vast clearing-house of the wrongs of mankind? Nursed herself in Liberty, is it not her manifest destiny, beyond that of any other nation, to evolve a world whose humblest inhabitant shall be joyously free, and in whose remotest corner the fresh winds of Liberty shall blow?

And with that gift of Liberty shall she not bring, too, ideals of "the pursuit of happiness" finer and purer than those too generally followed by her citizens to-day, who would seem to have substituted "the pursuit of wealth" for the words of the great old charter?

With fulness of Liberty, may there be also a return to that old noble simplicity of American life, when an American gentleman was the first of aristocrats, while remaining the simplest of democrats too, and an American lady sought no diadem but that of her queenly womanhood.

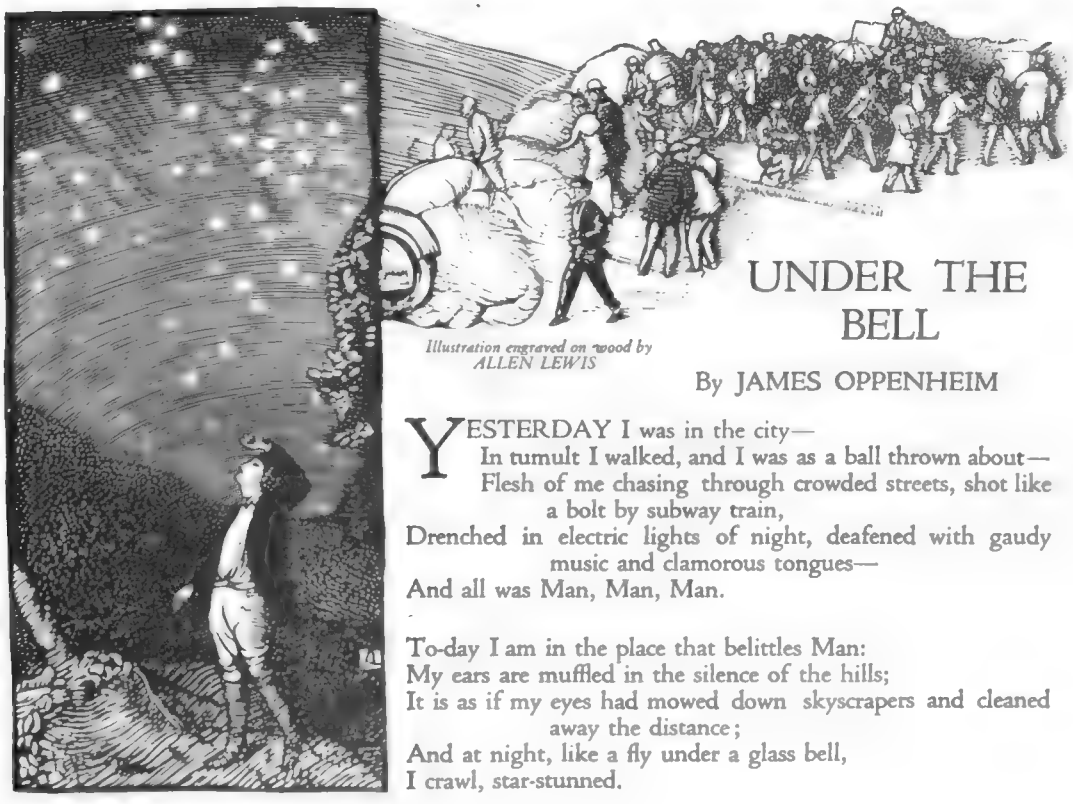

Illustration engraved on wood by ALLEN LEWIS

UNDER THE BELL

By JAMES OPPENHEIM

YESTERDAY I was in the city—
In tumult I walked, and I was as a ball thrown about—
Flesh of me chasing through crowded streets, shot like a bolt by subway train,
Drenched in electric lights of night, deafened with gaudy music and clamorous tongues—
And all was Man, Man, Man.

To-day I am in the place that belittles Man:
My ears are muffled in the silence of the hills;
It is as if my eyes had mowed down skyscrapers and cleaned away the distance;
And at night, like a fly under a glass bell,
I crawl, star-stunned.

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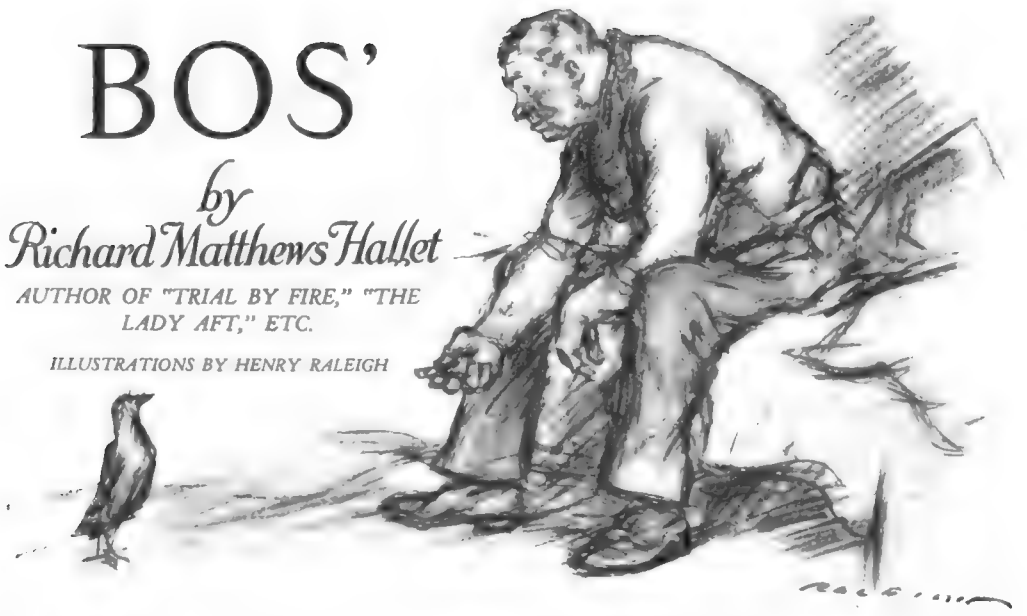
BOS'

by Richard Matthews Hallet

AUTHOR OF "TRIAL BY FIRE," "THE LADY AFT," ETC.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY HENRY RALEIGH



WELL, here's the yarn, then. For two months we had been rocking about in the Southern Ocean, and worse, on a hellbent bark, the *William Reilly* of Queenstown; and deadly sick we were of that old hooker when she came sidling into Sydney harbor. So we hove up gear and went over the side before the rat-guards were fairly out; and left our wages, that we had toiled for up to our necks in lee water, with the old man, whom we loved and cherished.

Old Frank Hyde and the port bo'sun and the second mate and I made off together and had a mug of beer all round at the "Three Witches"—that's the pub that was the "Blue Anchor" in the days when Jim Delaney was trading to Singapore.

We weren't going to linger, though. The second mate said that Sydney had always treated him like a dog or worse, and he was going to clear out. There was a light of blessed reason in that, too, because the second mate had the skipper's overcoat along with him; and Sydney kept howling at his heels to know what in the name of his chance of immortality he meant by carting that thing around. It was mid-December, and hotter than Dutch love.

The bo'sun blew foam off his beer, and said he would be shifting along into the bush, now, where 'e could 'ear the bleedin' birds singing. No more of this "One bell there, shake a leg," for 'eem.

Lord, Lord, the land was good that time! Man, oh man, it was as odd as walking on a cloud. Leaning around, with pewter in our fists once more, we glared at the trees and the yellow turf and the cobblestones outside the pub, like strangers to them as we were. The sky looked nearer, man. Strange-hearted men that follow the sea! The very barmaid was curious to us; a sweet oddity for which we yearned, staring at her dimple, and her black hair, and the little quiver under her chin when she laughed.

Well, there we were, salt of the sea; and it may be we might all have gone rolling peaceably north together, if it hadn't been for the ill-favored book of Artie Schopenhauer that Frank carried on his hip. As their lives are strange, these sailormen must read strange books. And the "Essay on Women" was the rock on which we split. Artie said that woman was an evil omen and a curse, but Frank would have it that she was God's own special Providence to man. The bo'sun lifted his fist, and drained his mug to Artie. Man dear, that was the awfullest shaggy fist in the Eastern Ocean, I should say; a fist for ropes and throats and black vengeance. He was a gory-minded little son of wrath, too, this bo'sun, with red eyes and lolling biceps; and he said he would ship on the 'ungriest 'ooker as was sucking the Eastern Ocean into 'er bilge afore he would look a woman in the eyes. He added bitterly: "Go on an' 'ave it your own w'y."

The barmaid leaned over the bar, and those plump arms of hers swelled under her

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bosom. She just took one long look, and breathed hard and balmy.

"Ain't you never been kissed, uncle, honest?" says she.

That was the finish of the bo'sun and the second mate at one clip. They sank in their shoes. They could never shake off this soft nonsense of a youth that was done for. The bo'sun turned away from that girl moaning in his throat; and, putting his crooked legs through the open door, he bore away nor'-nor'east, with murder in his heart. And the second mate hoisted the skipper's overcoat aloft, and shouldered his bag and followed after. Youth and crabbed age.

But old Frank leaned over the bar, and said: "I have never been kissed, pretty."

"You funny man with a beard," says she, "you don't have to tell me that. Can't I use my eyes, what?"

And then Frank Hyde and I went sorrowfully south.

"I know too dog-gone much about women, King Dick," he said. "They suspicion me."

Many the reeling day we humped it down those convict-labored roads, and we spread our blankets in the lost regions where people talk to themselves and listen to the magpies. We rode boundaries, and sheared sheep, and shot rabbits. Sheep and rabbits. Dead sheep and live rabbits; and dead rabbits and live sheep. And one night there we were pitching the bones to settle the question whether there was anything left in the world barring us and sheep and rabbits. You tell me you can reason with yourself on a point like that, but you can't. There you are, sitting in a big black valley full of bones, and you know that you are the last thing moving. Every time your joints crack, you're scared, like when you come on a clock ticking in an empty house. It's almighty queer.

And then one day, we did run foul of a man, and he was mad. He sat on a stump talking to himself.

"Got any cooked mutton, pardner?" says old Frank. He was cheered to see even as hard a case as that man was.

The poor devil sat there fumbling in his pockets, and then he fixed a sorrowful eye on us. "It was bright and shiny, and the magpies must have taken it," says he.

Frank put a hand on my shoulder, and we went off on tiptoe. How do you account for that? After a while we got to running like a couple of silly women. Man, but it was strange—that mad tike out there where it was so still. It made an awful impression on us; and by the time we had a fire and the tea boiling in the can, Frank had one of those nasty ideas that are always happening to optimists.

"Listen here, King Dick," he said, "are you sure which side of the fence we are on? If you and me was mad, and we come on a man, sudden, like that, of course he would look like the mad one, wouldn't he?"

I tell you, I was chilled, then. I sat thinking hard, and all the time I could feel Frank's fingers in my arm.

"Lessee if there ain't some sense in what he said," he went on. " 'It was bright and shiny . . .' " He sat there worrying and muttering away, and pretty soon he said it was no use, he wanted to see Melbourne before he died along with all those sheep.

"We get down there," he said, "and we can soon tell whether it's him is mad, or us. I don't like this bright and shiny game, King Dick, and I ain't ashamed to say so."

Melbourne lay heavy on his soul that night. He rocked back and forth on our old army blanket, that had a hole burnt in it from the siege of Tientsin; and then he rolled his lips in and howled out:

"I could get drunker than a plastered lord, right now, King Dick. . . . I would change jobs with a ship's barber."

His eye saddened; and the legion of lost loves brushed by him in the outer dark.

"What say, Melbourne, old scout?" he pleaded. Sprawling against a background of red fire, he eyed me tenderly and stroked his beard.

Well, I will always humor as good a mate as that, and so we went to Melbourne. We came into the big town one morning with our shirts burnt to powder by the sun, and beards that would move in a four-knot breeze.

Into a pub we plunged, swinging our canes with ram's horns for handles, that we had twisted off the skull of a dead ram up-country; and we had a beer. Heh! We drank deep. We were thirsty, man. I don't get thirsty now.

The barman told us, that for coves as 'ad no collars, Mrs. Waters's was the place to sling our boots. We were just such clay-hardened, down-at-the-ears coves; so we bore down on Mrs. Waters, steering by the wind—full and by.

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THERE WAS A LOOK OF THE MOTHER IN HER FACE THAT WOULD STICK IN A MAN'S THROAT TO SEE.

Man, oh man, there was a woman to stroke your beard over! She was strong and placid, with a smooth arm, and a little pleasant nodding in her eye, that caught a man in his tracks. She was a deep and audible breather, too; and there was youth in her still. Something sad and youthful. There she sat at a little table with the change-box, and that watchful blue eye of hers going the rounds of the sixpenny mealers; and old Frank and I glowed, man. We were the simple sailormen to be glad it was this woman that was going to watch us eat. Strange hearts.

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Her lodgers were sailormen and barmen, mostly; and she had them stowed in an old car-barn across the road. The place was boarded off to make a string of rooms running from the street back to the alley where they stacked the milkcans in the morning; and she gave us the front room, where the rusty old car-rails still ran in under the door. It was odd, man.

I can see her yet, standing in the door, smiling, and something warm in her eye for Frank, something sly and catching and fine as the floating thread of a spider-web in that morning sun. He was the fine upstanding rascal in those days, no fear. He was slashed and sliced from his collar-bone to his big toe; he was snake-bitten and fever-bitten, and love-bitten times out of mind. He had a gouge out of his elbow and a bullet in his knee; and with all that he was good to look on, and the pretty women loved him, and never me.

Mrs. Waters left us sitting on our cots, smoking; and old Frank was thinking, into the bargain.

"Here we are, I and King Dick and little King Edward," says he, "and what's to do I dunno."

Then he opened his palm, where lay King Edward—a portly profile of that monarch stamped in a bit of gold. A semi-quid and two half-crowns now lay between us and the Melbourne jail; and this was the semi-quid.

"He's all wore out," said old Frank. "Have a nap, Edward, while I mend the hole in my pocket."

He slipped the coin under the pillow of the third cot; but by the time he had mended his pocket, he had forgotten King Edward in a new thought.

"How about literature, King Dick?" says he. " 'Memoirs of the Sailor-Swagmen.' Hold hard, pardner. I will show you something that will lay all over 'Barriers Burned Away.' "

Once on the plains we had torn a perfectly good outhouse to pieces to get a reading light for "Barriers Burned Away."

He took off his shoes and bared his chest, and went to work with a stump of pencil on a strip of brown wrapping-paper. Thought wrought itself visibly on his body, in painful squirmings and skin-corrugations. He breathed very loud, and threw out smoke, and stared at the wall as if he could throw visions on it. This was out of my province, but I had my uses. In the dire midst of composition, doubled up on that groaning cot, with his shoes off, he asked me how to spell "incongrurious." I took notice he was always depending on me for little things like that.

After a little he began to groan, and wet his pencil oftener; and then he cracked his arms; and said fog had set in, and we had better take a turn or two around town, waiting for it to lift.

We tumbled out over the rails, and went drifting along toward the "Crab and Canthooks"—that pub is gone now, Jim Delaney tells me—and, turning into Flinders Street, who should be bowling along but the port bo'sun of the *William Reilly*, all stuns'ls set, ruffled aloft like a turkey-buzzard, and his fists swinging!

"Strike me bloomin' well blind," says he; and we haled him into the "Crab and Canthooks;" and he spun his yarn. He and the second mate of the *Reilly* had gone north to Newcastle, fighting all the way like a couple of blind tigers; and the mate wearing the skipper's overcoat under that awful sun.

Arriving in Newcastle, they spent two weeks in jail together; and parted. The bones of the second mate were now strewn up and down the West Coast, likely; but the bo'sun had shipped aboard a flamin' packet bound for Adelaide. They came ashore at Melbourne, and the bo'sun fought the good fight at the "Australian" bar; and so, instead of going back to the ship, they went over to the jail. He was coming down from the jail now. He looked fat.

"Come over to our dive, bos'," said Frank. "I and Dick is well fixed here."

The bo'sun had nothing on his hands, and he came scudding along in our wake. But as soon as we turned into the little street where Mrs. Waters had her car-barn, he stuck in his tracks, and made that noise in his throat of bubbles bursting, that was peculiar to him.

" 'Arf a second, lads," said he. " 'Bout ship. This won't do. Never in the creations of——"

"Won't do, bos'?" says Frank. "Why not?"

"W'y not, says 'e," grunted the bo'sun witheringly. " 'Cos it won't, that's w'y, my 'earty."

"Got anything against this neighborhood, bos'?" said Frank.

The bo'sun drew closer and teased his

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mustache. "Luk 'ere, b'ys," he said, "I got a proper long account with this street, I 'ave. Gaw bli' me, yis. But 'ere. There's a back entrance to tha' there 'ovel. You let me luff and come up in the lee, and I'll stow myself. It'll be comin' on Sunday, and it ain't decent for a hable seaman to be 'ookin' it along the streets Sunday. But it's lay low, b'ys. You can slip a bite to eat into your pockets for me, if you like."

Then we laughed, like great men, and hit him on the shoulder-blades. We could see he had been in Little Collins Street before. But he was all right this time. Ay, lad, we were going to see him through. Frank Hyde and pardner. Man, oh man, we were the boys to juggle the earth under foot in those days.

So the bo'sun luffed, and came up in the lee of our lodging; and old Frank and I went in across the street, to our sixpenny meal. And there was our tall Mrs. Waters, knitting, at the little table to the right of the door where the change-box stood. On her left was an empty chair drawn up and a place set; but no one sat there.

"Over here, you boys," says she; and we sat down across the table from her, and she went on breathing, and making it hard for us.

"Steak and kidney pie," says I.

"Steak and kidney pudding," says Frank.

Muleheads. If we went into a bar those days, and I had beer, and there was nothing else handy but shellac, old Frank would have shellac. He would have it.

All the while there was Mrs. Waters, knitting, with that little ruggedness in her fine shoulders that was a treat for able seamen.

"What are you boys doing?" she asked.

"Writing a book," says Frank.

There she was breathing again, putting us to the blush, with the sun on her cheek. "The story of my life would make a book," she said; and we looked interested and eager. But she only sighed, with that same firmness and elasticity, and put her hair back. She was as decorous as a girl.

"Are you anybody's husband?" she said to Frank.

He sat back, and gripped the table hard. "Not as any one has heard tell of," he said. He was pretty feeble. I never knew old Frank to make such a poor showing with the women.

"A fine lad like you should be married," she said. "My husband used to sit in that chair."

She stopped her work, and looked sidelong, and her breast rose conservatively. We finished the pie and pudding, and cleared. We were feeble.

"Godolphin funny business," says old Frank, outside. "King Dick, do you know the love-light when you see it?"

"No," I said.

"It has a look like phosphorus in a storm," he said. "And there it was across the table." He shook his head like a bull, and smote open the door to the car-barn.

The bo'sun was sitting on King Edward's cot, throwing bits of tallow at a tame magpie which had sauntered in and stood crooning in one corner.

"Bos'," said Frank, "we can fix it up all right for you with our landlady. We are awful solid over there. She has just put it up to me to marry her."

The bo'sun took a pair of spectacles out of a wooden case and looked at Frank with extraordinary interest. "Gaw bli' me," he said politely.

"Her husband is dead," continued Frank, "but she keeps his place set there side of her, neat as wax. I tell you, it is damned pathetic."

The bo'sun blinked; then, getting up, he sagged his knees together, and looked across the little street, keeping in shadow. And finally he swallowed and said, "Gaw bli' me," more politely than ever. Then he sank back on the bed, and cracked the knuckles of his left hand.

"'Dead,' says 'e," he muttered.

"And by the way," said Frank, "there's

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"WHO'S THAT?" SHE CRIED OUT, IN A TERRIBLE LITTLE WHISPER.

a half sov under your pillow, bos'. Snake it out and fork it over, will you?"

The bo'sun turned over the pillow, and there was not a half sovereign under it. There was nothing under it. Silence. We stuck in that silence as if it had been mud. Then old Frank cleared his throat, and purred:

"The king has went out for a little walk, maybe. I and Dick has noticed he ain't been over-strong lately."

He was as gentle as a stroked cat. In the casual quiet that suddenly crept into all four corners of that little room, no chance observer would have thought of sudden death. And yet death hung there, poised, for the space of twenty seconds, in a form uncertain.

Then the bo'sun got up, and jammed his knees together and closed his fists. "It's tha' there magpie," he said sulkily. "Them birds snaps up anything wot's bright and shiny."

Bright and shiny. At this echo of that madman's talk, old Frank began to rub his chin; but he was strong. He felt in our nose-bag and rooted out a can of mustard.

"That's a prime good idee, bos'," he said. "Sometimes them ornery birds does swallow things by mistake. Take that bird out back, and give it a touch of this, will you? You know how it will act with humans."

"Wot's orl this 'ere!" said the bo'sun contemptuously. For half a second his eye measured spaces; but then he took the bird and the mustard. And on the heels of that the magpie screeched, and flapped its wings; and then the bo'sun came in wiping off the half sovereign with that massive fist of his. His red eye wandered.

"Coughed its innards out," he said bashfully, and passed over the coin.

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So we came cleverly out of the valley of the shadow of death, and all three repaired to the "Harp of Erin" and took a long farewell of the profile of that monarch who was bright and shiny. But now and again Frank or I looked slant-eyed at the bo'sun. We were thinking that gratitude was something in a shipmate. And we turned in that night discontented with him.

There was a man named Cockney Fred living in the room back of ours, a tall, sloping lad, with fixed views. At a late hour that night he came in fogged; and first he slipped on the rails. At that he cursed, and stood up and took the chandelier in his good right hand.

Useless your asking what a chandelier would be doing in a car-barn. There it hung, covered with brass fig-leaves and didoes, and little leaden Cupids with puffy cheeks. No gas came from it; only rays of a past glory; but it had a long inner tube which slid down as Cockney Fred took hold; and he sank through the deep night into the cot and midriff of the bo'sun, who lay sleeping like a child, with his ill deeds out of mind.

Then there was a loud noise of coughing and thumped ribs; there were "Blow me's" and "Bli' me's" and "Blow and bli' me's;" and when the candle shone, Cockney Fred lay on the rails, with his knees sharp. Then his eyes fell on the red bo'sun who stood over him between the rails, glowering.

"Strike me bloomin' well blind," cried the Cockney. "It's the hable seaman!"

The bo'sun swung his fists. "Ay, lad," he said, in a deep whisper. "It's the hable seaman wot ain't stoppin' at murder to keep 'isself dark. Is it mum's the word, lad?"

He had his fingers at Cock's throat again, quick as a death adder; and poor Cock cried in a shrieking whisper: "Mum's the word, s'welp me."

"Good enough," says the bo'sun.

Cock got to his feet, reeling, and passed into the gloom beyond, where his bed lay. For a moment I could see the bo'sun's sallow face wrinkled in thought.

"Bli' me," he said then, and breathed blackness across the candle.

We were quick to forget in those days, quick to fight and quick to frolic and quick to forget; and we took the bo'sun to our bosom again in the morning. Bos' was a good mate. And, besides, we had no money now, and bos' had tobacco. An able seaman would reach his hand into a nest of vipers for a plug of the dark.

Then again, the bo'sun was grateful for a roof; and gratitude is something in a shipmate. Grateful? Man, oh man, it was wonderful to see how that red little man took to shelter. He reveled in the roof that was over him. You should have seen him, you who take your house for granted, like your skin. He sat him down on the bricks, and put his back to the wall and his feet on the bed. He wanted to feel himself housed, I tell you; and he made a contact everywhere he could. Yes, he was grateful. He would never have filched that semi-quid if he had figured out in the beginning how grateful he was going to be.

WELL, there we sat the week out that we had paid for: old Frank at that groaning business of his Memoirs, and bawling out to me for the spelling; and the bo'sun with his back to the wall, and a bit of a yarn in his fist—"Belinda's Passion." It was an event with him when he turned a page; and then he would look over his spectacles at that big war-horse cracking his joints on the bed, with his stub of pencil and his wrapping-paper. Mad work, the bo'sun was thinking to himself. A couple of good shipmates gone wrong.

"I will show you," says Frank. "We will be going around like plastered lords when I get this done, bos'."

"Wot's it orl about, then?" says bos'.

Frank cracked his arms, and looked at the ceiling. "It is an experience of mine with a woman, bos'," he said. "One of these kind with yellow hair and purple eyes, and an arm like a piece of damp seaweed, bos'. It is pretty plagued romantic; and then I get to where this old chin-whiskered jeezler from up the river gets his hooks into her hair——"

" 'Ere, 'old 'ard, 'old 'ard," says the bo'sun. "Lay all that. Tha'll do for tha' there."

He was pretty sulky by that time. He had been living on dark things called Sultana rolls all the week, that we had been slipping over to him in our pockets, and anything with a sting in its tail like romance went to his head. He hadn't shoved so much as an inch of his beard out of doors all that while; and he hid in a barrel out back when the girl came through to make the beds. And he had to make his own

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bed, too, bright and early. The bo'sun was in the furnace of adversity, and he glowed red, like scrap iron.

"Well, good old mahogany Mohawk," says Frank, "you are a blamed blank wet blanket. I will show you. I will make use of them purple eyes to get us out of this hole."

The bo'sun stroked his shaggy forearm. Ay, man, we were in a hole by that time; that's the truth. We had run over our week, and Mrs. Waters was getting more motherly with every meal.

Says Frank: "I can always find my way to a woman's heart, when I am in trouble. It ain't likely you should know about such things, bos'. If it come to a case of maniperlatin' women, we would all swing from Ned Kelly's black beam, for all the good you would do us."

The bo'sun was walking back and forth between the rails. He was a bombshell, then; and his little red eyes were lighted like a fuse. He stood there as if he were waiting for himself to go off, but he never went off. Pretty soon he whimpered to himself: "'Maniperlatin' 'em,' says 'e. 'E knows. Gaw bli' me, yis. 'E 'as 'em crawling to 'eem, 'e 'as. Bli' me, yis. Wot's orl this tork of bein' in a 'ole? 'E'll fetch us out."

After a little of that, he went out, and went down to the Port, and got a job painting a tramp. He couldn't see how three able seamen were going to live on purple eyes, blind him, no.

Back he came that night with three shillings, and an evil smile for Cockney Fred, who sat on the soap-box, numbering his disillusions.

"You 'ere?" said the bo'sun.

"I bloomin' well am," said King Cock. "I'm 'ere, an' 'ere 'eavy. I knows my duty, I does."

"'Duty,' says 'e," muttered the heavy-fisted son of wrath.

"I 'ave a good 'ealthy mind to st'y 'ere too," said King Cock.

"Good enough," says the bo'sun; and he began to jingle his three shillings together in his fist. Man, that was a swale of a fist.

"I should 'ide 'em aw'y, I should," said King Cock, who was no coward. "I should 'ide myself aw'y."

Thereupon he leered and held out his hand in crooked fashion, to indicate his belief that the bo'sun had taken those three shillings in the way of alms. Then the bo'sun drew his knife out of its sheath of black leather, and spat on the blade, and swept it clean with one enormous hand. But at that same moment, King Cock, shifting idly on his box, yawned, and took hold of one of the two canes with ram's-horn handles, and bent a mild eye on that massive spiral of corrugated bone. And like a good deed in a naughty world, the candle shone upon those two, in their red contemplation.

"Good enough," said the bo'sun then, and slid back the knife. His cup was full, but not yet running over.

Man, oh man, we were the fine, good-tempered lodgers that Mrs. Waters had in her precious car-barn. I wonder at it that able seamen ever get to be old men, what with the cruel seas and the way they fight to keep their self-respect and all. I tell you, when you see old men that have followed the sea, you can say to yourself: "There's a man has shirked something, lad, or he wouldn't be here now, pulling his yellow beard at us."

Man dear, we were young then, and we never wanted to be old, or even as old as the bo'sun was, to go crawling into barrels, with the dead past jumping out at him every tack he took.

Old Frank came to the end of his Memoirs in the morning, and a shocking bundle they made, too.

"Heave Paul," says he, with a sigh like a squall breaking on the beam; and he rolled up the stuff and went off to cross the bows of an editor, while I took the morning nap that was due me for many a wet watch on deck.

BACK he came at noon, with a face as black as a southerly buster. "Bill Shakespeare would have had to pound stone in this town," he said.

"Won't they buy?" I asked.

"Not as any one has heard tell of," said he. "Three editors I tried, King Dick, and nary one of the lot had ever heard of 'Barriers Burned Away.' There's editors for you. 'What's your trade?' says they. 'Able seaman,' I answers up, bright as bright-work. 'Ain't there no ships in the harbor, or what?' they says. And out I goes."

"And where is it now?" I asked.

"An old chin-whiskered jeezler has it under his thumbs, down on Bourke Street.

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But the game's up, pardner. It's no more good to us than a lazy tack in the tropics. I can see that."

Man, he was lugubrious. "Poor old bos'," he said. "Do you reckon we are going to land him in jail again, King Dick? And him havin' such a nice time out of school, too?"

"I am awful sorry for him," I said.

There was old Frank, pulling his black beard, and soaking up comfort to his body out of the bed under him. Man, dear, it's rain and wind and wet sail and rotten gear and misery that's good for sailormen. Misery they hunger for. You make them comfortable and they begin to use their minds.

"Bos' has stood by us," said old Frank, "and I will stand by him, as long as I have a bullet in my body."

And all at once he rolled out of the cot, with his brown eyes sparkling.

"By the Lord, King Dick," says he, "I had plumb forgot that bullet in my knee."

He stripped his leg that had the snake tattooed round it, to the knee, and felt for the steel-nosed bullet that was what he had as a gift from the Spanish War.

"IT'S like this, King Dick," says he, "I takes and pushes that slug athwart the kneepan, and up goes the leg to twice its size in no time. I pushes it back, and down the leg goes again. Holy Mackinaw, I'm obsessed with a million idees."

"Be easy with me," I said.

"Listen, King Dick," he said. "Sympathy is the thing with women. I can melt the heart out of these soft darlings with a bit of sympathy. Now here then. I shoves the bullet over, and out you chases, and over the way; and says you, 'My pardner's mortifying in the leg,' you says. And over she'll come in a tremble with something in a blue bottle to rub with."

Man dear, that was a partner for a grown man.

"Are you ready?" he says.

"Ready," says I.

"Then shove it is," says he.

And he shoved. Sure enough, in no time at all there was the leg getting black at the knee, and looking angry; and over I bolted across the way. There was just a thought of a cold light in her eye when she saw me coming; but I jarred it out.

"He's going green," I yelled. "There's my poor partner lying on his back, and going green. Have you something in a blue bottle to rub his leg with, ma'am?"

Ay, lad, that fetched her. Up she jumped, with the little locket on her bosom sliding up and down, and her hair tumbling.

"Oh, what *has* he ate!" she cries out. "And taking all his meals with me, poor soul!"

"It's his blessed leg," I said. "Not his stomach."

Man, oh man, she was a wonderful woman. She fetched out a bottle of something dark from a little drawer, before I could turn my back on her; and there the two of us went scudding across the street, and her skirts lashing about her like wild jibs in a head sea. I flung open the door; and she cried out: "Where is he then? Where's the poor lad?" and those fine shoulders of hers heaving.

Old Frank's cot was behind the door; and when he heard that he groaned, and shoved the bullet back into the right place. "Don't you put yourself out, ma'am, none—for a poor—cuss like—me," says he, in a husky whisper. "You let the tides—carry—me out."

Man, dear, I could have cried myself to see him laying there all alone, with his black knee. There was a tear on that plump cheek, I tell you; and down she knelt, and began to rub in the blue stuff with those strong white hands of hers, and a look of the mother in her face that would stick in a man's throat to see. Many the long year she'd been without a man to tend; I could see that.

"How is it now?" she says.

"Easier," says old Frank, "with your blessed hand to the place."

You would have sworn she was naught but a big anxious girl of twenty, to see her hovering by him, with her cheeks afire, and a little sigh staggering the locket to her neck. Sympathy. Man, oh man! I knew the sight of it from that day.

"It's not so swollen now, I'm venturin'," says she; and in fact it was going down at a good rate.

"You've saved it for me," says old Frank. Man, he was grateful to her. He had got her hand to pat then; and up he got on his elbow, with his brown eyes almighty mellow. "I would like to be sitting in that empty chair, ma'am," says he, in a throaty whisper.

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I tell you, she was like the sun coming out of a cloud, with that great light burning in her eyes, and her lips smiling at him. She was as close as close. " 'Twill be seven years ago come twelve o'clock to-night my husband went away," she murmured, "and a man ain't dead accordin' to law for seven years."

I could feel my shoulders straining back, to think of the tall fool old Frank was making of himself that hour.

"It's comin' clear, I'm venturin'," says she. "Lad, lad, that's a fine piece." She had a loving eye on the snake that was marked into the round of his leg.

"Ay," says old Frank. It would be disgrace to me to set down what they said; and I was glad to see her going out the door.

"Better I shouldn't see you till the morning," she said; and looked back at him. But old Frank was smiling at the ceiling; and the door shut on her.

"Bos' is a good mate," says he. "I will sacrifice myself for you and him."

"Not for me," I cried. "I will rot in jail before I see you do it."

"I won't have you," says he; and then the black cloud was over him again. "Would she have me washing dishes, King Dick?" he groaned.

"She has the better forearm of the two of you," I said; and he stared at his vast arm with fright in his eyes.

It was getting dark by then, and old bos' came in on the lee side, stolid as a brass monkey.

"Bos'," says Frank, "you had better smoke out. The fortunes of the firm is failing. I and Dick is pretty well at the end of our rope. Do we go to jail for debt?"

The bo'sun settled himself back and tamped his pipe.

" 'Jyle for debt,' says 'e. It's jyle if you're took, that's 'ow, lad, for sailormen. They says to a man, 'Are you out of jyle?' 'Yis,' says you. 'Good enough,' says they, 'in you go.' 'There 'e goes,' says they, ''e's got no clo'es; 'e won't work; sleeps in the 'ay; cattle won't heat it. Jyle's too *good* for 'eem,' says they."

We brooded; and then the bo'sun, bitter even in loyalty, inquired: " 'Ow about them purple heyes? W'ere's the lad as would fetch us out, maniperlatin' women? W'ere?"

Ay, where, bo'sun? Old Frank opened his mouth and shut it, and clawed his beard. He was afraid now; the warmth was leaving him.

Then the door swung open, and the stately Cockney entered, with four quarts of whisky crowded between his chest and his shirt. He stumbled over the rails; and then he said it was 'ard to 'ave them ryles right in a decent lad's 'aouse, proper 'ard, blow him, yes. Continuing, he said he was discharged, and his employers had given him all these lest he should feel 'urt about it and go and blow 'is blessed brains out, as 'e was 'arf a mind to, anyway.

Then we drank, and the picture mellowed, and the whole frame of things was touched with gold. King Cock confessed that we were all good lads, and he cried a little because he said at one time he had thought otherwise, and it came to him as a special surprise to find that the bo'sun was not a bleedin' hecker as he had supposed at that time, but a true mate, and he didn't blame him now for anything as 'ad 'appened. Blind him, no.

Then poor old bos's heart was touched at last. He said he was pretty well down to the bones, as we could all see; and there was not much he could do for us; but there was one thing he could do and would do, and that was to show us the jyle.

We fell on his neck at that, and then we started out after the jail. I remember we went a long and winding way, and the bo'sun kept saying that, for a jyle as was as well acquainted with 'eem as what that jyle was, it was a stricken long time 'eavin' into sight.

IN THE end we came bang up against it; and a fine big place it was, too, with high brick walls and turrets for the guards. There was something damnably circumspect and chill about it.

Then the bo'sun pointed out to us where you went in, and led us around to the little black-deep gate where you came out. But by that time old Frank had laid aside all thought of sacrifice; and he began to cry quietly, and to inquire if this was the kind of twist Fate was going to take out of a young man, just starting in in life, after he had worked the way he had to earn an honest living. He held out his hands to me, palms up, so that I could see the callouses; and then he put his chin on my shoulder and blubbered, heavy-handed son of the sea

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as he was, and wanted to know what his poor sister Pearl, that was married to a ranchman in California, would say when she heard of this.

Poor old bos' was crying then, himself; and he struck in and said that blind him if any mate of his, that had been as good a mate as what Frank had, would go to jyle if he could prevent it. He said he wouldn't stick at nothink to keep old Frank out of jyle. He wouldn't stick at murder, the bo'sun wouldn't. And if there was a Judy anywheres about with purple eyes, Frank should have her, so he should. The bo'sun was going to turn Nature upside down into Frank's lap.

It was late when we came to the door of our car-barn again. Thunder was growling overhead, and a hot rain falling and puckering the dust at our feet; and we made a flying wedge and burst in and lit a candle.

And now again the rock on which we split was Woman.

"People," said King Cock, " 'ave no more character than Irishmen. 'Ooman——"

With that one word all the bo'sun's amiability poured out of him like water out of a bucket. "Tha'll do for tha' there," he snarled.

But there could be no checking and no chiding of King Cock by now. He saw his way conspicuously clear, like a Roman road. "You want to write—about 'ooman. That's the lad. 'Ooman. One doesn't see purple eyes. Absurd. One doesn't, you know. Well, 'ere, I'll tell you 'ow. 'Ooman is a curse. I 'ad the word of me farver for it, an' I wouldn't take it. Eight years ago I was 'appy—'appy an' twenty. If I 'adn't 'ave met 'er, I'd 'ave been 'appy an' twenty-eight now. But wot am I, hows'ever? I'm twenty-eight an' 'ard . . . 'ellish 'ard."

"Good enough," said the bo'sun satirically. " ' 'Ard,' says 'e."

"Me 'art was soft, and me 'ead was 'ard them days. I was a proper figger then. Now me 'art is 'ard, and me 'ead is soft. I'm a fixture now." He sighed. "One never knows, does one?" he said, squinting through the bottle. His eye fell on the bo'sun, who made a strangled sound in his throat and closed and unclosed his hands.

Old King Cock then went on to say that he had spent his substance taking her to the moving-pictures. "Night arfter night, night arfter night." So he had lavished upon her barbaric pearl and gold.

" 'Ow did she tyke tha' there?" said the bo'sun, who was beginning to show interest.

"She was 'ollow," said King Cock, and beat upon his chest to indicate that hollowness. "But one carn't reason with a 'ooman, can one?"

She took the splendors of his companionship, and the strings to his purse, and she had found time to write a note to another man. By mistake this note had fallen into King Cock's hands.

"She 'ad the 'air of a princess . . ." he went on in a mood of black reminiscence. "But did I carst 'er out? No. Did I 'ound 'er? No. I was kind to 'er. Nothing 'urts a 'ooman like kindness. . . . But w'enever we wos dinin' out, I puts that lit'le note atween us. W'en we goes to the theayter, I spreads it on me knee, and smooves it out. W'en I 'ad to wait for 'er in the 'all, I wos readin' of it, with a bit of a smile. I made life 'ell for 'er; livin' 'ell. An' all the time I wos kind to 'er. That's wot 'urt."

" 'Kind to 'er,' says 'e," whined the bo'sun, rocking his shoulders. Frank and I began to feel the undertow.

"Wot wasn't in that note!" said King Cock, leering at him and wagging his head. "It was such a note as one doesn't see twice in one's life—an' live. One couldn't, you know. 'Ard as I am, I couldn't; not now, I couldn't."

He reversed the bottle, and appeared unaware of the bo'sun, who was swinging his fists again.

"An' one night," said King Cock, "she bolts. 'I can't stan' it,' she says luk tha' there. 'I can't stan' it.' An' she bolts."

"Well, wot 'appened then?" growled the bo'sun.

"That's the 'ard part of it," sighed King Cock, but in his eye was triumph, and drink to a thirsting soul that had waited long. "She 'itched up with the feller the note was to. Hable seaman, 'e wos. 'Ard that wos. But 'e lit out arter a lit'le an' then 'ere comes the woman along, crawlin' to me—me as 'ad pinched 'er pretty cheek an' 'eard 'er w'isper in me ear."

The bo'sun's squat and terrible figure was close to the oblivious Cockney then. "Wot about 'er now?" he hissed.

Old Frank and I were baffled and uneasy; and suddenly rain streamed on the black windows; and a heavy peal of thunder shook

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the chandelier over our heads. And then a woman's voice cried out of the room behind us, sharply:

"Are you gents sitting up?"

"That's wot about 'er now," said King Cock, with an ugly glance at Frank. "There's the 'ooman 'erself."

The bo'sun wavered; his fists sank; he looked warningly at King Cock with a red threat of murder in his eyes; and crawled ignobly down into the black shadow of the mantel.

"We're all awake, Nell," said the Cockney soothingly. "We're keeping 'aouse."

Man, it was strange to hear the voice of our landlady at that hour of the night. She had her room in a little black boxed-up place out back, and the thunder had frightened her out of it. She had sat serene enough under a thundering of hearts, God warrant it.

There she was among us, wrapped in a bright shawl, her hair all wild and her face like a girl's again, with its need of comforting. "I'm mistrustful of the storm," she said, with a sob tugging at her.

We drank her in; and I warrant you there were red eyes on her from that black corner where the bo'sun squatted. Man, we were strange men to be charged with the destiny of that fine woman. Our eyes glowed, and we shifted about and struck matches. I tell you it was touching to see that woman frightened in the night, like that, and yet not knowing which way she should dare turn the light of her eyes. Man, oh man, you have to remember the seven years she'd sat, wanting arms around her. An ache like that will break strong women; and she was strong.

"Woosh, girlie," says old Frank, and up she crept, hardly daring it, and put her head on his shoulder.

"Woosh," says old Frank again; and then he curled that big, pothering arm of his around her. He was young and clumsy and worried, and words wouldn't come, because that business was laying on his soul now; but his arm knew the trick. Where's the man whose right arm doesn't know that trick of being strong and comfortable in the service of women?

"I've been seven years true to him," she said, "as any woman ever was; and now he'll be dead come twelve o'clock, all accordin' to law, God's mercy. Sunday night it was he went away, port bo'sun of the brig *Forensic;* and the last I saw of him was his blessed hand shutting the door behind him. It was the fine, big, hearty hand he had, too, as big as his head, I'm venturin'."

"Ay," says old Frank, gentle as the lost calf he was; "ay, girlie."

He rocked her back and forth, and tilted up her head, with a strange mellow light twinkling in his eyes. Man, she had a depth; she would be a comfort to a poor dog of an able seaman, I'm saying to you. Sacrifice, said the man. He was young.

BUT there was another onion yet in that bag. Old Frank, without knowing it, had turned round in his tracks, still holding her to him, and all at once, she cried out and set the palm of her hand to his chest, staring.

Man, oh man, can't you see it? There was that gigantic fist of the port bo'sun coming out of gloom, with the candle shining on it. There it was, shaking on his knee, with the huge fingers curled together; that tortured sea-fist with its red grooves and its shaggy hair and its freckles and its silver patches. There wasn't but the one mate to it in the Eastern Ocean; and that was his other fist that lay in the dark. I tell you the personality of that bo'sun was in his fist, and not in the face that he ate with. It was a fist to juggle the fixed stars together; and that candle threw a yellow light on it, and showed the veins knotting together and the skin gleaming with sweat. He showed his courage and his joy and his gloom in that fist, the bo'sun; and he showed fear in it now, blind fear.

"Who's that?" she cried out, in a terrible little whisper, and her bosom rose and fell then like a beam sea.

"Who's that?" she cried again; and then the clocks about the town began to strike twelve through the thunder.

King Cock laughed in his throat murderously.

"'At?" he chuckled. 'At's a poor begger we picked up, Nell, at the 'Arp of Erin.' Go back to bed, like a good 'ooman." King Cock put out an arm to thrust her back, and his long face was black against the candlelight. But he was powerless against her; she dashed his arm away, this love that was twice lost to him, and by little fearful steps, in a sort of wind-spilt, side-on fashion, she drew near that terrible hairy fist, that swelled out of gloom. She stared

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into the dark with one plump hand over her heart, and her fine bare throat fluttering like a bird's. Man, she couldn't doubt it. That was a fist that wouldn't change in seven years. And it was what she had seen of him going out the door seven years ago by the clocks that were still ringing.

"Bring the candle," she breathed, and never took her eyes away.

King Cock lifted down the candle, still chuckling; and then the light was full on the red face of the little bo'sun; and he rolled over on his elbow and got up, jamming his knees together—that sign of mortal combat in him.

"WOT'S orl this 'ere?" he sneered. "'A lit'le lovin' all around,' says she. Good enough."

He stood glowering and reproachful, with a wonderful air of personal rectitude about him, this wandering Ulysses. But even in seven years his fair Penelope had lost nothing of domestic poise. She leveled a sturdy bare arm on him, that had slipped out of its shawl, and she cried out little stinging words in his ear.

"You coward," she cried, "would you sit there in the dark with your arms folded, and let your weak wife make love to another man?"

The little bo'sun, still with his knees laid one against the other, opened and shut his mouth, like a sculpin coming from a great depth.

"You that might have been dead to me by the striking of those bells, all according to law. Were you going to skulk there, and let the clock strike, and your wife that loved you put her lips to the lips of that black beast? Will you be no support to me at all, if I am weak?"

The little bo'sun stood horribly perplexed; for he had seemed to hold her in the hollow of his hand. But before he could speak, a great storm of sobbing shook her and she knelt down; and seizing that great fist, that kept opening and closing, kissed it, and laced her soft fingers passionately over it. We all stood like blocks, and King Cock, holding the candle, began to shake and shiver. And the black beast—that was Frank—stroked his beard, with the mellow light still in his eyes.

"Bos'," he said in hollow tones, "you won't lay that up against me, will you? Why, doggone it, I was only poking along the best way I could to help a shipmate out of a hole. I was as calm as a plastered monkey all the time. I never had one thought, so help me—" Wonderful slipperiness of youth.

"You black liar," cried the woman, in arms at that slander on her power of dominion, "do you think I couldn't feel your heart then?"

Then, at last, the bo'sun saw red out of his red eyes; and he drew his knife dutifully from his sheath and spat on it. But his wife, whom he held to by that narrow margin, cast those solid arms of hers wide about him; and he hesitated, and looked down, making that noise in his throat of bafflement.

"Jim," she whispered, rising a little towards him, "I've waited—honestly. Kiss me."

She held her lips to be kissed; and so the bo'sun was caught in that strength of yearning; but still his face was clouded with a horrible embarrassment. He sank in his shoes again; and I could hear the voice of that remote barmaid:

"Ain't you never been kissed, honest, uncle?"

We learn with time.

"Tha'll do for tha' there," said the bo'sun sulkily. He began to roll toward the door; and some sentiment oddly like endearing tolerance struggled with those stiff lines of manful pride in his harsh face. He lifted the fist that had betrayed him, and smote open the flimsy door.

"Good enough, lass," said he. "Come over the way."

The door shut; then it opened again, and the bo'sun came in alone and put his back to it. "I'll 'umor 'er a lit'le," he said. And went out again.

FRANK and I put old King Cock to bed with his four bottles; and the three of us murmured things discourteous to the daughters of Heve, who came between good shipmates. King Cock 'oped 'e should never hopen 'is blarsted peepers on this world again.

But he was gone, in the morning. Perhaps he thought of the just refutations that daughter of Heve might have whispered into the ear of her mate in the black hours before dawn. Perhaps he was discreet; perhaps he was only disillusioned.

And then old Frank and I took it upon

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us to be sorry for the bo'sun. "Poor old bos'," we said, with the mournful intensity of youth. He was a sacrifice on the altar of that adoration. By his fist, that made him great, was he undone.

"There's a shipmate," said old Frank. "I tell you, King Dick, I got a lump in my throat when I think of him sitting there like a blessed rabbit with its ears washed. It ain't in nature."

"Black beast, is it?" he kept murmuring. "And her leaning into my cheek, too, the minute before. I tell you, Dick, that was hard for a grown man to listen to. Holy Mackinaw, that hit a young man hard."

Toward sundown of the next day the editor—that old "chin-whiskered jeezler" of Frank's fancy—paid into our hands thirty pounds, in consideration of what Frank had written. We went cold along the spine, and began smiling on our finger-ends. Walking away from there, with the gold heavy in our pockets, we kept jabbering and laughing, like the tall fools we were.

"No drink yet," said old Frank, shoving me past the bars. "Not a drop till we fetch the bo'sun off. I will never see a good mate cooked while I have money in my pockets."

We knew nothing of the stern law of compensation—that for every good thing, an evil follows after.

Night had fallen when we came to the eating-house of Mrs. Waters; and even through that yellow window we could see the sometime port bo'sun of the *William Reilly* where he sat in the chair that had stood empty seven years.

Poor old bos'. There he sat, with a napkin in his lap, and a grievous shine on his flat hair.

"Like a blessed rabbit with its ears washed," muttered Frank.

In we went. The bo'sun tried to bend a red eye on us; he clawed the table-cloth, and fumbled with the knives and forks.

"We got the money, bos'," cried Frank, as who should say "I bring you life."

Poor old bos'. He lifted his fist, that was as big as his head, and put it on the table, and his wife laid that plump hand of hers on top of it, and squared off.

"Are you going to talk to that man, that would have stolen your wife away?" she goaded him.

"Tha'll do for tha' there," said the bo'sun. But we saw that we were too late. She had him fast. Fast. Old Frank pulled his fist out of his pocket, and there was that mass of sovereigns flashing rays at bos' and his lady. It was a sight to stun kings; but old bos' was as steady as an upper topsail in a trade-wind. He was gone. He was lashed to the mast.

" 'Eave tha' there back," he said. "Or, 'ere, tyke a quid or two and parse it to King Cock across the road to buy 'im hicicles in 'ell."

"Come on, bos'," we begged him. We flailed our arms at him, and tried to bring him out of his trance. Useless. He might have been sleeping in the light of the moon. She had got her hooks into him too deep, as Frank said later.

"Arfter me 'ungerin' for 'ome and 'umping me carcase about in seven 'owlin' 'ookers?" said the old rascal. He was getting pious and domestic already. "No, lad. I've 'eard it said—'eard, mind you—as 'ow, if you keep a thing for seven bloomin' years, you'll 'ave a use for it."

With that he opened his fist and down plumped the lady's into it, and he shut it again.

"Shut the door, b'ys," he said.

Man, oh man, we were the boys that could tell you about women then. We knew more than ever we have since. We were all broken up, to think that bos' had harbored that gigantic heroism all this time that we had been laying that plagued little semi-quid up against him. We were all broken up.

We shipped out that night shoveling coal on a freight packet touching at Yap and Hong Kong; and we took the gold along, but the sparkle was out of it then.

WHEN we were getting the steam up to the blood that first watch, Frank yelled: "A man that didn't *know*, Dick, would have thought the old son-of-a-gun *wanted* to stay." Then he leaned in to split open his fires, and came out dripping. "She had been sitting there for seven years," he gasped. "Of all the rotten luck for bos'. If the old son-of-a-gun's fist hadn't 've stuck out like it did. . . . Woosh."

"You'd have been washing dishes back there now."

He had the look of the black beast then for half a second. "I was awful close," he said. "She was right about my heart, King Dick. Do you suppose the old son-of-a-gun

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would have interfered of his own accord?"

A little later he screamed out above the clang of falling slice-bars: "He wouldn't even take our money." There he stood, wiping his black face, and inquiring at the top of his lungs: "Do you reckon a magpie could swallow a semi-quid, King Dick? As good a mate as bos'—Ain't it possible that mustard might have fetched it? How do you feel about that, Dick?"

"Bright and shiny," I yelled back at him. "We came to Melbourne to see which was the mad party. How about that?"

"It's us," he roared. "Holy Mackinaw, but this heat feels good to a mad tike like me."

And we leaned into those fires again, and sweated the disbelieving youth out of us.

My Dream Garden

By William Dearmer

INSIDE my garden green
Gold daffies blow;
Narcissus through its sheath
Shoots flakes of snow;

Anemones bend down
Before the wind,
Enlaced with leaves and buds,
Blue sky behind.

My garden has a path
Where peacocks walk.
They shake and spread their tails
In solemn talk;

They have a hundred eyes
Most fair to see;
Blue, purple, green and gold
They wink at me.

Summer and winter pass,
My garden stays:
Blue skies through rain and mist
Shine here always.

In mother's morning room
My garden grows—
Trellis of flowers sweet,
Peacocks in rows.

My garden's only chintz
Over the door:
There it hangs motionless
Down to the floor.

Once I was sad and ill
In mother's room;
My garden shone at me
Out of the gloom.

I walked right up the path
Through birds and flowers;
I stayed behind the leaves
Playing for hours.

Nurse came with medicine
Dreams to destroy.
My garden's only chintz;
I am a boy.

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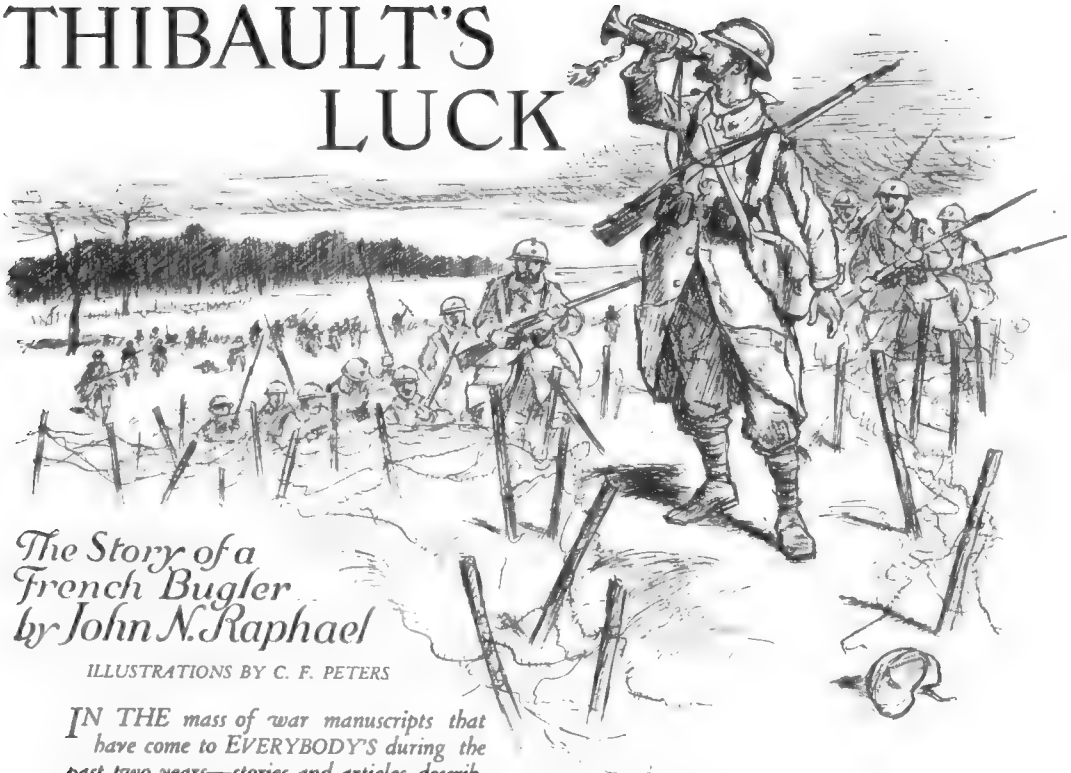
THIBAULT'S LUCK



The Story of a French Bugler

by John N. Raphael

ILLUSTRATIONS BY C. F. PETERS

IN THE mass of war manuscripts that have come to EVERYBODY'S during the past two years—stories and articles describing battle charges and trench life—this little sketch stands out for its poignant simplicity and human appeal. It brings home a realization of what war means to the individual fighting man. This is just one of the incidents that come the way of a correspondent at the front.

We will print another vivid war sketch by Mr. Raphael in a later number.—THE EDITOR.

THE interpreter felt all over his face very carefully with his forefinger, found his mouth after some trouble, and put the cigarette into it. He had "not exactly been wounded," he explained, but a big shell had dropped on a motor-car in which he happened to be, and his features and several other parts of him had been considerably disarranged. But he "was soon going to be all right again," and meanwhile he said that he was getting plenty of entertainment from the friends who came to visit him in hospital.

"Some of them laugh, when they see my face, and some of them cry," he said.

Then he suggested to the man in the next bed that they might have bets, in future, as to which his friends would do. The man in the next bed smiled and patted the medal on his nightshirt.

"Mind you, I'm lucky betting," he remarked, and, as men in hospital do, went quietly to sleep the moment after he had spoken.

"Is he badly wounded?" I asked my friend the interpreter.

"No," he said, "but he's very tired. They found another bit of shrapnel in him after he had been decorated, and he had a bit of fever."

Then the interpreter began to laugh and I felt very uncomfortable. Laughter among those mixed features gave the civilian that I am a nasty fluttery feeling just where the chicken wears its breast-bone. These wounded Frenchmen are sometimes insufferably merry.

"You heard what he said about betting," he whistled. I nodded. "He was a bugler," he said. "He hadn't been a bugler long, but he knew how to blow a bugle and the real bugler had looked over a sandbag, the day before, and a sniper saw him. Everybody was quivering with excitement, and the captain asked Thibault there whether he could blow the charge.

"Thibault laughed and said he'd go on blowing it till we got right on top of the Boches.

"'You won't do *that*,' the captain

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said. 'I'll bet you fifty francs you don't.'

"We had a bound of over five hundred yards ahead of us, you see, and we all laughed at the bet, as we scrambled out, because we knew Thibault would never win.

"A man can't blow a bugle, crawling, running hell for leather, falling down, and getting up to run again, for five hundred yards, in the teeth of a German trench, you know, and there was the barbed wire, too.

"But Thibault very nearly pulled it off. He was within a few yards of the Boches when a bullet bowled him over; but he went on blowing.

"Then, just as the captain caught him up, a bit of shrapnel flattened the bugle, and knocked the wind out of him.

"We came back and picked him up, though, and we thought he was dying when we lifted him into the trench which had belonged to the Germans for a good many months before that. He was in a nasty mess, and we didn't think he could possibly live.

"But the captain—he's a *chic type*, the captain—remembered his bet, and while Thibault was being made comfortable he slipped a fifty-franc note between his fingers. Thibault's a lucky chap, altogether, in other things besides betting."

"I think," said the nurse, "that you ought to go to sleep now."

She removed the cigarette, told me I might come back and see her patient next day, and the interpreter went to sleep, obediently.

"Thibault's luck?" said the interpreter, next day. "Well, he was immensely bucked, you see, when they told him he'd be well enough to have his decoration pinned on in front of the troops.

"The General was visiting the clearing hospital, when they told him, and laughed at Thibault's remark:

" 'I wish my old mother could see it,' he said. 'But those dirty generals won't let her into the army zone.'

"He's a queer chap, the General. One of those fellows who thinks all the time, and never says anything. But he's a father—three of his four sons have gone down in the war.

"Thibault was awfully upset when he was told that the General had heard what he said.

" 'Well,' he remarked, 'I've got my fifty francs from the captain, but the medal, it's good evening.'

"He meant he hadn't any chance of it after what he had said. I bet him a packet of cigarettes that everything would be all right."

"Well, he lost that bet anyhow," said I.

"Yes, but his luck was in all right," said the interpreter. "Old Thibault was pretty groggy as he stood there with two or three others, waiting for the General. There was a crowd, of course—it was quite a ceremony, you know, at X——, a few miles behind the lines—and the whole village was there in its Sunday best.

"I caught Thibault's eye roving over the crowd. There must have been at least a dozen women there, and he was thinking of his mother.

"He told me afterward that the General, as he pinned the decoration on him, burst out laughing again.

" 'I felt like hitting him over the head,' he said, 'and I know what I thought of him.'

"The colors were just on Thibault's right, on the right of the square, you understand, and the crowd was all round behind. When the General had pinned Thibault's medal on him and shaken hands with him, he glanced at the colors, and chuckled again. Then he moved on.

"And this was where Thibault saw his luck.

"The flag moved a little to the left, and a little old woman in black bombazine and a white-frilled cap scuttled out from behind it, right into the square, dropped a red umbrella and a big black-covered basket with two noisy fowls in it, and rushed at Thibault.

"Thibault didn't care who laughed. He shoved his gun into the next man's arms, quite forgetting that the next man was an officer, burst into tears, and hugged his old mother in front of everybody.

"And the best of the joke was that the old girl insisted on seeing the General herself to thank him for sending for her, and handing him the black basket with the two fowls in it. She had brought them on purpose."

Thibault, who had been asleep again, woke up. "*Ta gueule!*" he said. "Shut up! One does not recount these things to a civilian!"

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THIBAULT SHOVED HIS GUN INTO THE NEXT MAN'S ARMS, QUITE FORGETTING THAT THE NEXT MAN WAS AN OFFICER, BURST INTO TEARS, AND HUGGED HIS OLD MOTHER IN FRONT OF EVERYBODY.

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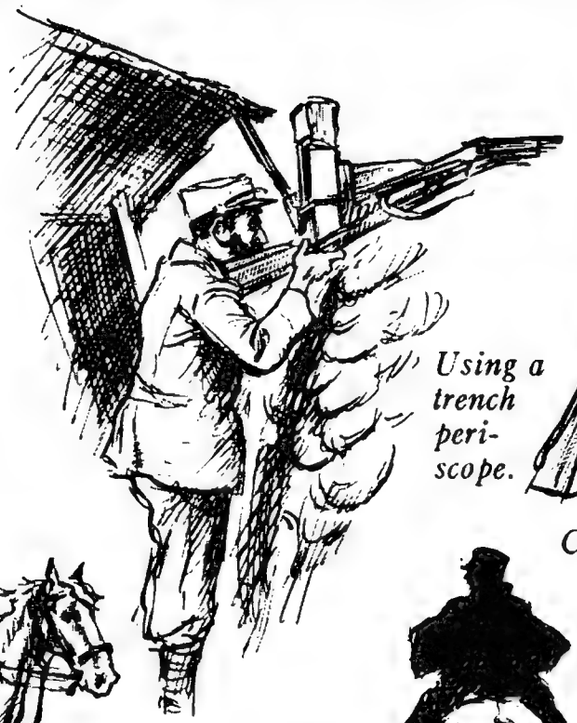
TRENCH SKETCHES

Made at the front by C. F. Peters

Who has seen the war from the intimate point of view of an ambulance worker in Alsace, Italy, and Northern France.

"To France!"



Using a trench periscope.

Chasseur Alpin.

A dragoon.

On duty.

A staff officer.

The little god-mother.

Something to read.

Basket-making helps to pass the time.

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"I'm coming!"

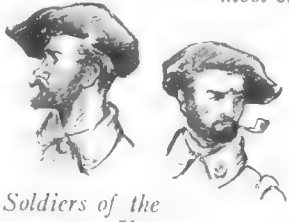
On a roadside near Compiègne.

German prisoners taken in Champagne.

The littlest nurse, but the most severe.

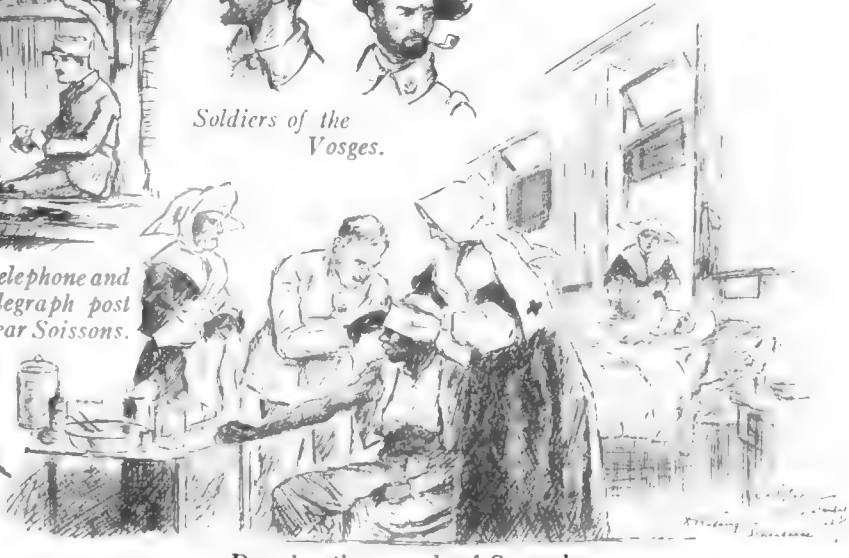
A chaplain.

Telephone and telegraph post near Soissons.



Soldiers of the Vosges.

Le poilu.



Dressing the wounds of Senegalese.

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HIS FAMILY

By
ERNEST POOLE
Author of "The Harbor," etc.
Illustrations by Balfour Ker

THIS is the story of a man and his three daughters in the midst of a great modern city and its problems. Roger Gale's wife died when the children were little, and for sixteen years he has lived shut up within himself, not sharing in his daughters' interests. Now, nearly sixty, he is again awake, and eager to understand these three grown-up women of his household. His eldest daughter, Edith, is wrapped up in her family—an intensely maternal type of woman, whose devotion to her children shuts out the rest of the world. The second, Deborah, is the superintendent of a great public school working on modern lines—and mother to children by the thousand. The youngest, Laura, a beauty, devotes her whole mind to pleasure.

One evening shortly after Roger Gale's interest in life has been rekindled, Laura startles him with the news that she is to be married. Roger reluctantly interviews his prospective son-in-law. and finds him a young man as pleasure-loving, as much a speeder and a spender as Laura herself, He is uneasy over the kind of life the young couple evidently intend to lead, and before the wedding, at Edith's instigation, he undertakes a serious talk with Laura on her duties. But father and daughter are too far apart, and the talk ends in irritation on both sides. The wedding is a big social affair that turns the house upside down. Afterward, Roger, who has been worrying lest Deborah should want to give up their old home for a flat, is vastly relieved to find her eager to carry on their lives as always.

CHAPTER NINE

Roger keeps watch with Deborah

DEBORAH needed rest, Roger thought, for the bright, attractive face of his daughter was looking rather gaunt these days, and the birthmark from between her eyes up over her high forehead, imperceptible as a rule, now showed a faint, thin line of red. One night at dinner, watching her, he wondered what was on her mind. She had come in late, and though several times she had made an effort to keep up the conversation, her face was almost colorless and more than once in her deepset eyes came a flash of pain that startled him.

"Look here. What's the matter with you?" he asked.

Deborah looked up quickly. "I'd rather not talk about it, dad——"

"Very well," he answered. And then, with a slight hesitation, "But I think I know the trouble," he said. "And perhaps some other time—when you do feel like talking——"

A faint smile came on her face. "What do you think is the trouble?" she asked. And Roger looked at her squarely.

"Loneliness," he answered.

"Why?" she asked him.

"Well, there's Edith's baby—and Laura getting married——"

"I see—and so I'm lonely for a family of my own. But you're forgetting my school," she said.

"Yes, yes, I know," he retorted. "But that's not at all the same. Interesting work, no doubt, but—well, it isn't personal."

"Oh, isn't it?" she answered, and she drew a quivering breath. Rising from the table, she went into the living-room, and there a few moments later he found her walking up and down. "I think I *will*

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tell you now," she said. "I'm afraid of being alone to-night, of keeping this matter to myself."

He looked at her apprehensively. "Very well, my dear," he answered.

"This is the trouble," she began. "I have in my school a family of about three thousand children. A few I get to know so well that I try to follow them when they leave. And one of these, an Italian boy—his name is Joe Bolini—was one of the best I ever had, and one of the most appealing. But Joe took to drinking and got in with a gang of boys who blackmailed small shopkeepers. He used to come to me at times in occasional moods of repentance. He was a splendid physical type and he'd been a leader in our athletics, so I took him back into the school to manage our teams in basket-ball. He left the gang then and stopped drinking, and we had long talks together about his great ambition. He wanted to enter the Fire Department as soon as he was twenty-one. And I promised to use my influence." She stopped, still frowning slightly.

"What happened?" Roger asked her.

"His girl took up with another man, and Joe has hot Italian blood. He got drunk one night and—shot them both." There was another silence. Roger stared at his daughter aghast. "I did what I could," she said harshly, "but he had a bad record behind him, and the young assistant district attorney had his own record to think of, too. So Joe got a death sentence. We appealed the case, but it did no good. He was sent up the river and is in the death-house now—and he sent for me to come to-day. His letter hinted that he was scared. So I went up this afternoon. Joe goes to the chair to-morrow at six."

Deborah went to the sofa and sat down inertly.

Roger remained motionless, and a dull chill crept over him.

"So you see my work is personal," he heard her mutter presently. She seemed suddenly so far away, such a stranger to him in this life of hers.

"By George, it's horrible!" he said. "I'm sorry you went to see the boy!"

"I'm glad," she retorted quickly. "I've been getting too sure of myself—of my school, I mean, and what it can do. I needed this to bring me back to the kind of world we live in!"

"What do you mean?" he roughly asked.

"I mean there are schools and prisons! And I'm for schools!" she answered. "They've tried their jails and gallows for whole black hideous centuries! What good have they done? If they'd given Joe back to the school and me, I'd have had him a fireman in a year! He'd have *grown* fighting fires; he would have saved lives!" Again she

SHE SEEMED MORE LIKE THE MANAGER OF SOME GREAT FACTORY THAN A SCHOOL-TEACHER.

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stopped short with a catch of her breath. In suspense he watched her angry struggle to regain control of herself. The birthmark showed a fiery red. "But of course," she added wearily, "it's all much more complex than that. A school is nothing nowadays—just by itself alone, I mean—it's only a part of a city's life. That life for most tenement children is either very dull and hard, or cheap and false and over-exciting. And behind all that lie the reasons for that. And there are so many reasons." She stared straight past her father as though at something far away. Then she seemed to recall herself. "But I'm talking too much of my family."

Her father carefully lit a cigar. "I don't think you are, my dear. I'd like to hear more about it."

She smiled. "To keep my mind off Joe, you mean."

"And mine, too," he answered.

They had a long talk that evening about her hope of making her school what Roger visaged confusedly as a kind of a mammoth home, the center of a neighborhood, of one prodigious family. At times when the clock on the mantel struck the hour loud and clear, there would fall a sudden silence, as both thought of what was to happen at dawn. Then quickly Roger would question again and Deborah would talk steadily on. It was after midnight when she stopped.

"You've been good to me to-night, dearie," she said. "Let's go to bed now, shall we?"

"Very well," he answered. He looked at his daughter anxiously. She no longer seemed to him mature. He could feel what heavy discouragements, what problems she was facing, in this dark, mysterious tenement world which she had chosen to make her own. And compared to these she seemed a mere girl, a child groping its way, just making a start. And so he added wistfully, "I wish I could be of more help to you."

She looked up at him for a moment. "Do you know why you *are* such a help?" she said. "It's because you have never grown old—because you've never allowed yourself to grow absolutely certain about anything in life."

A smile half sad and half perplexed came on her father's heavy face. "You consider that a strong point?" he asked.

"I do," she replied, "compared to being a bundle of creeds and prejudices."

"Oh, I've got prejudices enough."

"Yes," she said. "And so have I. But we're not even sure of *them*, these days."

"The world has a habit of crowding in," her father muttered vaguely.

ROGER did not sleep that night. He could not keep his thoughts away from what was going to happen at dawn. Yes, the city was crowding in upon this quiet house of his. Dimly he could recollect, in the genial years of long ago, just glancing casually now and then at some small and unobtrusive notice in his evening paper: "Execution at Sing-Sing." It had been so remote—all that. But now it was smashing into his house, through the life that his own daughter was leading day and night among the poor! Each time that he thought of that lad in a cell, again a chill crept over him! But savagely he shook it off, and by a strong effort of his will he turned his thoughts to the things she had told him about her school. Yes, in her main idea she was right. He had no use for wild reforms, but here was something solid, a good education for every child. More than once, while she had talked, something very deep in Roger had leaped up in swift response.

For Deborah, too, was a part of himself. He, too, had had his feeling for humanity in the large. For years he had run a boys' club at a little mission school in which his wife had been interested, and on Christmas Eve he had formed the habit of gathering up a dozen small urchins right off the street and taking them round and fitting them out with good warm winter clothing, after which he had gone home to help Judith trim the Christmas tree and fill their children's stockings. And later, when she had gone to bed, invariably he had taken "The Christmas Carol" from its shelf and had settled down with a genial glow of almost luxurious brotherhood. There was sentiment in Roger Gale, and as he read of *Tiny Tim*, his deepset eyes would glisten with tears.

And now here was Deborah fulfilling a part of him in herself. "You will live on in our children's lives." But this was going much too far! She was letting herself be swallowed up completely by this work of hers! It was all very well for the past ten years, but now she was getting on in age! High time to marry and settle down!

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Again angrily he shook off the thought of that boy Joe alone in a cell, eyes fixed in animal terror upon the steel door that would open so soon.

The day was slowly breaking. It was the early part of June. How fresh and lovely it must be up there in the big mountains with Edith's happy little lads. Here it was raw and garish, weird. Some sparrows began quarreling just outside his window. Abruptly he rose and walked the room. Restlessly he went into the hall. How strange the old house appeared in this light—as though stripped bare—there was something gone.

Softly he came to Deborah's door. It was open wide, for the night had been warm, and she lay awake upon her bed with her eyes fixed on the ceiling. Where had he seen that expression before? He remembered now—on Edith's face the night before her child was born.

She turned her head and saw him there. He came in and sat down by her window. For a long time neither made a sound. Then the great clock on the tower, which had been silent through the night, resumed its deep and measured boom. It struck six times. There was silence again. More and more taut grew his muscles, and suddenly it felt to him as though Deborah's fierce agony were pounding deep into his soul. The slow, slow minutes throbbed away. At last he rose and left her. There was a cold sweat on his brow.

"I'll go down and make her some coffee," he thought.

Down in the kitchen it was a relief to bang about, hunting for the utensils. On picnics up in the mountains his coffee had been famous. He made some now and boiled some eggs, and they breakfasted in Deborah's room. She seemed almost herself again. Later, while he was dressing, he saw her in the doorway. She was looking at her father with bright and grateful, affectionate eyes.

"Will you come to school to-day? I'd like you to see it," Deborah said.

"Very well," he answered gruffly.

CHAPTER TEN

"Deborah's Big Family"

OUT of the subway they emerged into a noisy tenement street. Roger had known such streets as this, but only in the night-time, as picturesque and adventurous ways in an underground world that he had explored in search of strange old glittering rings. It was different now. Gone were the Rembrandt shadows, the leaping flare of torches, the dark surging masses of weird, uncouth humanity. Here in garish daylight were poverty and ugliness, here were heaps of refuse and heavy smells and clamor. It disgusted and repelled him, and he was tempted to turn back. But glancing at Deborah by his side, he thought of the night she had been through. No, he grimly told himself, he would see what she was up to here.

They turned into a narrower street between tall, dirty tenements, and in a twinkling all was changed. For the street, as far as he could see, was bright and gay with flaunting colors, torrents of bobbing hats and ribbons, frocks and blouses, shirts and breeches, vivid reds and yellows and blues; and deafening with joyous cries, a shrill incessant chatter, chatter, piercing yells and shrieks of laughter. Children, swarms of children of all sizes passed him, clean and dirty, smiling, scowling, hurrying, running, pummeling, grabbing, whirling each other round and round—till the very air seemed quivering with wild spirits and new life!

He heard Deborah laughing. Five hilarious small boys had hold of her hands and were marching in triumph, waving their caps. "Heigh there—heigh there! Heigh—heigh—heigh!"

The school was close in front of them. An enormous building of brick and tile wedged into a disordered mass of tenements, shops, and factories, it had been built around a court shut out from the street by a high steel fence. They squeezed into the gateway, through which a shouting, punching mob of urchins were now pushing in, and soon from a balcony above Roger looked down into the court. Out of wild chaos order appeared. Boys to the right and girls to the left were forming in long, sinuous lines, and three thousand pairs of eyes were turned toward the building. In front arose the Stars and Stripes. Then all at once he heard a crash from underneath the balcony, and looking down he saw a band made up of some thirty or forty boys. Their leader, a dark Italian lad, made a flourish, a pass with his baton, and the band broke into a blaring storm, an uproarious,

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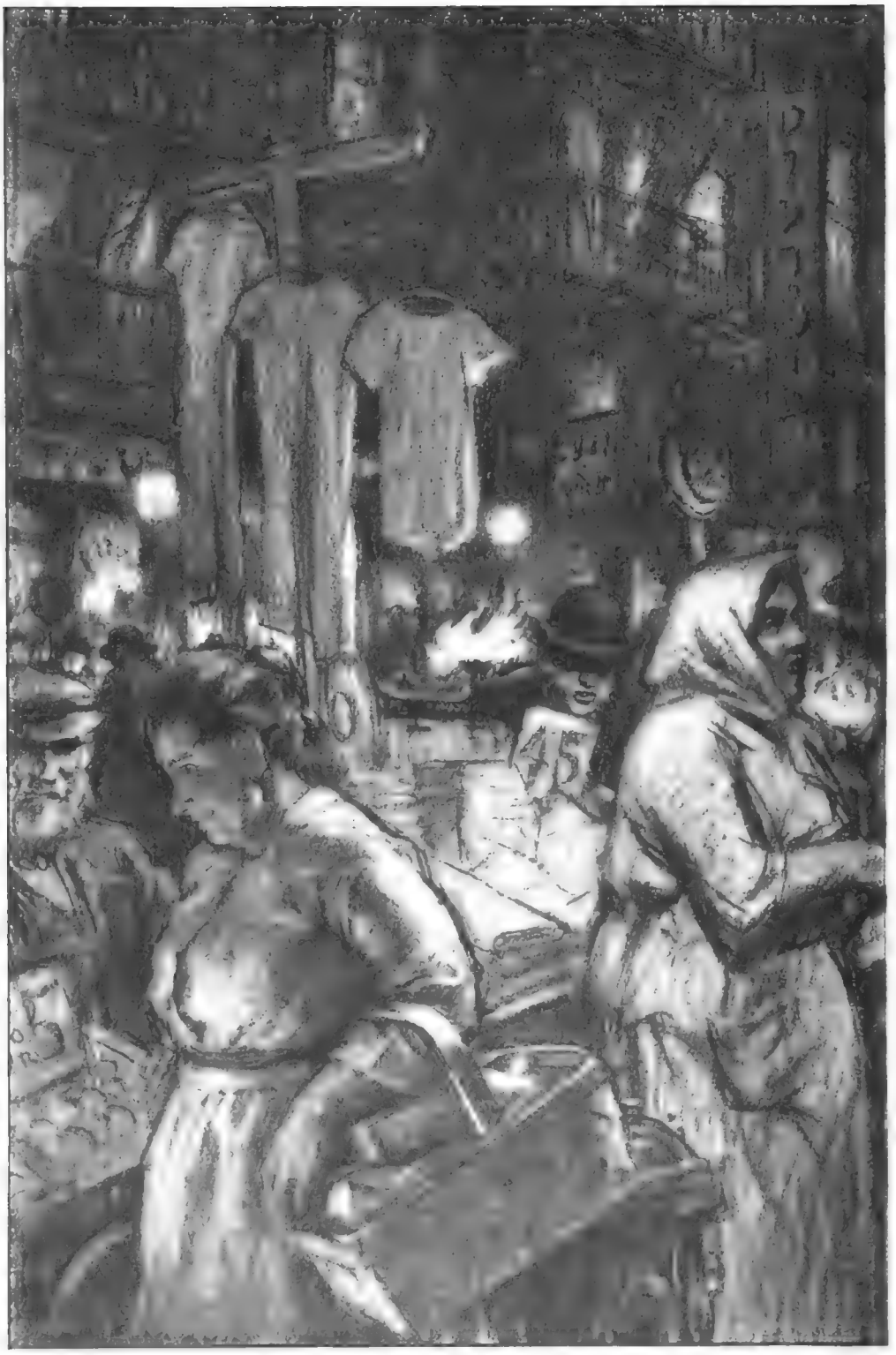

THE TORCHES ON THE PUSH-CARTS THREW FLARING LIGHTS AND THOUSANDS PASSED. IT WAS A MAMMOTH CALDRON,

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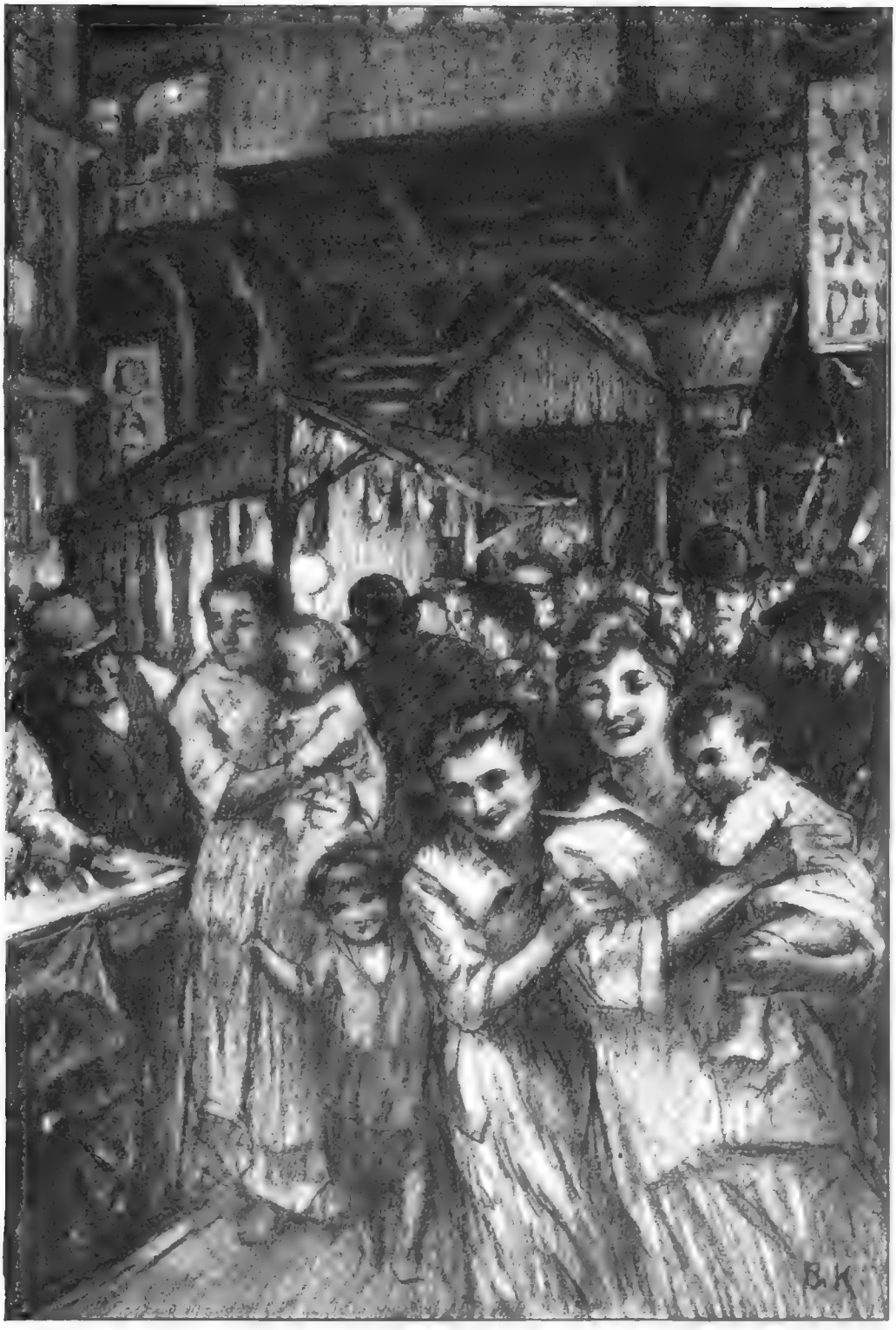

SHADOWS, THE PEDDLERS SHOUTED HOARSELY. PEOPLE BY THE SEETHING, BUBBLING OVER WITH A MILLION FOREIGN LIVES.

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booming march. The mob below fell into step, and, line after line in single file, with eyes straight ahead and gleaming bright, the children marched into their school.

"Look up! Look all around you!" He heard Deborah's eager voice in his ear. And as he looked up from the court below he gave a low cry of amazement. In hundreds of windows all around, of sweat-shops, tenements, factories, on tier upon tier of fire-escapes and even upon the roofs above, silent watchers had appeared. For this one moment in the day the whole congested neighborhood had stopped its feverish labor and become an amphitheatre with all eyes upon the school. And the thought flashed into Roger's mind: "Deborah's big family!"

"They're like that every day!" she cried. "Don't you feel the beginning of something new?" And Roger tingled deep inside.

He had a strange, confusing time. In her office, in a daze, he sat and heard his daughter with her two assistant principals, her clerk, and her stenographer, plunge into the routine work of the day. What kind of a school-teacher was this? She seemed more like the manager of some great buzzing factory. Messages kept coming constantly from class-rooms, children came for punishment, and on each small human problem she was passing judgment quickly.

MEANWHILE a score of mothers, most of them Italians with colored shawls upon their heads, had straggled in and taken seats, and one by one they came to her desk. For these women who had been children in peasant huts in Italy now had children of their own in the great city of New York. And they found it very baffling. How to keep them in at night? How to make them go to the priest? How to feed and clothe them? How to live in these tenement homes, in this wild din and chaos? They wanted help and they wanted advice. Deborah spoke in Italian, but turning to her father she would translate from time to time.

A tired, scowling woman said: "My boy won't obey me. His father is dead. When I slap him he only jumps away. I lock him in and he steals the key—he keeps it in his pocket. He steals the money that I earn. He says I'm from the country—he laughs in my face! When he don't like his supper he throws it around!" And a flabby, anxious woman said: "My girl runs out to dance-halls. Sometimes she comes back at two in the morning. She is nearly fifteen and she ought to get married. But what can I do? A nice steady man who never dances comes sometimes to see her—but she makes faces and calls him a fatty. What can I do?"

"Please come and see our janitor and make him fix our kitchen sink!" an angry little woman cried. "When I try to wash the dishes the water spouts all over me!" And then a rosy, plump little mother said in a soft, coaxing voice: "I have eight little children, all nice and clean. When you tell them to do anything they always do it quickly. They smile at you, they are like saints. So could the kind, beautiful teacher fix it up with a newspaper to send them all to the country—this summer when it is so hot? The newspaper could send a man and he could take our pictures."

"Most of us girls used to be in this school," said a bright-looking Jewess of eighteen. "And you taught us how we should live nice. But how can we live nice when our shop is so rotten? Our boss is trying to kiss the girls, he is trying to hug them on the stairs. And what he pays us is a joke, and we must work till nine o'clock. So will you help us, teacher, and give us a room for our meetings here? We want to have a union."

A truant officer brought in two ragged, frightened little chaps. Found on the street during school hours, they had to give an account of themselves. Sullenly one of them gave an address far up in the Bronx, ten miles away. They had not been home for a week, he said. Was he lying? What was to be done? Somewhere in the city their homes must be discovered. And the talk of the truant officer made Roger feel ramifications here that wound out through the police and the courts to reformatories, distant cells. He thought of that electric chair, and suddenly he felt oppressed by the heavy complexity of it all.

And all this was part and parcel of his daughter's daily work in school! Still dazed, disturbed, but curious, he sat and watched and listened, while the bewildering demands of Deborah's big family kept crowding in upon her.

He went to a few of the classrooms and found that reading and writing, arithmetic and spelling, were all being taught in ways that he had never dreamed of.

He found a kindergarten class, a carpenter shop and a printing shop, a sewing class and a

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cooking class in a large model kitchen. He watched the nurse in her hospital room, where a squad of fifty urchins were having their teeth examined! It was a strange, astounding school! He heard Deborah speak of a mothers' club and a neighborhood association; and he learned of other ventures here—the school doctor, the nurse, and the visitor endlessly making experiments, groping deep into the neighborhood for ways to meet its problems.

And by the way Deborah talked to them he felt that she had gone before, that years ago, by day and night, she had been over the ground alone. And she'd done all that while she lived in his house!

Scattered memories out of the past, mere fragments she had told him, now flashed back into his mind: humorous little incidents of daily battles she had had in rotten old tenement buildings with rags and filth and garbage, with vermin, darkness, and disease. Mingled with these had been accounts of dances, weddings, and christenings, and of curious funeral rites. And struggling with such dim memories of Deborah in her twenties, called forth in his mind by the picture of the woman of thirty here, Roger grew still more confused. What was to be the end of it all? She was still but a pioneer in a jungle, endlessly groping and trying new things.

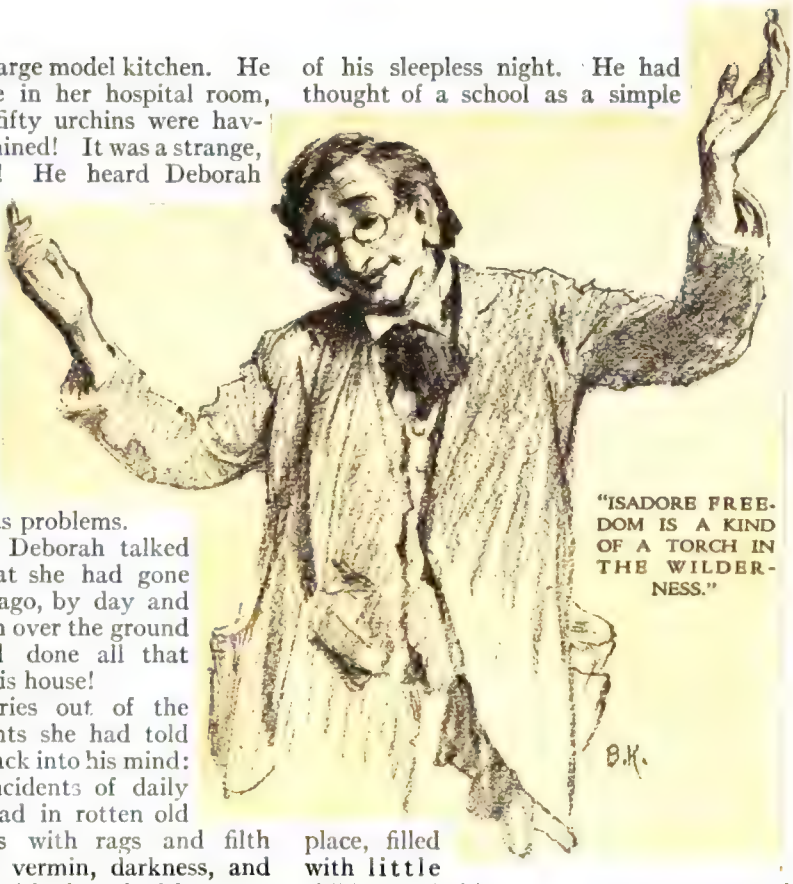
"How many children are there in all the public schools?" he asked.

"About eight hundred thousand," Deborah said.

"Good Lord!" he groaned, and he felt within him a little glow of indignation against these immigrant women for breeding so inconsiderately. With the mad city growing so fast, and the people of the tenements breeding, breeding, breeding, and packing the schools to bursting, what could any teacher be but a mere cog in a machine, ponderous, impersonal, blind, grinding out future New Yorkers?

He reached home limp and battered from the storm of new impressions coming on top of his sleepless night. He had thought of a school as a simple place, filled with little children, mischievous at times perhaps and some with dirty faces, but still with minds and spirits clean, unsoiled as yet by contact with the great grim soul of the town. He had thought of childhood as something intimate and pure, inside his house, his family. Instead of that, in Deborah's school he had been disturbed and thrilled by the presence all around him of something wild, barbaric, dark, compounded of the city streets, of surging crowds, of rushing feet, of turmoil, filth, disease, and death, of poverty and vice and crime. "If these are our future citizens, God help the City of New York!" But Roger could still hear that band. And behind its blaring crash and din he felt the deeper throbbing of a tremendous joyousness, of gaiety, fresh hopes and dreams, of leaping young emotions like deep-buried bubbling springs bursting up resistlessly to renew the fevered life of the town.

Deborah's big family! Everybody's children! "You will live on in our children's lives." The vision hidden in those words now opened wide before his eyes.



"ISADORE FREEDOM IS A KIND OF A TORCH IN THE WILDERNESS."

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CHAPTER ELEVEN

Roger spends an evening in the caldron

SHE told him the next morning that her night-school closed for the summer that week.

"I think I should like to see it," her father said determinedly.

She gave him an affectionate smile: "Oh, dearie. Haven't you had enough?"

"I guess I can stand it if you can," was his grim rejoinder, "though if I ran a school like yours I think by night I'd have schooled enough. Do most principals run night-schools too?"

"A good many of them do."

"Isn't it taxing your strength?" he asked.

"Don't you have to tax your strength," his daughter replied good-humoredly, "to really accomplish anything? Don't you have to risk yourself in order to really live these days? Suppose you come down tomorrow night. We won't go to the school, for I doubt if the clubs and classes there would interest you very much. I'll take you through the neighborhood."

HE WENT down the following evening. The night was warm and humid, and through the narrow tenement streets there poured a teeming mass of life. People by the thousands passed, bareheaded, men in shirt-sleeves, their faces glistening with sweat. Animal odors filled the air. The torches on the push-carts threw flaring lights and shadows, the peddlers shouted hoarsely, the tradesmen in the booths and stalls joined in with cries, shrill peals of mirth. The mass swept onward, talking, talking, and its voice was a guttural roar. Small boys and girls with piercing yells kept darting under elbows, old women dozed on door-steps, babies screamed on every side. Mothers leaned out of windows, and by their faces you could see that they were screaming angrily for children to come up to bed. But you could not hear their cries.

Here around a hurdy-gurdy gravely danced some little girls. A tense young Jew, dark-faced and thin, was shouting from a wagon that all men and women must be free and own the factories and mills. A mob of small boys, clustered round a "camp-fire" they had made on the street, were leaping wildly through the flames. It was a mammoth caldron here, seething, bubbling over with a million foreign lives.

Deborah's big family.

She turned into a doorway, went down a long, dark passage and came into a courtyard hedged in by greasy tenement walls that reared to a spot of dark-blue sky where a few quiet stars were twinkling down. With a feeling of repugnance Roger followed his daughter into a tall rear building and up a rickety flight of stairs. On the fourth landing she knocked at a door, and presently it was opened by a stout young Irish woman with disheveled hair.

"Oh. Good evening, Mrs. Berry."

"Good evening. Come in," was the curt reply. They entered a small, stifling room where were a stove, two kitchen chairs, and three frowzled beds in corners. On one of the beds lay a baby asleep, on another two small restless boys sat up and watched the visitors. A sick man lay upon the third. And a cripple boy, a boarder here, stood on his crutches watching them out of twinkling grayish eyes. Roger was struck at once by his face. Over the broad cheekbones the sallow skin was tightly drawn, but there was a determined set to the jaws that matched the gleam in the boy's shrewd eyes, and his face lit up in a wonderful smile.

"Hello, Miss Deborah," he said. His voice had a cheery quality.

"Hello, Johnny. How are you?"

"Fine, thank you."

"That's good. I've brought my father with me."

"Howdado, sir, glad to meet you."

"It's some time since you've been to see me, John," Deborah continued.

"I know it is," he answered. And then, with a quick jerk of his head, "He's been pretty bad," he said.

Roger looked at the man on the bed. With his thin waxen features drawn, the man was gasping for each breath.

"What's the matter?" Roger whispered.

"Lungs," said the young woman harshly. "You needn't bother to speak so low. He can't hear you anyhow. He's dying. He's been dying weeks."

"Why didn't you let me know of this?" Deborah asked gently.

"Because I knew what you'd want to do —take him off to a hospital! And I ain't going to have it! I promised him he could die at home!"

"I'm sorry," Deborah answered. There was a moment's silence, and the baby whimpered in its sleep. One child had gone to

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his father's bed and was frowning at his agony as though it were a tiresome sight.

"Are any of them coughing?" Deborah inquired.

"No," said the woman sharply.

"Yes, they are, two of 'em," John cheerfully corrected her.

"You shut up!" she said to him, and then she turned to Deborah. "It's my home, I guess, and my family, too. So what do you think that *you* can do?"

Deborah looked at her steadily. "Yes, it's your family," she agreed. "And it's none of my business, I know—except that John is one of my boys—and if things are to go on like this I can't let him board here any more. If he had let me know before I'd have taken him from you sooner. You'll miss the four dollars a week he pays."

The woman swallowed fiercely. Her face had gone a shade whiter now. She was scowling to keep back the tears. "We can all die for all I care! I've about got to the end of my rope!"

"I see you have." Deborah's voice was low. "You've made a hard, plucky fight, Mrs. Berry. Are there any empty rooms left in this building?"

"Yes, two up-stairs. What do you want to know for?"

"I'm going to rent them for you. I'll arrange it to-night with the janitor, on condition that you promise to move all your children to-morrow up-stairs and keep them there until this is over. Will you?"

"Yes."

"That's sensible. And I'll have one of the visiting nurses here within an hour."

"Thanks."

"And later on we'll have a talk."

"All right——"

"Good night, Mrs. Berry."

"Good night, Miss Gale, I'm much obliged. . . . Say, wait a minute, will you?" The wife had followed them out on the landing and was clutching Deborah's arm. "Why can't that nurse give him something," she whispered, "to put him to sleep for good and all? It ain't right to let a man suffer like that! I can't stand it! I'm—I'm—" she broke off with a violent sob.

Deborah put one arm around her and held her steadily for a moment. "The nurse will see that he sleeps," she said. "Now, John," she added, presently, when the woman had gone into the room, "I want you to get your things together. I'll have the janitor move them up-stairs. You sleep there to-night, and to-morrow morning come to see me at the school."

"All right, Miss Deborah, much obliged. I'll be all right. Good night, sir——"

"Good night, my boy," said Roger, and suddenly he cleared his throat. He followed his daughter down the stairs. A few minutes she talked with the janitor, then joined her father in the court.

"I'm sorry I took you up there," she said. "I didn't know the man was sick."

"Who are they?" he asked.

"Poor people," she said. And Roger flinched.

"Who is this boy?"

"A neighbor of theirs. His mother, who was a widow, died about two years ago. He was left alone and scared to death lest he should be 'put away' in some big institution. He got Mrs. Berry to take him in, and to earn his board he began selling papers instead of coming to our school. So our school-visitor looked him up. Since then I have been paying his board from a fund I have from friends up-town, and so he has finished his schooling. He's to graduate next week. He means to be a stenographer."

"How old is he?"

"Seventeen," she replied.

"How was he crippled? Born that way?"

"No; his mother dropped him one Saturday night when she was drunk. He has never been able to sit down. He can lie down or he can stand. He's always in pain—it never stops. I learned that from the doctor I took him to see. But whenever you ask him how he feels, you get the same answer always: 'Fine, thank you.' He's a fighter, is John."

"He looks it. I'd like to help that boy——"

"All right. You can help him," Deborah said. "You'll find him quite a tonic."

"A what?"

"A tonic," she repeated. And then she added slowly: "Because, though I've known many hungry boys, Johnny Geer is the hungriest of them all—hungry to get on in life, to grow and learn and get good things, get friends, love, happiness, everything!" As she spoke of this child in her family, a savage light came into her eyes that struck her father rather cold. But all he said to her was this:

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"Now let's look at something more cheerful, my dear."

"All right," she answered with a smile. "We'll go and see Isadore Freedom."

"Who's he?"

"Isadore Freedom," said Deborah, "is the beginning of something tremendous. He came from Russian Poland, and the first American word that he learned over there was 'freedom'—so in New York he changed his name to that—very solemnly, by due process of law. It cost him seven dollars. He had nine dollars at the time. Isadore is a flame, a kind of a torch in the wilderness."

"How does the flame earn his living?"

"At first in a sweat-shop," she replied. "But he came to my school five nights a week, and at ten o'clock when school was out he went to a little basement café, where he sat at a corner table, drank one glass of Russian tea, and studied till they closed at one. Then he went to his room, he told me, and used to read himself to sleep. He slept as a rule four hours. He said he felt he needed it. Now he's a librarian earning fifteen dollars a week, and having all the money he needs, he has put all thought of it out of his life and is living for education—education in freedom. For Isadore has studied his name till now he thinks he knows what it means."

They found him in a small public library on a crowded ghetto street. The place had been packed with people, but now the clock had just struck ten and the readers were leaving reluctantly. At sight of Deborah he leaped up.

"Oh, this is splendid! Good efening!" he cried. Hardly

HE MADE SOME COFFEE AND BOILED SOME EGGS, AND THEY BREAKFASTED IN DEBORAH'S ROOM.

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more than a boy, perhaps twenty-one, he was small of frame but large of limb. He had wide, stooping shoulders and reddish hollows in his dark cheeks. There was vigor and warmth in the grip of his hand, in his voice, his laugh, his enormous smile.

"Come," he said to Roger. "You shall see my library, sir. But I want that you shall not see it alone. While you look you must close for me your eyes and see other libraries, many, many, all over the world. You must see them in big cities and in very little towns to-night. You must see people, millions there, hungry, hungry people. Now I shall show you their food and their drink." As he spoke he was leading them proudly around.

"They read all, all!" cried Isadore. "Look at this Darwin on my desk. In a year so many have read this book that it is a case for the Board of Health. And look at this shelf of economics. I place it next to astronomy. And I say to these people, 'Yes, read about jobs and your hours and wages. Yes, you must strike, you must have better lives. But you must read also about the stars—and about the big spaces—silent—not one single little sound for many, many million years. To be free you must grow as big as that—inside of your head, inside of your soul. It is not enough to be free of a czar, a kaiser, or a sweat-shop boss. What will you do when they are gone? My fine people, how will you run the world? You are deaf and blind, you must be free to open your own ears and eyes, to look into the books and see what is there—great thoughts and great feelings! And when you have seen, then you must think—think it all out every time! That is freedom!" He stopped abruptly. Again on his dark features came that huge and winning smile, and with an apologetic shrug, "But I talk too much of my books," he said. "Come. Shall we go to my café?"

ON A neighboring street, a few minutes later, down a flight of steep wooden stairs, they descended into a little café, shaped like a tunnel, the ceiling low, the bare walls soiled by rubbing elbows, dirty hands, the air all blue and hot with smoke. Young men and girls packed in at small tables bent over tall glasses of Russian tea, and gesturing with their cigarettes declaimed and argued excitedly. Quick, joyous smiles and cries of greeting met Isadore from every side.

"You see?" he said gaily. "This is my club. Here we are all like a family." He ordered tea of a waiter who seemed more like a bosom friend. And then, leaning eagerly forward, he began to speak in glowing terms of the men and girls from sweat-shops who spent their nights in these feasts of the soul, talking, listening, grappling, "for the power to think with minds as clear as the sun when it rises!" he ardently cried.

"There is not a night in this city, not one, when hundreds do not talk like this until the breaking of the day! And then they sleep! A little joke! For at six o'clock they must rise to their work! And that is a force," he added, "not only for those people, but a force for you and me. Do you see? When you feel tired, when all your hopes are sinking low, you think of those people and you say, 'I will go to their places.' And you go. You listen and you watch their eyes, and such fire makes you burn! You go home, you are happy, you have a new life!

"And perhaps at last you will have a religion," he continued, in fervent tones. "You see, with us Jews—and with Christians, too—the old religion, it is gone. And in its place there is nothing at all. And so the young people go all to pieces. They dance and they drink. If you go to those dance-halls you say, 'They are crazy!' For dancing alone is not enough. And you say, 'These people must have a religion.' You ask, 'Where can I find a new God?' And you reply, 'There is no God.' And then you must be very sad. You know how it is? You feel too free. You look up at the stars. There are millions. You are only a speck of dust—on one."

Isadore leaned far forward now, with his black eyes dilated wide. "But then you come to my library. And you see those hungry people—more hungry than men have ever been. And you see those books upon the shelves. And you know that here in this room they meet. And when they come together at last, when that power to think as clear as the sun comes into the souls of those people so hungry, then we shall have a new god for the world. For there is no end to what they shall do," Isadore ended huskily.

Roger felt a lump in his throat. He glanced into his daughter's eyes and saw a suspicious brightness there. Isadore smiled at her happily.

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"You see?" he said to Roger. "When she came here to-night she was tired, half sick. But now she is all filled with life!"

Later, on the street outside when Isadore had left them, Deborah turned to her father: "Before we go home, there's one place more."

And they went to a building not far away, a new structure twelve floors high that rose out of the neighboring tenements. It had been built, she told him, by a Socialist daily paper. A dull night-watchman, half asleep, took them in the elevator up to the top floor of the building, where in a bustling, clanking loft the paper was just going to press. Deborah seemed to know one of the foremen. He smiled and nodded and led the way through all the noise and bustle to a large glass door at one end. This she opened and stepped out upon a fire-escape so broad it was more like a balcony. And with the noise of the presses subdued, from their high perch they looked silently down.

All around them for miles, it seemed, stretched dark, uneven fields of roofs, with the narrow East River winding its way through the midst of them all to the harbor below, silvery, dim and cool and serene, opening to the distant sea. From the bridges rearing over the river lights sparkled out by the thousands. But directly below the spot where they stood was only a dull, hazy glow, rising out of dark tenement streets where dimly they could just make out numberless moving shadowy forms, restless crowds too hot to sleep. The roofs were covered with people—families, families, families, all merged together in the dark. And from them all there rose into the night a strange deep hum of voices, laughing and joking, quarreling, loving and hating, demanding, complaining, and fighting and slaving and scheming for bread and the means of stark existence.

But among these struggling multitudes confusedly did Roger feel the brighter presence here and there of more aspiring figures, small groups in glaring, stifling rooms down there beneath the murky dark, young people fiercely arguing, groping blindly for new gods. And all these voices, to his ears, merged into one deep thrilling hum, these lights into one quivering glow, that went up toward the silent stars.

And there came to him a feeling which he had often had before in many different places—that he himself was a part of all this, the great, blind, wistful soul of mankind, which had been here before he was born and would be here when he was dead —still groping, yearning, struggling upward —on and on—to something distant as the sun. And still would he be a part of it all, through the eager lives of his children. He turned and looked at Deborah and caught the light that was in her eyes.

CHAPTER TWELVE

The strain of mothering three thousand

ROGER awoke the next morning feeling sore and weary. He thought of young Isadore Freedom. He was glad he had met that boy, and so he felt toward Deborah's whole terrific family. Confused and deafening as it was, there was something inspiring in it all. But God save him from many such evenings!

All his life Roger had been a collector, not only of rings but of people too, of curious personalities. These human bits, these memories, he had picked up as he lived along, and had taken them with him and made them his own, had trimmed and polished every one until its rough, unpleasant edges were all nicely smoothed away and it glittered and shone like the gem that it was. For Roger was an idealist. And so he would have liked to do here. What a gem could be made of Isadore with a little careful polishing!

But Deborah's way was different. *She stayed* in life, lived in it close, with all its edges bristling. There was something big and splendid in the way she was steadily facing it all, but there was something tragic, too. It was all very well for that young Jew to burn himself up with his feverish searching for new gods. "In five years," Roger told himself, "Mr. Isadore Freedom will either tone down or go stark mad." But quite probably he would tone down, for he was only a youngster; these were Isadore's wild oats. But this was no longer Deborah's youth; she had been at this job ten years. And she hadn't gone mad, she had kept herself sane, she had many sides that her father knew. He knew her bustling about the house getting ready for Laura's wedding, or packing Edith's children off for their summer up at the farm. But did that make it any easier? No. To let yourself go was easy, but to

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keep hold of yourself was hard. It meant wear and tear on a woman, this constant straining effort to keep her balance and see life whole.

"Well, it will break her down, that's all, and I don't propose to allow it," he thought. "She's got to rest this summer and go easier next fall."

But how could he accomplish it? As he thought about her school, with its long and generous arms reaching upon every side out into the tenements, the prospect was bewildering. What could he do to prove to his daughter his real interest in her life? There were ruts of habit in Roger's mind, and one was a deep hankering after what was personal. So in his searching presently he remembered Johnny Geer, that cripple boy whom he had liked.

Instead of millions, here was one, one plucky lad who needed help. All right, by George, he should have it! And Roger told his daughter that he would be glad to pay the expense of sending John away for the summer, and that in the fall perhaps he would take the lad into his office.

"That's good of you, dearie," Deborah said. It was her only comment, but from the look she gave him he felt that he was getting on.

BUT one evening not long after that, as they sat together at dinner, she rose unsteadily to her feet and said in a strained, breathless voice:

"It's rather close in here, isn't it? I think I'll go outside for a while."

Roger jumped up. "Look here, my child, you're faint!" he cried.

"No, no, it's nothing! Just the heat!" She swayed and reeled, pitched suddenly forward. "Father! Quick!" And Roger caught her in his arms. He called to the maid, and with her help he carried Deborah up to her bed. There she shuddered violently and beads of sweat broke out on her brow. Her breath came hard through chattering teeth.

"It's so silly!" she said fiercely.

But as moments passed the chill grew worse. Her whole body seemed to be shaking now, and as Roger was rubbing one of her arms she said something to him sharply, in a voice so thick he could not understand.

"What is it?" he asked.

"Telephone Allan—Allan Baird. He knows about this," she muttered. Roger ran down to the telephone. He was thoroughly frightened.

"All right, Mr. Gale," came Baird's deep bass, gruff, steady, and slow. "I think I know what the trouble is—and I wouldn't worry if I were you. I'll be there in about ten minutes." And it was hardly more than that when Baird came into Deborah's room. A moment he looked down at her.

"Again?" he said. She glanced up at him and nodded, and smiled quickly through set lips. Baird examined her carefully and then turned to Roger. "Now I guess you'd better go out," he said. "You stay," he added to Sarah, the maid. "I'll need you here a while."

About an hour later he came down to Roger's study.

"She's safe enough now, I guess," he said. "I've telephoned for a nurse for her, and she'll have to stay in bed a few days."

"What's the trouble?"

"Acute indigestion."

"You don't say!" exclaimed Roger brightly, with a sudden rush of relief.

Baird smiled dryly. "People have died of that," he remarked, "in less than an hour. We caught your daughter just in time. May I stay a few moments?"

"Glad to have you! Smoke a cigar!"

"Thank you." And Baird settled himself deep in his chair. "I want to talk about her," he said. "This little attack is only a symptom—it comes from nerves. She's just about ready for a smash. She's had slighter attacks of this kind before."

"I never knew it," Roger said.

"No—I don't suppose you would. Your daughter has a habit of keeping things like that to herself. She came to me and I warned her, but she wanted to finish out her year. Do you know anything about her school work?"

"Yes, I was with her there this week."

"What did she show you?" Baird inquired. Roger tried to tell him. "No, that's not what I'm after," he said. "That's just one of her *usual* evenings." For a moment he smoked in silence. "I'm hunting now for something else, for some unusual nervous shock which she appears to me to have had."

"She has!" And Roger told him of her visit up to Sing-Sing.

Baird's lean features tightened. "That's a tough family of hers," he remarked.

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"DEBORAH'S TROUBLE IS MOTHERHOOD—FOR THOUSANDS OF CHILDREN, ALL OF WHOM ARE LIVING IN A KIND OF HELL."

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"Yes," said Roger determinedly; "and she's got to give it up."

"You mean she ought to. But she won't."

"She's got to be made to," Roger growled. "This summer at least."

Baird shook his head. "You forget her fresh-air work," he replied. "She has three thousand children on her mind. The city will be like a furnace, of course, and the children must be sent to camps. If you don't see the necessity, go and talk to her, and then you will."

"But you can forbid it, can't you?"

"No. Can you?"

"I can try," snapped Roger.

"Let's try what's possible," said Baird. "Let's try to keep her in bed for three days."

"That sounds modest," Roger grunted. And a glimmer of amusement came into Baird's impassive eyes. He settled his long, ungainly self a little deeper in his chair.

"Try it," he drawled. "By to-morrow night she'll ask for her stenographer. She'll make you think she's all out of the woods. But she won't be, please remember that. A few years more," he added, "and she'll have used up her vitality. She'll be an old woman at thirty-five."

"It's got to be stopped!" cried Roger.

"But how?" came the low, sharp retort. "You've got to know her trouble first. And her trouble is deep; it's motherhood—on a scale that has never been tried before—for thousands of children, all of whom are living in a kind of a hell. I know your daughter pretty well. Don't make the mistake of mixing her up with the old-fashioned teacher. It isn't what those children learn, it's how they live that interests her, and how they are all growing up. I say she's a mother—in spirit—but her body has never borne a child. And that makes it worse—because it makes her more intense. It isn't natural, you see."

Soon after that he rose to go.

"By the way," he said, at the door, "there's something I meant to tell her upstairs—about a poor devil she has on her mind. That chap Berry—dying—lungs. She asked me to go and see him."

"Yes?"

"I found it was only a matter of days." The tragic pity in Baird's quiet voice was so deep as barely to be heard. "So I shot him full of morphine. He won't wake up. Please tell her that."

Tall, ungainly, motionless, he loomed there in the doorway. Then with a little shrug and a smile he turned and went slowly out of the house.

CHAPTER THIRTEEN

Family meddling

DEBORAH'S recovery was rapid and determined. The next night she was sitting up in bed and making light of her illness. On the third day she dismissed her nurse, and when her father came home from his office he found gathered about her bed not only her stenographer but both her assistant principals. He frowned severely and went to his room. A few minutes later he heard them leave, and presently she called to him and he came to her bedside. She was lying back on the pillow with a guilty brightness in her eyes.

"Up to your old antics, eh?"

"Exactly. It couldn't be helped, you see. It's the last week of our school year, and there are so many little things that have to be attended to. It's simply now or never."

"Humph!" was Roger's comment. "It's now or never with you," he thought. He went down to his dinner, and when he came back, he found her exhausted. In the dim, soft light of her room, her broad, comely features looked rather flushed and feverish, and vaguely he felt she was in a mood where she might listen to reason. He felt her hot, dry hand on his. Her eyes were closed, she was smiling.

"Tell me the news from the mountains," she said. And Roger read her a letter from George. It told of a picnic supper down by the dam on the river—"with a bonfire—a perfect peach—down by that big yellow rock—the one you call the Elephant." As he read he could feel Deborah vividly picturing to herself the great dark boulders by the creek, the shadowy firs, the stars above, and the cool fresh tang of the mountain night.

"After this little sickness of yours—and that harum-scarum wedding," he said, "I feel we're both entitled to a good long rest in mountain air."

"We'll have it, too," she murmured.

"With Edith's little youngsters. They're all the medicine you need. The only trouble with you," he went on, "is that you've let yourself be caught by the same

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disease that has its grip upon this whole infernal town. You're tackling forty times what you can do. You're actually trying, not only to teach, but to bring 'em all up as your own—three thousand tenement children. And this is where it gets you." He paused a moment, frowning. What next?

"Go on, dear, please," said Deborah. "This is very interesting."

"Now then," he continued, "in this matter of your school. I wouldn't ask you to give it up; I've already seen too much of it. But now that you've got it all nicely started, why not give somebody else a chance? One of those assistants of yours, for example—smart, capable young women, both. You could stand right behind 'em——"

"Not yet," said Deborah softly.

"Why not?" he demanded.

"Because it's not nicely started. All I've done in the last ten years is just coming to a stage where I can really see a chance to make it all count for something. When I feel I've done that, say in five years more——"

"Those five years," said her father, "may cost you a very heavy price."

"I'd be willing to pay that price," she replied.

"But why?" he asked impatiently. "Why not, by taking time off now, get strength for twenty years' work later on? You'd be a different woman!"

"Yes, I think I should be. I'd never be the same again. You don't quite understand, you see. This work of mine with children—well, it's like Edith's having a baby. You have to do it while you're young."

"That works both ways," her father growled.

"What do you mean?"

He hesitated: "Don't you want any children of your own?" Again she turned her eyes toward his, then closed them and lay perfectly still. "Now I've done it," he thought anxiously.

She reached over and took his hand. "Let's talk of our summer's vacation," she said.

EDITH came to see Deborah one day and was there when her father reached home. Her convalescence over at last, she was leaving for the mountains.

"Now do learn your lesson, Deborah dear," she urged upon her sister. "Let Sarah pack your trunk at once and come up with me on Saturday night."

"I can't get off for two weeks yet."

"Why can't you?" Edith demanded. And when Deborah spoke of fresh-air camps and baby farms and other work, Edith's impatience only grew. "You'll have to leave that to somebody else! You're simply in no condition!" she cried.

"Impossible," said Deborah.

Edith gave a quick sigh of exasperation. "Isn't it enough," she asked, "to have worked your nerves to a frazzle already? Why can't you be sensible?"

"You'd like me to marry, wouldn't you, dear?" her sister put in wearily.

"Yes, I should, while there is still time! Just now you look far from it! It's exactly as Allan was saying! If you keep on as you're going, you'll be an old woman at thirty-five!"

"Thank you!" said Deborah sharply. Two spots of color leaped in her cheeks. "You'd better go now, Edith! I'll come to the mountains as soon as I can! And I'll try not to look any more like a hag than I have to! Good night!"

Roger followed Edith out of the room.

"That last shot of mine struck home," she declared to him in triumph.

"I wouldn't have done it," her father said. "I gave you that remark of Baird's in strict confidence, Edith——"

"Now, father," was her good-humored retort, "suppose you leave this matter to me. I know just what I'm doing."

"Well," he thought uneasily, "here's more trouble in the family. If Edith isn't careful she'll make a fine mess of this whole affair."

After dinner he went up to Deborah's room, but through the open doorway he caught a glimpse of his daughter that made him instinctively draw back. Sitting bolt upright in her bed, sternly she was eyeing herself in a small mirror in her hand. Her father chuckled noiselessly. A moment later, when he went in, the glass had disappeared from view. Soon after that, Baird himself arrived, and as they heard him coming up-stairs Roger saw his daughter frown, but she continued talking.

"Hello, Allan," she said with indifference. "I'm feeling better this evening."

"Are you? Good," he answered, and he started to pull up a chair. "I was hoping I could stay a while—I've been having one of those long, mean days——"

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"I'd a little rather you wouldn't," Deborah put in softly. Allan turned to her in surprise. "I didn't sleep last night," she murmured, "and I feel so drowsy now, and I really don't think there's any need of your dropping in to-morrow," she added. "I'm so much better—honestly."

Baird looked at her a moment. "Right-o," he answered slowly. "I'll call up to-morrow night."

Roger followed him down-stairs. "Come into my den and smoke a cigar," he proposed in hearty, ringing tones.

Allan thanked him and came in, but the puzzled expression was still on his face, and through the first moments of their talk he was very absent-minded. Roger's feeling of guilt increased.

"Look here, Baird," he blurted out. "There's something I think you ought to know." Allan slightly turned his head and Roger reddened a little. "The worst thing about living in a house chock full of meddling women is, that you get to be one yourself," he growled. "And the fact is"—he cleared his throat—"I've put my foot in it, Baird," he said. "I was fool enough the other day to quote you to Edith."

"To what effect?"

"That if Deborah keeps on like this she'll be an old woman at thirty-five."

Allan straightened suddenly: "Was Edith here this afternoon?"

"She was," said Roger.

"Say no more." Baird had a wide, likable, generous mouth that wrinkled easily into a smile. He leaned back and enjoyed himself. He puffed a little cloud of smoke, then looked over at Roger and chuckled aloud. And Roger chuckled with relief.

"I'm sorry, though," he added. "I thought of trying to explain——"

"Don't," said Allan. "Leave it alone. It won't do Deborah any harm—may even do a little good. After all, I'm her physician——"

"Are you?" Roger asked with a twinkle. "I thought up-stairs you were dismissed."

"Oh no, I'm not," was Allan's reply. And the two men smiled at each other.

Roger's liking for Baird was growing fast. "I've had my horse sent up to the mountains," he was saying presently, "and by the way," he added, "you must come up there and ride with me."

"Thanks, I'd like to," said Allan. And with a little inner smile he added dryly to himself, "Now he's trying to meddle again."

Soon after that, Baird took his leave.

"Now then," thought Roger sagely, "if Edith will only leave me alone, she may find I'm smarter than she thinks."

ONE evening in the following week he had Bruce to dine at his club, where comfortably all by themselves they could discuss Baird's chances.

"A. Baird and I have been chums," said Bruce, "ever since we were in college. Take it from me, he isn't the kind to be pushed. And Deborah isn't either."

"Who wants to push him?" Roger asked with a sudden guilty twinge."

"Edith does," Bruce answered. "And I tell you that won't do. Edith must keep out of it. She mustn't take it on herself to ask him up to the mountains." Roger gave a little start. "If she does, there'll be trouble with Deborah."

Roger smoked for a moment in silence and then sagely nodded his head. "Yes, my boy, I guess you're right."

That Saturday evening, with Deborah, he started for the mountains, and Bruce came down to see them off.

"Remember, son," said Roger, as the two walked on the platform. "Come up this year for a month, my boy. You need it." The train was about to start.

"Oh, I'll be all right," was the answer. "My friend, the Judge, who has hay fever, tells me he has found a cure."

"Damn his cure! You come to us!"

"Hold on a minute; live and learn. The Judge is quite excited about it. You drink little bugs, he says, a billion after every meal. They come in tall blue bottles. We're going to dine together next week and start right in. Oh we'll have a *hell* of a time. *His* wife left town on Tuesday."

"Bruce," said Roger sternly, as the train began to move, "leave bugs alone and come up and breathe! Remember, son, a solid month!"

Bruce nodded as the train moved out. "Good luck—good-by—fine summer—my love to the wife and kiddies—" And Bruce's dark, tense, smiling face was left behind.

Roger went back into the smoker. "Now for the mountains," he thought. "Thank God!"

*The next instalment of "**His Family**" will appear in the December number.*

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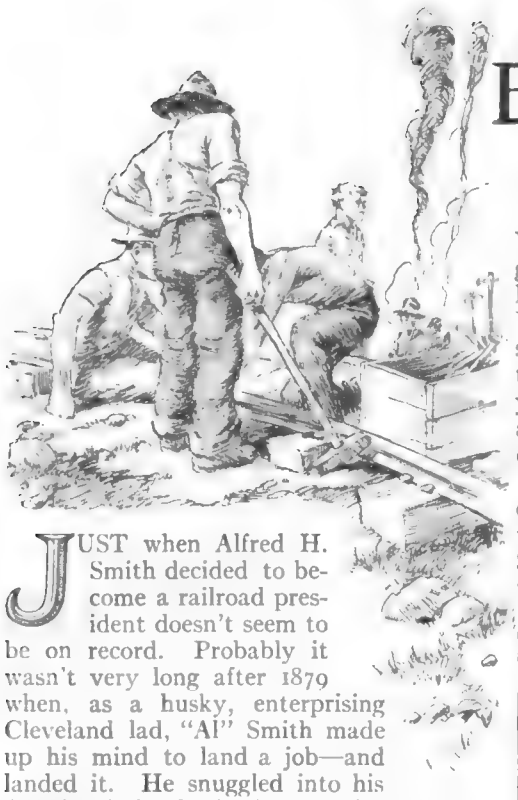

BIG DREAMS
by Henry Rood

JUST when Alfred H. Smith decided to become a railroad president doesn't seem to be on record. Probably it wasn't very long after 1879 when, as a husky, enterprising Cleveland lad, "Al" Smith made up his mind to land a job—and landed it. He snuggled into his first berth in the business world as a messenger-boy in the offices of the Lake Shore Railway Company. At the end of the first month "Al" drew down eighteen dollars. To-day he admits that never has he felt as rich as on that day, although for several years he has been drawing $75,000 or $100,000.

As messenger-boy, young Smith was assigned to the department of the purchasing agent, and he made up his mind at once that he was going to know all that there was to know about that department. But four years later it had become clear to him that the purchasing agent's department wouldn't lead him to the top of the heap. So he broke away from the office, and got a job as laborer in a construction gang, where he took his turn with the sledge. Four years passed, and he was made a foreman of construction. He kept right on attending strictly to business, and in 1890 he just sort of naturally went up to the notch of superintendent of the Kalamazoo division.

In rapid succession he was superintendent of the Lansing, Franklin, and Michigan divisions; in 1901 he became assistant general superintendent. By 1902 he found himself general superintendent of the New York Central, and within twelve months general manager. Three years passed, and he was appointed vice-president of the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad; six years later he was vice-president of all the other New York Central lines. One year afterward he was senior vice-president; and the presidency of the entire system came one year later, in January, 1914.

Mr. Smith's rule in life is to keep his eyes on the job in hand and finish it; then to take up the next job and finish that. The "Al" Smith of to-day is rugged, forceful, distinguished by capacity for seeing and comprehending details. He has no use for frills. He meets the least important of his employees as man to man. To thousands of them he is still "Al" Smith; and they respect him the more because they know he knows as much about practical railroading as the best of them. Smith is an American, democratic in manner, dress, speech, and action. When he can break away from office duties he finds relaxation and hard exercise on his farm.

Photograph by Dudley Hoyt, N. Y.

ALFRED H. SMITH

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THAT CAME TRUE

DECORATIONS BY H. L. DRUCKLIEB AND PHOTOGRAPHS

IT WAS about nine o'clock, one balmy evening, when a visitor in New York found himself strolling along the Broadway side of Union Square. His name was and still is George J. Whelan. He had run down to New York to see about purchasing new stock for his six-by-three cigar-stand in a Syracuse hotel. This evening he was inclined to smoke, and felt in his pockets for something to light up. No cigars. Young Whelan looked southward, and across Union Square, and then northward up Broadway. The nearest cigar-

GEORGE J. WHELAN

stand was three or four blocks away—almost a fifth of a mile. "That's funny," he said to himself; then with sudden inspiration he exclaimed: "There ought to be a cigar-store on every busy corner of this great, big city!"

When Whelan took the night train back to Syracuse he couldn't sleep for buzzing the new idea. He laid it before an elder brother, who also was in the cigar business in Syracuse, and who a year or two before had set him up in business. The upshot was a most modest experiment in a town near Syracuse. Others followed—successfully. Whelan went to an old Syracuse customer, William K. Niver, formerly President of the Reading Railroad, and told him the plan to have a chain of stores in New York. Mr. Niver said about this:

"George, I don't know anything about the cigar business, but I know a lot about you. If you're willing to begin in a small way in New York, and prove up the soundness of your idea before launching out too heavily, I'll back you."

And that is the origin of the United Cigar Stores Company, which now operates 1000 stores all over the land, and does an annual business running into scores of millions.

Whelan very soon made a revolutionary change in the appearance of cigar-stores in New York, which for the most part were small, cramped, located on side streets, dark, dusty. From the start-off young Whelan insisted on light, ventilation, sunshine, cheerfulness, and *courtesy*. The rule was: "Your sale isn't concluded until you respectfully say 'Thank you' to the customer."

Mr. Whelan chose the officers of the new company, for the most part, from men who, like himself, had run modest stores. He promised them fortune if they made good—share and share alike. Two years ago Mr. Whelan retired from active control at an age when most men are still struggling to make payments on modest homes. But his enterprise and judgment will continue to guide for many a year.

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ALFRED H. COSDEN

WHEN Alfred H. Cosden landed in New York he had a grip in his hand, a few dollars in his pocket, and a determination to start something. When a boy, he had left his father's farm in Delaware, and obtained a job in a little drug-store at Dover. Young Cosden didn't see much of a business career looming up in Dover, but he noticed in an occasional New York newspaper, left in the store by a drummer, that a concern called Riker's appeared to be doing a lively trade in New York. He decided to hook up with Riker's. So he went to New York.

Inquiring directions of several policemen, he found himself finally at Twenty-third Street and Sixth Avenue, where Riker's was located. Before supper that evening he had landed a job at a dollar a day, the "day" being from 8 A.M. until 10 P.M. He hired a hall bedroom close by the store, and settled down to his work, which included a course at the School of Pharmacy.

Every week he managed to save something out of his wages, and with the regularity of time itself he deposited this small surplus in a bank. The clerks and tellers began to look for him at a certain hour of a certain day, every week. Cosden went to work for Riker's in 1894, and at the end of eight years he was drawing twenty-five dollars per week; he had what was in his eyes a sizable bank account, and he owned a few shares of stock in the business.

A year later he heard that one of the partners, who owned one-quarter interest, wished to retire and sell his stock. This was Mr. D. J. Runyon. Runyon was mightily amused when young Cosden called on him about the matter. Yes, Mr. Runyon would sell, but the figure was $95,000, and he wanted a cash payment of $10,000 to settle the matter. Cosden left, saying he'd come again. From Runyon's office Cosden went straight to the president of his bank. He explained the situation, asked for a loan of $10,000, offered to put up Mr. Runyon's stock as collateral—and got the money. It did not occur to him that this was rather an audacious thing for a drug-clerk, less than thirty years old, to carry through.

From that time Cosden's progress was rapid and brilliant. At the end of six years he had paid for the stock and was general manager of Riker's. He opened a branch store. He acquired chains of stores already established. In 1907, when Cosden was thirty-four, he was president of the corporation. When the Riker business was merged with the Hegeman stores, the whole concern was operating one hundred retail drug-stores through the United States, and doing a business of from $14,000,000 to $16,000,000 a year. At forty, Cosden found himself a millionaire. He retired from business to get some of the fun out of life. Now he is completing a great estate on Long Island. He hunts and fishes in Canada; breeds horses in Kentucky; and in general is as busy at his play as he was at his work.

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Underwood & Underwood, New York

MARY E. EVANS

THIS story is about Mary E. Evans. Never heard of her? Wait a minute. Her middle name is Elizabeth. Some people speak of her as just Mary Elizabeth. Oh, that's different! If it hadn't been for a mere matter of dollars and cents it might be that Mary Elizabeth Evans would now be seen in grand opera instead of conducting highly successful businesses in New York, Boston, and Newport with the assistance of her younger sisters Martha and Fanny.

The father of the three girls, the late Professor W. E. G. Evans, of Syracuse University, was a genius in teaching the art of singing. But he died when his three girls were very little girls indeed, and, being a college professor, he left so modest an estate that by the time Mary Elizabeth was fifteen it was necessary for somebody to do something, quickly, and further training in music was out of the question.

It was just then that Mary Elizabeth had the dream which was to mean much to the girls and to their widowed mother. More than anything else Mary Elizabeth enjoyed making candy, and often offered some to ladies calling on her mother. Many times she had heard these good people say that never had they tasted sweets so delicious. Mary Elizabeth reasoned that if these ladies liked her candies, a great many other ladies would. Right away she made up a special box, wrote on the cover "Mary Elizabeth's Home-Made Candies," and took it over to an informal party of grown-ups to be sold. The very next day she received orders for six boxes.

That was the beginning of a business which now, about fifteen years later, reaches all over the United States. Martha was only twelve, and Fanny a sprite of ten. So Mary Elizabeth had to do almost everything by herself. She set up a little booth for the candies; and since she had to spend most of her time in the kitchen, she affixed to the booth this sign:

Open these doors,
Take what you will;
Leave cost of goods taken,
Make your change from my till.
Respecting customers' honor,
MARY ELIZABETH.

Miss Evans says, by the way, that her faith in human nature was never abused. The fifteen-year-old merchant who began in 1901 developed a marked genius for business. As the demand grew she added to her kitchen, and gradually Martha and Fanny took hold of the work. Finally came a day when sufficient capital had been saved to warrant moving to New York. No side streets for Mary Elizabeth Evans! A location was secured on Fifth Avenue; and when Mary Elizabeth saw changes coming in that neighborhood, she moved on up the avenue. Miss Martha is in charge of the tea-rooms; Miss Fanny of the Boston shop. Mary Elizabeth clings to her original principle of doing all business on a spot-cash basis; and prospers thereby!

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WILLIAM B. WALKER, the man who coined the word "Thermos," began his adventurous career in 1867 in a box-car shunted on a siding at what is now Cheyenne, Wyoming. The rails of the Union Pacific were being steadily thrust across the plains in those days, and several members of the engineering force lived with their families in box-cars. At the age of twelve "Billy" had taken notice of the fact that tourists were mightily interested in prairie-dogs. He got the use of two horses, a wagon, and half a dozen barrels. He em-

WILLIAM B. WALKER

ployed the barrels to drown prairie-dogs out of their holes, nabbed them as they came out, and sold them to Easterners.

Next, young Walker took notice of the buffalo bones thickly strewn over the plains. Of course hundreds of seasoned business men had noticed the same bones lying on the same plains—and that was all. But young Billy Walker thought a heap about those bones. Also he made quiet inquiries as to what second-hand bones could be used for. And presently Billy was shipping bones by carload lots to a New Jersey factory town, and making a good profit.

Then came three years as a cowboy; then a little chain of general stores, which were going along famously until the panic of 1893 smashed them flat. A little while later Walker figured that some sort of manufacturing was the thing for him. He determined to find something that never had been manufactured before that would have a very wide appeal. In seeking this, he spent twelve years of patient effort, visiting manufacturing centers through half the states and abroad, in England, France, Italy, Austria, and Germany. During these twelve years he was engaged in making or selling a number of articles, but he kept on searching for the one big thing of his dream. And he found it. While visiting in Berlin nine years ago he was introduced to a well-known glass manufacturer, Rheinhold Burger, who casually mentioned that he was thinking about a field or hunting flask that would retain the temperature of its contents for several days. "It's merely a little problem in physics," Herr Burger added. "Perfectly simple—I've got it all worked out in my head." There it was! Burger's theories of physics proved sound; the bottle was a success. Manufacturing companies were quickly formed in Germany, England, and the United States. To-day, "Thermos" goods are being carried in stock by more than a hundred thousand dealers, in every civilized country.

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BIG DREAMS THAT CAME TRUE

TO THE ordinary, garden variety of men a dime is just a dime. But once a certain man of a variety distinctly out of the ordinary looked at a dime with the eye of luminous imagination; hooked a dime up with a big dream, and set them both to work. And something happened.

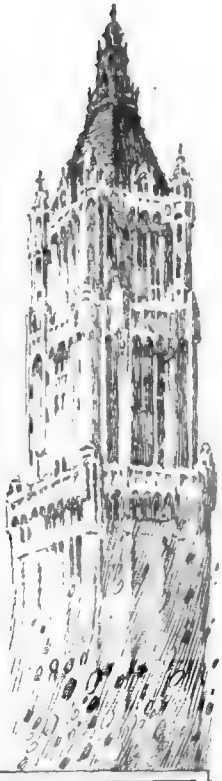
The Woolworth Building in New York, which, with the ground it rests on, cost $13,500,000—and every last inch paid for, all free from mortgage, by dimes and nickels—is a mighty monument to the country boy, born in 1852, whose way of looking at dimes was so striking. But no more striking, after all, than his old-fashioned notions of honesty, thrift, and the "pay as you buy" habit.

This country boy, Frank W. Woolworth, was born in Rodman, New York; went through the public school; attended a business college; and at the age of twenty-four married Miss Jennie Creighton, of Watertown. Three years afterward, in 1879, he started his first "five-cent store" at Utica, New York. The same year he moved to Lancaster, Pennsylvania, as offering better opportunity for his new-fangled idea, which every one but himself and his wife expected to explode into small fragments.

Of course it's history that the explosion never came. People became more and more interested in a store where the prices of everything were a dime or a half-dime.

And they found an astonishing variety. Season by season the stock increased; another store and another was started. Economies resulted from purchasing stock in large quantities, from controlling everything under a single management, from selling for cash only, refusing to engage in heavy overhead charges such as delivering goods by messenger, wagon, automobile, or any other agency. The customer came to the store, bought his goods, paid for them, and carried them home.

Frank Woolworth is now past sixty; director in banks and trust companies; a power in the world of business.



Photograph by Underwood & Underwood, N. Y.

FRANK W. WOOLWORTH

And the dream? Well, the country boy now has about nine hundred stores scattered over the United States and Canada, not to mention seventy-five in Great Britain. In the six months ended with June, 1916, they did a business of $37,203,621, and the profit was ten per cent. of that. It takes a lot of dimes to make thirty-seven million dollars.

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KING, *of the* KHYBER RIFLES

by Talbot Mundy

Author of "Hookum Hai!" "The Winds of the World," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JOSEPH CLEMENT COLL

AT THE outbreak of the war, Athelstan King, a captain in the Indian army, is assigned to Secret Service duty in the Himalayas. India's forces are mostly oversea, and the Hill Tribes, which always take advantage, are threatening to overrun all India in a Holy War. King's orders call for a journey to Khinjan, and the solution of the mystery of Khinjan Caves. Also, he is directed to work with Yasmini, the most fascinating and mysterious woman in all India, who claims to have the freedom of Khinjan.

She sends him a curious bracelet as his passport, and with some of her men he follows her up Khyber Pass. Deep in the Pass he assumes the disguise of a hakim—a converted Hindu physician. He then adopts the name of Kurram Khan, and so enters the walled city of Khinjan. On a trumped-up claim he is admitted to the Caves, by a great secret door in the mosque; and through a long tunnel he comes out on to a ledge that borders the heart of a hollow limestone mountain—a chasm open to the sky, where a huge waterfall thunders. A spacious cavern is assigned to King and his men, and here the Khinjan sick and wounded swarm for help.

On awakening next morning, after an exhausted sleep, King discovers that his bracelet is gone.

In the evening he is taken to the Cavern of Earth's Drink. Here all the men of Khinjan are assembled, and here on a lofty ledge Yasmini appears, radiantly beautiful and revered almost as a princess. King is summoned to stand forth and give proof that he has paid the price of admission to the Caves: that he has slain a man before witnesses in the teeth of written law. A human head is slipped into his hands by way of evidence to hold before the crowd. It is his own brother's head. Despite his horror, King saves himself, with Yasmini's help, from self-betrayal. He is rushed away through a network of dark tunnels, and left alone in pitch blackness pierced only by a single red light in the distance.

He goes forward and comes to a great rocky cavern, where he learns the inner secret of the Caves: There before him a Roman soldier and a Grecian woman, dead two thousand years before, lie side by side as if asleep. The woman looks amazingly like Yasmini; and on the man's arm is the bracelet King has worn. While King stares, Yasmini enters and, after she has made him see that he himself is like the Roman soldier, she tells him that they two are destined by the gods to found a world empire, as these two Sleepers must have tried to do. She leads him away to an inner room, where she gives him food and unfolds to him all the mysteries of the Caves, trying by every art to make him renounce his loyalty to India and to accept her great ambition as his own.

CHAPTER FOURTEEN

Nothing new! Nothing new!
Nowhere to hide when a reckoning's due,
Right earns right, and wrong gets rue,
With nothing deducted or given in lieu;
And neither the War God, I, nor you—
Ever could make one lie come true!
Vale, Caesar!

YASMINI tugged at King, and led him back along the tunnel, and through other tunnels to the throne-room, where she made him sit at her feet again.

The food had been cleared away in their absence. Instead, on the ebony table there were pens and ink and paper. She leaned back on her throne, with bare feet pressed tight against the footstool, staring, staring at the table and the pens, and then at King, as if she would compose an ultimatum to the world, and send King to deliver it.

"I said I will tell you," she said slowly. "Listen!"

As Yasmini herself had admitted, she headed from point to point after a manner of her own.

"You know where is Dar es Salaam?" she asked.

"East Africa," said King.

"How far is that from here?"

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THE CURTAIN SPRANG ASIDE, AND HIS EYES WERE DAZZLED BY THE LIGHT OF DIAMONDS. IT WAS ALADDIN'S CAVE!

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"Two or three thousand miles."

"And English war-ships watch all the seas from India to Aden?"

King nodded.

"Have the English any ships that dive under water?"

He nodded again.

"In these waters?"

"I think not. I'm not sure, but I think not."

"The grenades you have seen, and the rifles and cartridges were sent by the Germans to Dar es Salaam, to suppress a rising of African natives. Does it begin to grow clear to you, my friend?"

He smiled as well as nodded this time.

"Muhammad Anim used to wait with a hundred women at a certain place on the seashore. What he found on the beach there, he made the women carry on their heads to Khinjan. And by the time he had hidden what he found, and returned from Khinjan to the beach, there were more things to find and bring. So they worked for I know not how long—with the English watching the seas. Did you ever hear of the big whale in the Gulf?"

"No," said King. There are as many salmon as whales in the Persian Gulf.

"A German who came to me in Delhi—he who first showed me pictures of an under-water ship—said that the officers and crew of one such ship were getting great practise. Could their practise make whales take refuge in the Gulf?"

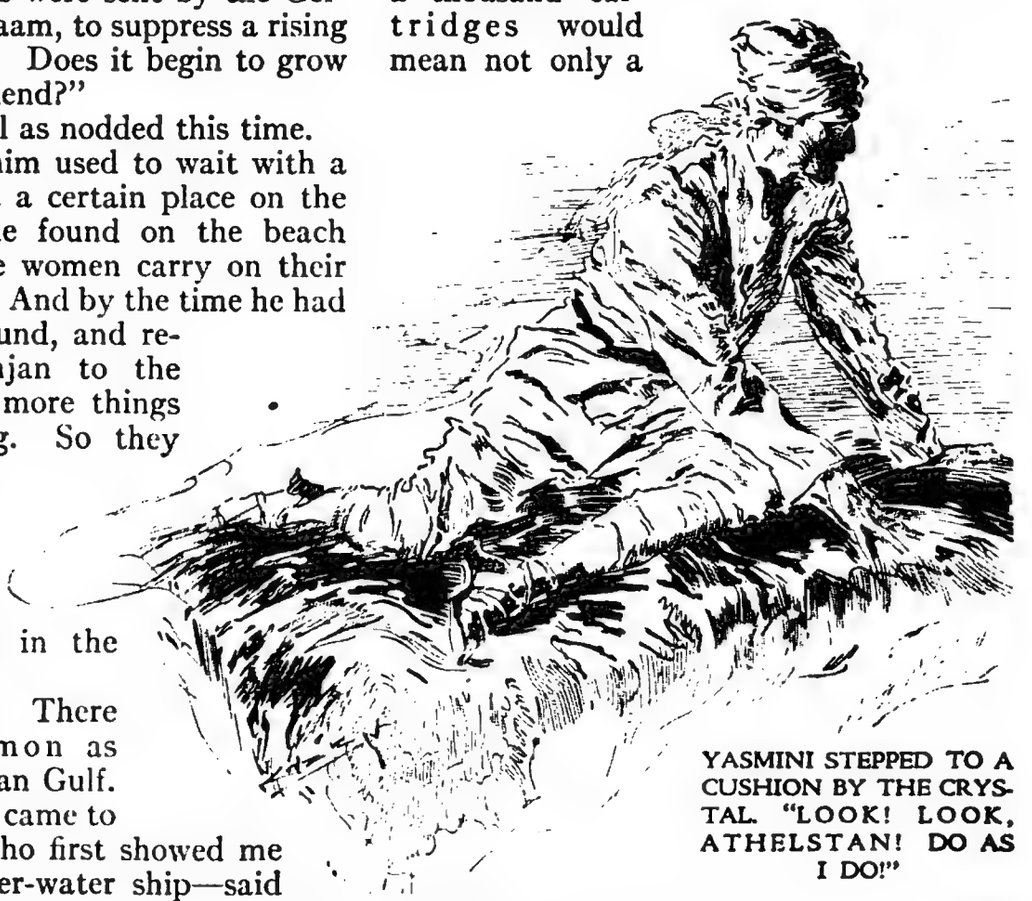
"How should I know, Princess?"

"Because I heard a story later, of an English cruiser on its way up the Gulf, that collided with a whale. The shock bent many steel plates, and the cruiser had to put back for repair. It must have been a very big whale, for there was much oil on the sea for a long time afterward. So I heard.

"And no more dynamite came—nor rifles—nor cartridges, although the Germans had promised more. And orders for Muhammad Anim that had been said to come by sea, came now by way of Bagdad, carried by pilgrims from the holy places. I know that, because I intercepted a letter, and threw its bearer into Earth's Drink to save Muhammad Anim the trouble of asking questions."

"What were the terms of the German bargain?" King asked her. "What stipulations did they make?"

"With the Tribes? None! They were too wise. A jihad was decided on, in Germany's good time; and when that time should come, ten rifles in the Hills and a thousand cartridges would mean not only a hundred dead Englishmen, but ten times that number busily engaged. Why bargain when there was no need? A rifle is what it is. The Hills are the Hills!"



YASMINI STEPPED TO A CUSHION BY THE CRYSTAL. "LOOK! LOOK, ATHELSTAN! DO AS I DO!"

"Tell me about your lamp-oil then!" he said. "You burn enough oil in Khinjan Caves to illuminate Bombay. That does not come by submarine! The Sirkar knows how much of everything goes up the Khyber. I have seen the printed lists myself—a few hundred cans of kerosene—a few score gallons of vegetable-oil, and all bound for farther north. There isn't enough oil pressed among the Hills to keep these Caves going for a day. Where does it all come from?"

She laughed, as a mother laughs at a child's questions, finding delicious enjoyment in instructing him. "There are three

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villages, not two days' march from Kabul, where men have lived for centuries by pressing oil for Khinjan Caves," she said. "The Sleeper fetched his oil thence. There are the bones of a camel in a cave I did not show you; and beside the camel are the leather bags in which the oil was carried. Nowadays it comes in cans and drums.

The Sleeper left gold in here. Those who kept the Sleeper's secret paid for the oil in gold. And I know where the Sleeper dug it!"

They sat in silence for a long while after that, she looking at the table, with its ink and pens and paper, and he thinking, with hands clasped round one knee; for it is wiser to think than to talk, even when a woman is near who can read thoughts that are not guarded.

"Most disillusionments come simply," King said at last. "D'you know, Princess, what has kept the Sirkar from really believing in Khinjan Caves?"

She shook her head. "The gods!" she said. "The gods can blindfold governments and whole peoples as easily as they can make *us* see!"

"It was the knowledge of what provisions, and what oil, and what necessities of life went up the Khyber and came down it! They knew that a place such as this was said to be, could not be! They knew it! They could prove it!"

Yasmini nodded.

"Let it be a lesson to you, Princess!"

She stared, and her fiery-opal eyes began to change and glow. She began to twist her golden hair round the dagger-hilt again. But always her feet were still on the footstool of the throne, as if she knew—knew—knew that she stood on firm foundations. No Sirkar ever doubted less than she, and the suggestions in King's little homily did not please her. She looked toward the table again—then again into his eyes.

"Athelstan!" she said. "It sounds like a king's name! What was the Sleeper's name? I have often wondered! I found no name in all the books about Rome that seemed to fit him. None of the names I mouthed could make me dream as the sight of him could. But, Athelstan! That is a name like a king's! It seems to fit him, too! Was there such a name in Rome?"

"No," he said.

"What does it mean?" she asked him.

" 'Slow of resolution!' "

She clapped her hands. "Another sign!" she laughed. "The gods love me! There always is a sign when I need one! Slow of resolution, art thou? I will speed thy resolution, Well-beloved! You were quick to change from King, of the Khyber Rifle Regiment, to Kurram Khan. Change now into my warrior—my dear lord—my king again!"

She rose, with arms outstretched to him. All her dancer's art, her untamed poetry, her charm, were expressed in a movement. Her eyes melted as they met his. And since he stood up too, for manners' sake, they were eye to eye again—almost lip to lip. Her sweet breath was in his nostrils.

In another moment she was in his arms, clinging to him, kissing him. And if any man has felt on his lips the kiss of all the glamour of the East, let him tell what King's sensations were. Let Cæsar, who was kissed by Cleopatra, come to life and talk of it!

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King's arm was strong, and he did not stand like an idol. His head might swim, but she too learned the delirium of human passion, loosed and given for a mad, swift minute. If his heart swelled to bursting, so must hers have done.

"I have needed you!" she whispered. "I have been all alone! I have needed you!"

Then her lips sought his again, and neither spoke.

Neither knew how long it was before she began to understand that he, not she, was winning. The human answer to her appeal was full. He gave her all she asked of admiration, kiss for kiss. And then—her arms did not cling so tightly, although his strong right arm was like a stanchion. Because he knew that he, not she, was winning, he picked her up in his arms, and kissed her as if she were a child. And then, because he knew he had won, he set her on her feet on the footstool of the throne, and even pitied her.

She felt the pity. As she tossed the hair back over her shoulder, her eyes glowed with another meaning—dangerous—like a tigress's glare. "You pity me? You think because I love you, you can trick me for the Sirkar's sake? You think my love is a weapon to use against me? Your love for me may wait for a better time? You are not so wise as I thought you, Athelstan!"

But he knew he had won. His heart was singing down inside him, as it had not sung since he left India behind. But he stood quite humbly before her, for had he not kissed her?

"You think a kiss is the bond between us? You mistake! You forget! The kiss, my Athelstan, was the fruit, not the seed! The seed came first! If I loosed you—if I set you free—you would never dare go back to India!"

He scarcely heard her. He knew he had won. His heart was like a bird, fluttering wildly. He knew that the next step would be shown him, and for the present he had time and grace to pity her, knowing how he would have felt if she had won. Besides, he had kissed her; and he had not lied. Each kiss had been tribute of admiration; for was she not radiantly beautiful, and more desirable than wine? He stood with bowed head, lest the triumph in his eyes offend her. Yet if any one had asked him how he knew that he had won, he never could have told.

"If you were to go back to India, except as its conqueror, they would strip the buttons from you, and tear your medals off, and shoot you in the back, against a wall! My signature is known, and I am known. What I write will be believed. Rewa Gunga shall take a letter. He shall take two—four—witnesses. He shall see them on their way, and shall give them the letter when they reach the Khyber, and shall send them into India with it. Have no fear. Bull-with-a-beard shall not intercept them, as I have intercepted his men! When Rewa Gunga shall return and tell me he saw my letter on its way down the Khyber, then we will talk again about pity—you and I! Come!"

She took his arm, as if her threats had been caresses. Triumph shone from her eyes. She tossed her brave chin, and laughed at him. "Why don't you kill me?" she asked, and though his answer surprised her, it did not make her angry.

"It would do no good," he said simply.

"Would you kill me if you thought it would do good?"

"Certainly!" he said.

She laughed at that as if it were the greatest joke she had ever heard. It set her in the best humor possible, and by the time they reached the ebony table and she had taken the pen and dipped it in the ink, she was chuckling to herself as if the one good joke had grown into a hundred.

She wrote in Urdu, in an easy, flowing hand, and in two minutes she had thrown sand on the letter, and had given it to King to read. It was not like a woman's letter. It did not waste a word.

Your Captain King has been too much trouble. He has taken money from the Germans. He adopted native dress. He called himself Kurram Khan. He slew his own brother at night in the Khyber Pass. These men will say that he carried the head to Khinjan, and their word is true. I, Yasmini, saw. He used the head for a passport, to obtain admittance. He proclaims a jihad! He urges invasion of India! He held up his brother's head before five thousand men, and boasted of the murder. The next you shall hear of your Captain King of the Khyber Rifles, he will be leading a jihad into India. You would have better trusted me.

YASMINI.

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He read it and passed it back to her.

"They will not disbelieve me," she said, triumphant as the devil over a branded soul. "They will be sure you are mad, and they will believe the witnesses!"

He bowed. She sealed the letter, and addressed it with only a scrawled mark on its outer cover. That was utter insolence, for the mark would be understood at any frontier post by the officer commanding.

"Rewa Gunga shall start with this today!" she said, with more amusement than malice. After that she was still for a moment, watching his eyes, at a loss to understand his carelessness. He seemed strangely unabased. His folded arms were not defiant, but neither were they yielding.

"I love you, Athelstan!" she said. "Do you love me?"

"I think you are very beautiful, Princess!"

"Beautiful? I know I am beautiful! But is that all?"

"Clever!" he added.

She began to drum with the golden dagger-hilt on the table, and to look dangerous, which is not to imply by any means that she looked less lovely. "Do you love me?" she asked.

"Forgive me, Princess, but you forget. I was born east of Mecca, but my folk were from the West. We are slower to love than some other nations. With us love is more often growth, less often surrender at first sight. I think you are wonderful."

She nodded, and tucked the sealed letter in her bosom. "It shall go," she said darkly, "and another letter with it. They looted your brother's body. In his pocket they found the note you wrote him, that you asked him to destroy! That will convince! Come!"

He followed her through leather curtains again and down the dark passage into the outer chamber; and the illusion was of walking behind a golden-haired Madonna to some shrine of Innocence. Her perfume was like incense. Her manner perfect reverence. She passed into the cave where the two dead bodies lay, like a high priestess performing a rite.

Walking to the bed, she stood for minutes, gazing at the Sleeper and his queen. And from the new angle from which King saw him, the Sleeper's likeness to himself was actually startling. Startling—weird—like an incantation were Yasmini's words when at last she spoke.

"Muhammad lied! He lied in his teeth! His sons have multiplied his lie! Siddhattha, whom men have called Gotama, the Buddha, was before Muhammad and he knew more! He told of the Wheel of things, and there is a Wheel! Yet, what knew the Buddha of the Wheel? He who spoke of Dharma [the customs of the law] not knowing Dharma! This is true—of old there was a Wish of the gods—of the Old Gods. And so these two were. There is a wish again now of the Old Gods. So, are we two not as they two were? It is the same wish, and lo! We are ready, this man and I. We will obey, ye gods—ye Old Gods!"

She raised her arms and, going closer to the bed, stood there in an attitude of mystic reverence, giving and receiving blessings.

"Dear gods!" she prayed. "Dear *old* gods—older than these Hills—show me in a vision what their fault was—why these two were ended before the end! I know all the other things ye have shown me. I know the world's silly creeds have made it mad, and it must rend itself, and this man and I shall reap where the nations sowed—if only we obey! Wherein, ye old, dear gods who love me, did these two disobey? I pray you, tell me in a vision!"

She shook her head and sighed. Sadness seemed to have crept over her, like a cold mist from the night. It was as if she could dimly see her plans foredoomed, and yet hoped on in spite of it. The fatalism that she scorned as Muhammad's lie, held her in its grip, and her natural courage fought with it. Womanlike, she turned to King, and he, without an inkling as to how she must fail, yet knew that she must, and pitied her.

"Have you seen that breast under the armor?" she asked suddenly. "Come nearer! Come and look! Why did his breast decay and his body stay whole like hers? Did she kill him? Was that a dagger stab in his breast? I found perfume in these caves—great jars of it, and I use it always. It is better than temple incense and all the breath of gardens in the spring!

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THE MEN-AT-ARMS FOUGHT THEIR WAY ALONG—FACING EAST. WHEN THE PARTHIANS CHARGED, THEY CLOSED IN SOLID PHALANX, AND THE INNER RANKS HURLED JAVELINS.

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SHE RODE A LITTLE WHITE HORSE BESIDE HIM, UTTERLY SCORNFUL OF THE RISK.

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I have put it on dead animals. Where the knife has touched them, they decay—as that man's breast did, but the rest of them remains undecaying year after year. It was a knife, I think, that pierced his breast. I think that scent is the preservative. Was she jealous of him? How did she die? There is no mark on her! Athelstan—listen! I think he would have failed her! I think she stabbed him rather than see him fail, and then swallowed poison! Afterward their servants laid them there. She smiles in death because she knew the Wheel will turn and she must come again! He looks grim because he knew less than she. It is always woman who understands, and man who fails! I think she stabbed him. She should have loved him better, and then there would have been no need. I will love you better than she loved him!"

SHE turned and devoured him with her eyes, so that it needed all his manhood to hold him back from being her slave that minute. For in that minute she left no charm unexercised—sex—mesmerism—beauty—flattery (her eyes could flatter as a dumb dog's flatter a huntsman!)—grace unutterable—mystery—she used every art on him she knew. Yet he stood the test.

"Even if you fail me, Well-beloved, I will love you! The gods who gave you to me will know how to make you love; and lessons are to learn. If you fail me, I will forgive, knowing that in the end the gods will never let you fail me! You are mine, and earth is ours, for the Old Gods intend it so!"

She seemed to expect him to take her in his arms again; but he stood respectfully and made no answer, nor any move. Grim and strong his jowl was, like the Sleeper's, and the dark hair three days old on it, softened nothing of its lines. His Roman nose and steady, dark, full eyes suggested no compromise; yet he was good to look at. She had not lied when she said she loved him, and he half-believed her and was sorry. But he did not look sorry, nor did he offer any argument to quench her love. He was a servant of the Raj; his life and his love had been India's since the day he first buckled on his spurs, and she would not have understood that.

Nor did she understand that, even supposing he had loved her with all his heart, not on any conditions would he have admitted it until absolutely free, any more than she would have understood that if she crucified him he would love her the same, supposing that he loved her at all. Nor did she trust the Old Gods too well, or let them work unaided.

"Come with me, Athelstan!" she said. She took his hand—found little jeweled slippers in a closet hewn in the wall—put them on, and led him to the curtains he had entered by. She led him through them, and, red as cardinals in the lamplight on the other side, they stood hand in hand, back to the leather, facing the unfathomable dark.

"Where are your shoes?" she asked him.

"At the foot of these steps, Princess."

"Can you see them yonder in the dark?"

"No."

He shuddered, and she chuckled.

"Could you return alone by the way Ismail brought you?"

"I think not."

"Will you try?"

"If I must. I am not afraid."

"You have heard the echo? Yes, I know you heard the echo. Hear it again!"

She raised her head and howled like a wolf—like a lone wolf that has found no quarry—melancholy, mean, grown reckless with his hunger. There was a pause of nearly a minute. Then in the hideous darkness a phantom wolf-pack took up the howl in chorus, and for three long minutes there was din beside which the voice of living wolves at war would be a slumber song. Ten times ghastlier than if it had been real, the chorus wailed and ululated back and forth along immeasurable distances—became one yell again—and went howling down into earth's bowels, as if the last of a phantom pack were left behind yelling for loneliness.

When it ceased at last, King was sweating.

"Nor am *I* afraid!" she laughed, squeezing his hand yet tighter.

She led him down the steps, and at the foot told him to put on his slippers, as if he were a child. Then, hurrying as if those opal eyes of hers were indifferent to dark or daylight, she picked her way among boulders that he could feel but not see, along a floor that was only smooth in places, for a distance that was long enough by two or three times to lose him altogether. When he looked back, there was no sign of red lights behind him. And then when he

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looked forward, there was dim, outer light in front, and a whiff of the cool, fresh air that presages the dawn.

She led him through a gap on to a ledge of rock that hung thousands of feet above the home of thunder, a ledge less than six feet wide, less than twenty long, that tilted back toward the cliff. There they sat, watching the stars. And there they saw the dawn come.

Morning looks down into Khinjan hours after the sun has risen, because the precipices shut it out. But the peaks on every side are very beacons of the range at the earliest peep of dawn. In silence they watched day's herald touch the peaks with rosy, jeweled fingers—she waiting as if she thought earth's wonders would make him speak.

It was cold. She came and snuggled close to him, and it was so they watched the sparkle die and the peaks grow gray again, she with an arm on his shoulder and strands of her hair blown past his face.

"Of what are you thinking?" she asked him at last.

"Of India, Princess."

"What of India?"

"She lies helpless."

"Ah! You love India?"

"Yes."

"You shall love me better! You shall love me better than your life! Then, for love of me, you shall own the India you think you love! This letter shall go!" She tapped her bosom. "It is best to cut you off from India first. You shall lose that you may win."

SHE got up and stood in the gap, smiling mockingly, framed in the darkness of the cave behind. "I understand!" she said. "You think you are my enemy. Love and hate never lived side by side. You shall see!"

Then in an instant she was gone. He sat and waited for her, cross-legged on the ledge. As daylight began to filter downward he could dimly make out the waterfall, thundering like the whelming of a world; he sat staring at it, trying to formulate a plan, until it dawned on him that he was nearly chilled to the bone. Then he got up and stepped through the gap too.

"Princess!" he called. Then, louder, "Princess!"

But when the echo of his own voice died, it was as if the ghoul who made the echoes had taken shape. A beard—red eye-rims—and a hook-nose came out of the dark, and Ismail bared yellow teeth in a ghoulish grin.

"Come!" he said. "Come, little hakim!"

CHAPTER FIFTEEN

Private preserves? New notions?
Measure me a quart of honesty,
And I will trade it for a pound weight of my thoughts;
Then you and I shall go and dream together
A brand-new dream of things that never happened,
Nor ever can be. Come, trade with me!

WHAT Yasmini had been doing in the minutes while King stared from the ledge in the dawn was unguessable. Perhaps she had been praying to her Old Gods. At least she had given Ismail orders, for, saying nothing, he seized King's hand and led him through the dark as a rat leads a blind one—swiftly, surely, unhesitating. King had no means whatever of guessing their direction. They did not pass the two lights again with the curtain and the steps all glowing red.

They came instead to other steps, narrow and steep, that led upward to a hole in a rock wall. At the top there was a yellow light, so dim and small that its rays scarcely sufficed to show the opening.

"Go up!" said Ismail, giving King a shove, and disappearing at once. One step into immeasurable blackness and he might have been a mile away.

So King went up, stooping to feel each next step with a hand. He was beginning to be sleepy, and beginning to suspect that Yasmini had taken him to view the dawn with just that end in view. Nothing can make tired eyes so long for sleep as a glimpse of waking day. Sleepy eyes are easiest to trick.

It was not many minutes before he was sure his guess was right.

The opening at the head of the stairs led into a tunnel. He followed it with a hand on either wall, and reached another of Khinjan's strange leather curtains. His face struck the leather unexpectedly and that instant, as if his touch were electric, the curtain sprang aside and his eyes were dazzled by the light of diamonds.

It was Aladdin's Cave, with Yasmini acting Spirit of the Lamp! It needed effort of self-control to know that the huge, white,

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cut crystals that sparkled all about the hewn cell could not be diamonds. They were as big as his head, and bigger—at least a hundred of them, and they multiplied the light of half-a-dozen oil-lamps until the cave seemed the home of light.

Yasmini had not a jewel on her. She was in a new mood, and new garments to suit it. Her feet were still bare, but she was robed from head to heel in pure white linen, on which her long hair shone as if it truly were golden. She received him with an air of mystic calm, gracious and dignified as the high-priestess of some Grecian temple. She seemed devout—to have forgotten that she had ever killed a man, or made a threat, or plotted for a kingdom.

"Be still," she said, raising a finger. "The Old Gods talk to us in here. It is for us to answer in deeds, not words. Let us listen, and do!"

There were two cushions—great, billowy modern ones, covered in gold brocade—on the floor in the midst of the cave. Between them was a stand of ivory, some two feet high, whose top was a disk cut from the largest tusk that ever was. On the disk, resting in a little hollow in the ivory, was a pure, perfect crystal sphere of a foot diameter. He could see his reflection in it, and Yasmini's too, the moment he entered the cave; and whichever way they moved both images remained undistorted. He suspected that the lighting and the crystal reflectors had not been arranged at random.

In each corner of the four-square cave there was a brazier of bronze, and from each rose incense smoke, straight upward. The four streams of smoke met at the ceiling and converged into a cloud that hung almost motionless.

Yasmini stepped very reverently to a cushion by the crystal in the middle, and signed to King to imitate her. They stood facing. She seemed to pray, for her eyes were hidden under the long lashes. Then she knelt and King did the same, his knees sinking deep into the brocaded cushion. So they knelt eye to eye above the crystal for minutes before she spoke.

"The Old Gods showed me the past many and many a time in this," she said. "It is their way of speaking to me. Now, to-day, I have prayed to them to show me the future. Look! Look, Athelstan! Do as I do—so!"

There was nothing to be gained by disobeying her. To obey might be to win new insight into the ramifications of her plans. Men with experience of the East are the last to deny that there is method in Eastern magic; they glimpse the knowledge that belonged to Pharaoh's men, although unlike Moses they are not always able to confound it. The East forgets nothing. The West ignores. But there are men from the West who are willing to look, and to listen, and to try to understand; like King they go high in the service. There are others who look on at the magic with an understanding eye, and are caught by it. Their end is not good to contemplate. The East is fettered in her own mesmeric spell, and must suffer until she wakes.

Yasmini held the upright column of the ivory stand with both hands, close under the disk at the top. He copied her, placing his hands below hers. Hers slipped down and covered his, soft and warm; and so they stayed.

"Look!" she said. "Look!"

Her own eyes were grown big and round, and she gazed at the crystal ball as she had looked into King's eyes that night, with the very hunger of her soul. King grew expectant too. His eyes followed hers, to stare into the middle of the crystal; and in less than a minute he could not have withdrawn them had he tried.

The crystal clouded over. Yasmini's breath came steadily, with a little hissing sound between her teeth, and the crystal, or else the whole world, seemed to sway in time to it. Then the man in Roman armor strode out of a mist, and all was steady again and easy to understand. When the man in armor opened his lips to speak, one knew what he had said. When he frowned, one knew why he frowned. When he smiled, one knew that SHE was coming.

And she did come, dancing out of the mist behind him, to fling soft arms around his neck and whisper praises in his ear. He stood like a king who has come into his own,

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with an arm round her and his chin held high. She kissed him on his proud chin, and laughed into his face.

There were troubles—difficulties, all in the mist behind, but he stood and despised them then, while she caressed him.

Just as spoken words had no part in the vision, yet the whole was understood, so time did not enter into it. There was no connecting link between scenes; each dissolved into the other, and all were one.

She faded into mist, in a swirl of graceful drapery, and he frowned again. A long line of men-at-arms stood before him, grim as he, and as discontented. They leaned on spears, at ease, and that seemed to annoy him most of all. A spokesman stood out from the ranks and addressed him, with gesticulations and a head so far thrown back that his helmet-plume stood out like a secretary's pen behind him. He was not a Roman, although there was something Roman about his attitude and armor. None of the men-at-arms was Roman.

They demanded to be led home, wherever home was. (It was as plain as if their spokesman had shouted it into King's ear aloud.) And he refused them, bluntly, proudly.

Two men brought him a native woman, each holding an arm and thrusting her forward between them. She was not at all unlike a native woman of to-day, either in dress, or sullenness; she had the beak, and the keen eyes, and the cruel lips of the Hills. They showed her to him, and it was quite clear that they compared her to their own women, left behind; the comparison was plainly to her disadvantage.

He wasted no argument on them, but the men and woman faded before his scorn. Then he dismissed the rest of them, but they stood still.

So he did a truly Roman thing. He got his harness off—unbuckled and took off the great bronze corselet, in which he lay dead in another cave. He threw it down—tore open the white shirt underneath—and held his arms out. He bade them come and drive their spears into his unprotected breast.

There was not a movement down the line of men. They stood as a cliff looks at the tide. He dared them. He called them cowards, women, weaklings afraid of blood. But they stood still. He strode up and down the lines, seeking a man with heart enough to plunge a spear into him—and no man moved.

Then he stood still before them all again and wept, because they loved him and he loved them. And then she came, not dancing this time, but barefooted and walking like a poem of the early days of Greece. She picked up his corselet and buckled it on him, making him hold up his arms and kneel while she slipped it over his head. And the grim men-at-arms hove their long spears up into the air and roared her an ovation, bringing down their right feet with a thunder all together.

"Ave!"

BUT the mist closed up and then the crystal was clear again. It was Yasmini's voice that spoke. King looked up into her eyes, and they were like pools of fire. Her hands still clasped his own, burning hot. She was more terrible than Khinjan.

"I never saw that before," she said. "It is because you are here! We shall see it all now! We shall know it all! We shall know whether it was she who killed him, or whether his own men took him at his word! We shall know! Look again! Look again!"

He gazed again into the crystal, and it clouded over.

Yasmini's breath began to come and go again with the little hissing sound. Her hot hands pressed his own. The mist dissolved. There was a road—a long white road, across a plain, and the men-at-arms fought their way along it. They were facing east.

Archers opposed them—archers on foot, and cavalry—Parthians. The Parthians were wild, but the drill of the men-at-arms was a thing to marvel at. When the flights of arrows came, they knelt behind their shields. When the horsemen charged, they closed in solid phalanx, and the inner ranks hurled javelins at ten-yard range. When the fury of the onslaught died, they pressed forward; gaining furlongs at a time while their enemy watched them and wondered.

It was plain that the enemy expected them to retreat sooner or later, for the archers and cavalry were at great pains to get behind them, so that before long the road ahead was less well defended than that behind. It did not seem to occur to the enemy that they were pressing toward the distant line of hills and did not seek to

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return at all. They had no baggage to impede them. It was absurd to suppose they would not try to fight a way back soon. They must be a Roman raiding party, out to teach Parthians a lesson. Yet they pressed ever forward, and the hills grew ever nearer; while he sat a great brown charger calmly in their midst and gave them not too many orders, but here and there a word of praise, and once or twice a trumpet-shout of encouragement. He seemed to own the knack of being wherever the fight was fiercest. His mere presence seemed better than a hundred men when the phalanx bent before charging cavalry.

SHE rode a little white horse beside him, always and utterly scornful of the risk. She wore no armor—carried no shield. Her bare feet showed through the sandal straps, and the outlines of her lissom body were quite visible through the muslin stuff she wore. She might have just come from the dancing. She had a flower in her hand, and a wreath of flowers in her hair. She shouted more encouragement than he. She shouted too much. Once he laid a strong brown hand across her mouth, and she held it there and kissed it.

They lost men—five, or six, or ten, or twenty at each onslaught. Perhaps they had been a thousand strong in the beginning. Their own men—the regimental surgeons probably—cut the throats of the badly wounded, to save them from the enemy's attentions; and by this time they were not more than seven or eight hundred strong.

But they went forward—ever forward—and the line of hills drew near. Then he began to stir himself, and she with him. He shouted to them to charge, and she echoed him, leaving his side at last to take command of a wing and sting the tired-out men-at-arms into new enthusiasm. In a minute they were a roaring tide that swept to the foot of the hills and surged upward without a check. In a little while they were hurling boulders down on an enemy that seemed inclined to parley.

Then, like a shadow of the incense cloud above, the mist closed up in the crystal again, and in a moment more King and Yasmini were looking into each other's eyes above it.

"I have seen that before," she said, shaking her head. "I am weary of their battles. They won, that is enough! I know they won. I know they found their way to Khinjan. I know they began to build an empire here. I have seen all that a hundred times. What I must know is, what mistake they made. What did they do wrong? I must know how they failed, so that we make no such mistakes!"

Her face was flushed, and her eyes glowed with the fire that is not lit by ordinary passion. She was being eaten by ambition—burned by her own fire. And yet there was love, too, in her eyes, and not all tigress love. She was able to love King honestly enough to make him feel ashamed.

"Look again!" she said. "Look again! And O ye Old Gods, show me—show me wherein they failed!"

She never once let King's hands go, but pressed them tighter and tighter until the circulation nearly stopped and they grew numb. Her own strength seemed endless—to grow rather than to wane in proportion as her yearning to look into the past grew. Her attitude would have been more understandable if she had believed herself and King to be reincarnations of those forgotten conquerors; but she was too original for that. She had said the Old Gods wished, and the man and the woman were; the Old Gods wished the same wish again, and she and King were. Why, then, if the Old Gods were contriving it all, should she seek to steady the ark for them? But down at rock-bottom there is no logic connected with gods many. She clutched King's fingers as if to hold him there, and to make him see and understand the distant past, were the only way to save him from mistakes.

"Look!" she insisted. "Look again!" And he obeyed her. By this time obedience was much the easiest course. Between times his eyes were so weary he could hardly hold them open, and it was only when he gazed into the crystal that he could rest them and feel easy. He knew well that she was winning control over him in some sort, and he fought against it grimly. Soon he became weirdly conscious of being two men—one, whom she had grasped and overcome, a physical man who did not matter much, and another, mental man who was free from her, who could understand her, whom she could not reach or touch.

"Look!" she insisted. "Look!" And the crystal clouded over.

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HE strode out of the mist again, frowning, with his chin hung low and fists clenched tight at his sides. Four of his own men came out of the mist to him, and greeted him respectfully, yet not without a touch of irony.

They spoke to him, and pointed westward. One laid a hand on his shoulder, but he shook it off and the man reeled back as if he had been struck. Another man took up the argument, but he shook his head. They all spoke together, gesticulating and growing angry; but he stood calm among them, as a rock stands in a storm. He folded his arms across his breast after a while and listened, saying nothing.

Then, as if to end the argument for good and all, he drew his sword and held it out toward them, hilt first, telling them once more to kill him and have done with it. They refused. He laughed at them, but they still refused.

Two men came helping a wounded man along between them. Whoever the wounded man might be, he was treated with respect. Prouder than Lucifer, he who had struck another man's hand from off his shoulder knelt to give this wounded man a knee and seemed pained at refusal.

The wounded man pointed to the westward, too, and argued in short, clipped-off sentences. He had a day or two to live—certainly not longer, for the blood flowed slowly from a wound that would not stanch; yet he argued as a man who has lost no interest in life but rather sees its problems truly now that his own are near an end. He demanded something almost truculently. HE took his helmet off, and with fingers that were growing feeble the wounded man held it and traced out the letters S. P. Q. R. on the front.

"Go home!" he said, passing it back to him. "Fight your way back home!" What he said was as distinct as if a voice in the cave had spoken it.

Then, vision within a vision—dream within a dream—there was a view of the Via Appia, with gaunt, grim gallows set along it in a row and on them a regiment's commander crucified beside the remnant of his men.

"So Rome treats traitors!" said a voice that might have been either man's.

But instantly there was another vision—of ten thousand wolves baying down a Himalayan gorge in wintertime, the sleet frozen stiff on their fur and their tongues hanging. Eye and fang flashed all together and made one gleam.

"Choose!" said a voice.

So he chose. He nodded. The men saluted him, and the wounded man was helped away to die. And then SHE came, angry as a flash of lightning, to spring at him, and cling to him, and call him names—begging, demanding, ordering, crying—abusing and praising him in turn. He shook his head. She sobbed, but he shook his head again and pointed westward. Then she took him by the hand and led him away, not looking at his face.

The crystal ball grew clouded. Yasmini's breath came and went as if she were running in a race, and her pressure on King's fingers was actually painful. The mist dissolved, and King forgot the pressure—forgot everything. The man in armor lay dead on his back in the cave on the wooden bed, and SHE bent over him, dagger in hand.

"Ah!" said Yasmini, her teeth chattering. "But what else could she do?" The mist closed in again and the crystal grew opaque. "The future!" she begged. "It is the future I must know! Ye Old Gods, tell me! Show me!"

The mist turned red. The crystal became as it were a ball of fire revolving within itself. The fire turned to blood, and the blood to fire again. The very cavern that they knelt in seemed to sway. Yasmini screamed, and moaned. She loosed King's hands to cover her own eyes.

And as she did that, King sank, like a sack half-empty, and toppled over sideways on the floor asleep. He neither dreamed, nor was conscious of anything, but slept like a dead man, having fought against her mesmerism harder than he knew.

Statesmen, generals, outlaws, all make their big mistakes and manage to recover. Very nearly always it is an apparently little mistake that does most damage in the end, something unnoticeable at the time, that grows in geometrical proportion, minus instead of plus.

Yasmini made her little mistake that minute in believing King was mesmerized at last and utterly in her power. Whereas in truth he was only weary. It may be that she gave him orders in his sleep, after the accepted manner of mesmerists; but

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if she did, they never reached him—he was far too fast asleep. He slept so deep and long that he was not conscious of men's voices, nor of being carried, nor of time, nor of anxiety, nor of anything.

CHAPTER SIXTEEN

Wolf met wolf in the dawning day
Where scent hung sweet over trodden clay,
And each stood square in the jungle way
Eyeing the other with ears laid back.
Still were the watchers. When foe greets foe
The wisest are quietest. Better to go—
Who stays to watch trouble woos trouble!
But lo!
They trotted together to hunt one doe,
Eyeing each other with ears laid back.

WHEN King awoke he lay on a comfortable bed in a cave he had never yet seen, but there was no trace of Yasmini, nor of the men who must have carried him to it. Barbaric splendor, and splendor that was not by any means barbaric, lay all about — tiger skins, ivory-legged chairs, graven bronze vases, and a yak-hair shawl worth a rajah's ransom.

The cave was spacious and not gloomy, for there was a wide door, apparently unguarded, and another square opening cut in the rock to serve as window. Through both openings light streamed in like taut threads of Yasmini's golden hair—strings of a golden zither, on which his own heart's promptings played a tune.

He had no idea how long he had slept, but judged from memory of his former need of sleep and recognition of his present freshness—and from the fact that it was a morning sun that shone through the openings—that he must have slept the clock round.

He knew it did not matter in the least. He had no more plan than a mathematician has who starts to solve a problem knowing that twice two is four in infinite combination. Like the mathematician, he knew that he must win.

No man ever won a battle, or conceived a stroke of statesmanship, no great deed was ever accomplished, without a first taste of the triumphant foreknowledge, such as comes only to men who have dug hard, hewing to the line, loyal to first principles. King had been loyal all his life.

The difference between first principles and the other thing could hardly be better illustrated than by comparing Yasmini's position with his. From her point of view he had no ground to stand on, unless he chose to stand on hers. She had men, ammunition, information. He had nothing, and his only information had been poured into his ears for her ends.

But his heart sang, and he trusted it now because that singing never had deceived him. He did not believe she would have left him alone at that stage of affairs unless through overconfidence. And it is one of the absolute laws that overconfidence begets mistakes.

She had staked on what seemed to her the certainty of India's rising at the first signal of a Holy War. She believed from close acquaintance that India was utterly disloyal, having made a study of disloyalty. And, having read history, she knew that many a conqueror has staked on such cards as hers, to win for lack of a better man to take the other side.

But King had studied loyalty all his life, and he knew that besides being the home of money-lenders, thugs, and murderers, India is the very motherland of chivalry; that besides sedition she breeds gentlemen with stout hearts; that in addition to what one Christian Book calls "whoring after strange gods," India strives after purity. He knew that India's ideals are all imperishable and her crimes but a kaleidoscopic phase.

Not that he was analyzing thoughts just then. He was listening to the still, small voice that told him half of his purpose was accomplished. He had probed Khinjan Caves, and knew the whole purpose for which the lawless thousands had been gathering and were gathering still; remained to thwart that purpose. And he had no more doubt of there being a means to thwart it, than a mathematician has of the result of two-times-two applied.

Like a mathematician, he did not confuse issues by casting far ahead, but began to devote himself steadily to the figures nearest. Knots are conquered strand by strand. He began at the beginning, where he stood.

He became conscious of human life near by and tiptoed to the door to look. A six-foot ledge of smooth rock ended just at the door, and sloped in the other direction sharply downward toward another opening in the cliff side, three or four hundred yards away, two hundred feet lower down.

Behind him, in a corner at the back of the cave, was a narrow fissure, hung with a leather curtain, that was doubtless the door

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into Khinjan's vitals; but the only way to the outer air was along that ledge above a dizzying precipice, so high that the huge waterfall looked like a little stream below. He was in a very eagle's nest; the upper rim of Khinjan's gorge seemed not more than a quarter of a mile above him.

Round the corner, ten feet from the entrance, stood a guard, armed to the teeth, with a rifle, a sword, two pistols, and a long curved Khyber knife, stuck handy in his girdle. He spoke to the man, and received no answer. He picked up a splinter of rock and threw it. The fellow looked at him then. He spoke again. The man transferred his rifle to the other hand, and made signs with his free fingers. King looked puzzled. The man opened his mouth and showed that his tongue was missing. He had been made dumb, as pegs are made to fit square holes. King went in again, to wait on events and shudder.

Nor did he have long to wait. There came a sound of grunting up the rock path. Then footsteps. Then a hoarse voice, growling orders. He went out again to look, and beheld a little procession of women, led by a man. The man was armed, but the women were burdened with his own belongings—the medicine-chest, his saddle and bridle, his unrifled mule-pack, and, wonder of wonders! the presents Khinjan's sick had given him, including money and weapons. They came past the dumb man on guard, and laid them all at King's feet just inside the cave.

He smiled, with that genial, face-transforming smile of his that has so often melted a road for him through sullen crowds. But the man in charge of the women was suffering and did not grin. He growled at the women, and they went away like obedient animals, to sit half-way down the ledge and await further orders. He himself made as if to follow them, and the dumb man on guard did not pay much attention; he let women and man pass behind him, stepping one pace forward on the ledge to make more room.

With a suddenness that disarmed all opposition the other humped himself against the wall and bucked into the dumb man's back, sending him, weapons and all, hurtling over the precipice. With a wild effort to recover, and avenge himself, and do his duty, the victim fired his rifle, which was ready cocked. The bullet struck the rock above and either split or shook a great fragment loose, which hurtled down after him, so that he and the stone made a race of it for the waterfall and the caverns into which the water tumbled thousands of feet away. The other ruffian spat after him and then walked back to where King stood.

"Now heal me my boils!" he said, grinning at last, doubtless from pleasure at the prospect. He was the same man who had stood on guard at the "guest-cave" when Ismail led King out to see the Cavern of Earth's Drink.

The temptation was to fling the brute after his victim. The temptation always is to do the wrong thing—to cap wrath with wrath, injustice with vengeance. That way wars begin and are never ended. King beckoned him into the cave, and bent over the chest of medical supplies. Then, finding the light better for his purpose at the entrance, he called the man back and made him sit down on the box.

The business of lancing boils is not especially edifying in itself; but that particular minor operation saved India. But for hope of it, the man with boils would never have stood two turns on guard hand-running and let the relief sleep on; so he would not have been on duty when the message came to carry King's belongings to his new cave of residence. There would have been no object in killing the dumb man, and so there would have been an expert with a loaded rifle to keep Muhammad Anim lurking down the trail.

Muhammad Anim came—like the devil, to scotch King's faith. He had followed the women with the loads. He stood now, like a big bear on a mountain track, swaying his head from side to side six feet away from King, watching the boils succumb to treatment. He grunted when the job was finished, and King jumped, nearly driving the lance into a new place in his patient's neck.

"Let him go!" growled Muhammad Anim. "Go, thou! Stand guard over the women until I come."

The mullah turned a rifle this way

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and that in his paws, like a great bear dancing. The Mahsudi with a sore neck could have shot him, perhaps, but there are men with whom only the bravest dare try conclusions. In cold gray dawn it would have needed a martinet to make a firing squad do execution on Muhammad Anim, even with his hands tied and his back against a wall. A man whose boils had just been lanced was no match for him at all, even in broad daylight. The Hillman slunk away and did as he was told.

The mullah growled. "There came a Pathan to me in the Cavern of Earth's Drink with word that yonder sits a hakim. What of it?"

King had almost forgotten the message he sent by the hand of the Pathan. But that was not why he stared now, nor why he did not answer. The mullah did not look round, for he knew what was happening. The very Orakzai Pathan who had sat next King in the Cavern of Earth's Drink, and who had carried the message for him, was creeping up behind the women, and already had his rifle leveled at the man with boils.

"Aye!" said the mullah, watching King's eyes. "He has done well, and the road is clear!"

The man with boils offered no fight. He dropped his rifle and threw his hands up. In a moment the Orakzai Pathan was in command of two rifles, holding them in one hand and nodding and making signs to King from among the women, whom he seemed to regard as his plunder too. The women appeared supremely indifferent in any event. King nodded back to him. A friend is a friend in the Hills, and rare is the man who spares his enemy.

"Why send that message to me?" asked Muhammad Anim.

"Why not?" asked King. "If none know where the hakim is, how shall the hakim earn a living?"

"None come to earn a living in the Hills," growled the mullah, swaying his head slowly and devouring King with cruel eyes. "Why art thou here?"

"I slew a man," said King.

"Thou liest! It was my men who got the head that let thee in! Thief!"

King did not answer. Being called thief, he had right to sulk, and for the moment that excuse for economizing words was as good as any.

"He who brought me the message says he has it from another, who had it from a third, that thou art here because SHE plans a rising in India, and thou art from the Punjab where the Sikhs all wait to rise. Is that true?"

"Thy man said it," answered King.

"What sayest thou?" the mullah asked.

"I say nothing!"

"Then hear me!" said the mullah. But he did not begin to speak yet. He tried to see past King into the cave and to peer about into the shadows. "Where is SHE?" he asked. "Her man Rewa Gunga went yesterday, with three men, and a letter to carry down the Khyber. But where is SHE?"

So he *had* slept the clock round! King did not answer. He blocked the way into the cave, and looked past the mullah at a sight that fascinated as a serpent's eyes are said to fascinate a bird. But the mullah, who knew perfectly well what was happening, did not turn his head.

The Orakzai Pathan crouched among the women, and the women grinned. The Mahsudi, having surrendered, and considering himself therefore absolved from further responsibility, at least for the present, spat over the precipice and fingered gingerly the sore place where his boils had been. He yawned, and dropped both hands to his side; and it was at that instant that the Pathan sprang at him.

With arms like the jaws of a vise he pinned the Mahsudi's to his side, and lifted him. The fellow screamed. The Pathan shouted "Ho!" But he did not murder yet. He let his victim grow fully conscious of the fate in store for him, holding him so that his frantic kicks were squandered on thin air. He turned him slowly, until he was upside down, and so, perpendicular, face outward, he hove him forward like a dead log. He stood and watched his victim fall two or three thousand feet before troubling to turn and resume both rifles; and it was not until then, as if he had been mentally conscious of each move, that the mullah turned to look and, seeing only one man, nodded.

"Good!" he grunted. "*Shabash!* Well done!"

Then he turned his head to stare into King's face, with the scrutiny of a trader appraising loot. Fire leaped up behind his calculating eyes. And without a word passing between them, King knew that this

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"SO ROME TREATS TRAITORS!"

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man as well as Yasmini was in possession of the secret of the Sleeper. Perhaps he knew it first; perhaps she snatched the keeping of the secret from him. At all events, he knew it and recognized King's likeness to the Sleeper, for his eyes betrayed him. He began to stroke his beard monotonously with one hand. The rifle that he pretended to be holding, really leaned against his back, and with the free hand he was making signals.

King knew well he was making signals. But he knew too that in Yasmini's power, her prisoner, he had no chance at all of interfering with her plans. Having grounded on the bottom of impotence, so to speak, any tide that would take him off must be a good tide. He pretended to be aware of nothing, and to be particularly unaware that the Pathan, with a rifle in each hand, was pretending to come casually up the path.

In a minute he was covered by a rifle. In another minute the mullah had lashed his hands. In five minutes more the women were loaded again with his belongings and they were all half-way down the track in single file, the mullah bringing up the rear, descending backward with rifle ready against surprise, as if he expected Yasmini and her men to pounce out any minute to the rescue.

They entered a tunnel, and wound along it, stepping at short intervals over the bodies of three stabbed sentries. The Pathan spurned them with his heel as he passed. In the glare at the tunnel's mouth King tripped over the body of a fourth man, and fell with his chin beyond the edge of a sheer precipice. They were on a ledge above the waterfall again, having come through a projection on the cliff's side, for Khinjan is all rat-runs and projections, like a sponge or a hornet's nest on a titanic scale.

The Pathan laughed and came back to gather him like a sheaf of corn. The great smelly ruffian hugged him to himself as he set him on his feet.

"Ah! Thou hakim!" he grinned. "There is no pain in my shoulder at all! But for thy clever fingers I could never have slain five men, nor have flung one over the cliff! Good for thee! Ask of me another favor when the time comes! Hey, but I am sick of Khinjan!"

He gave King a shove along the path in the general direction of the mullah. "Come!" he said. "Hurry, or Bull-with-a-beard yonder will remember us again. I love him best when he forgets!"

They soon reached another cave, at which the mullah stopped. It was a dark, ill-smelling hole, but he ordered King into it and the Pathan after him on guard, after first seeing the women pile all their loads inside. Then he took the women away, and went off muttering to himself, swaggering, swinging his right arm as he strode, in a way few natives do.

"What is that under thy shirt?" King asked.

The Pathan grinned, and undid the button. There was a second shirt underneath, and to that, on the left breast, were pinned two British medals.

"Oh, yes!" he laughed. "I served the Raj! I was in the army eleven years."

"Why did you leave it?" King asked, remembering that this man loved to hear his own voice.

"Oh, I had furlough, and the bastard who stood next me in the ranks was a son of a man with whom my father had a blood-feud. The blind fool did not know me. He received his furlough on the same day. I would not lay finger on him that side of the border, for we ate the same salt. I knifed him this side the border. It was no affair of the British. But I was seen, and I fled. And having slain a man, and having no doubt a report had gone back to the regiment, I entered this place. Except for a raid now and then to cool my blood I have been here ever since. It is a devil of a place."

The next instalment of ***"King, of the Khyber Rifles"*** *will appear in the December number.*

WHAT is Japan up to in China? O. K. Davis, an expert in Oriental affairs, is going to answer this question in two articles in EVERYBODY'S. *He will lay bare Japan's intentions and frankly tell what they mean to the United States. The first article will appear in December.*

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THE WYOMING IDEA IN FULL SWING

By EDWARD AMHERST OTT

Chairman of the H. S. V. U. S. Field Organization

EDWARD AMHERST OTT

DURING the past summer I presented the Wyoming idea to my Chautauqua audiences in sixty communities in New York, Vermont, New Hampshire, and Maine. The other five field men have reached almost as many minds with the idea, through Ohio, West Virginia, and Kansas.

As we begin the winter campaign we can faithfully report that the response is deeply enthusiastic. It has its roots in an intensely patriotic and national point of view. It springs from a clear appreciation of the inherent democratic and unmilitaristic character of the Wyoming plan.

We asked in advance for committees of educators and local leaders to consider the plan. In almost every instance the committees were larger than we asked for. At Cortland, New York, the Chamber of Commerce responded with a committee of forty men. At Carthage, New York, there were even more. At Lancaster, New Hampshire, 160 responded. Berlin, New Hampshire, crowded the dining-room of the hotel at luncheon to discuss the work. The school authorities managed the meeting at Oswego, New York, and the audience was large and most enthusiastic. Lyceum committees in California are already arranging for meetings during the winter and calling for information. Response is coming from every state in the Union. It comes not only from all sections but from all classes.

We expected a response to the plea for preparedness in a military sense, but something more gratifying has shown itself. The people are thinking deeper than the leaders. The ideas that appeal most in the Wyoming plan can now be stated. They all have roots in the passion for patriotic efficiency.

The first wild demand for preparedness that swept the country has passed. There remains the sober after-thought which demands definite plans and slow, permanent action. The fear of war is not the actuating motive of the thoughtful folks who are leading the movement for the High-School Volunteers.

Earnest educators and live business men have studied the lessons of the European tragedy and see that the nation that is not fit for war is not patriotic enough for peace.

That millions of Americans would be ready to respond to a call in time of danger, all believe. We did not know that fifty per cent. of our young men could not pass the military examination.

A member of the State Normal faculty of Rockport, New York, said:

"I am for this movement. Our boys need the physical training if they are to do good class-room work. They may never have to

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fight, but they do have to live and should know how to take care of their bodies."

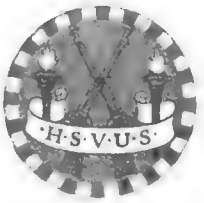
The same idea was voiced by the leader of the boys' club-work at Albion, New York:

"My boys must have some definite standard of physical fitness, and I shall work for this plan. It correlates all of our community ideals."

At Messina, New York, where the Commercial Association assembled to hear the plan presented, a mild-mannered man voiced his approval by saying:

"War is repugnant to every American; I am for having twenty million ready to prevent it."

Militarism *is* repugnant to the American mind, and never so much as in the red light of the European tragedy. Individual courage and personal service for the common good are democratic qualities that all understand. Parents and teachers are eager to inculcate the patriotic spirit in all the local communities. One mother expressed it in this way: "I want my boy to forget himself and learn the lesson of team-work while he is young."



THE BADGE

At Hamilton, New York, the seat of Colgate University, and a city of refinement and culture, a woman in the audience expressed a sentiment which is typical of the responses in other communities:

"I believe in peace; but I believe a nation that thinks itself superior to war should produce a superior life. I want my two sons to be fit. I am not a Spartan mother, but I believe in manly men, well set up and ready for any emergency."

At Gouverneur, New York, a meeting was organized by the Board of Education. Many of the teachers were present, and a few earnest mothers. A number of these women expressed themselves personally to the writer, and one of them voiced the situation thus:

"We need this movement to solve the boy problem in our city. We have our schools and churches, but no heroic expression to call out the loyalty and patriotism of our young manhood."

There is a deep feeling on the part of all social workers, even the ministers, for the need of the physical toning up of our youth. A minister in Hamilton, New York, said:

"I can not build a spiritual life in nerveless and degenerated bodies."

I have heard many opinions like the following: Athletics have failed to develop the manhood of the whole school. Athletics have ignored the ones who were most in need and overworked the ones who were strong and fit. Doctors and parents see the need of some permanent plan to fight degeneracy in our nation. One father at Farmington, Maine, expressed his enthusiasm for the plan by saying:

"My country may never need my boy, but he needs to learn to do something for his country. He needs large emotions and he needs the squad idea and discipline in the presence of his playmates."

The economic side appealed to business men in every community. They saw that bringing an officer to a community and training the boys in their formative years would be cheaper than sending them to camps for their preliminary work.

A physician helped in one meeting by declaring that it does not pay to let a boy grow up soft, then try to make a man of him after he is twenty-five years old.

Many of the people whom I met in the field have thought much about the entire subject of military training and were ready to understand the social need for the movement. They felt this Wyoming plan was a distinct discovery to meet the national situation. They saw that here was a plan for peace times as well as for war times. If the war in Europe should end to-morrow, much of the talk for preparedness would stop. But the need would remain for toning up our young manhood and keeping the boys as fit for life as soldiers are for battle.

There is everywhere a gratifying recognition of the advantage of correlating physical culture, health-building, mind-building, spirit of team-work, pride of body and mind, with the loyalty for squad and school and devotion to country. The vision of what it would mean to have a million young men coming from the high schools each year, strong and clean and enthusiastic, and rallying to the flag on Independence Day, seemed to catch all imaginations. And the vision seemed to give a sense of security and confidence that our peace might be enduring if this plan of developing the manhood of the nation were universally adopted.

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THE STEEVER MANUAL OF INSTRUCTION

The work of preparing the complete manual of instruction on the Wyoming System is going forward more slowly than we expected because of Captain Steever's arduous duties on the Mexican border. The manual will be published in book form as soon as completed. Meantime the first chapter, giving complete details of organization, has been received and may be obtained upon request to Headquarters, EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE.

Other chapters will be issued as they are received and announcement will be made when the manual is complete.

THE GOVERNMENT BRONZE BUTTON

The boys belonging to the cadet corps in all high schools where the Wyoming System has been inaugurated are entitled to the badge of the H. S. V. U. S. This badge is in the form of a button done in government bronze, bearing the insignia of the H. S. V. U. S. The buttons are now ready for distribution.

MORE SCHOOLS IN

Three Rivers, Texas, August 31, 1916.

I am glad to advise you that the board of trustees of the Three Rivers High School at their last meeting voted to install military training according to the Wyoming plan into the school, and to affiliate with the High-School Volunteers of the United States.

The board appointed Dr. Davis, who is secretary of the school board, and me to give this work until a regular instructor from the Government can be secured, and instructed me to take the necessary steps to affiliate the school with your organization, the High-School Volunteers of the United States, and to get the work started. School opens September 4th.

We will appreciate any advice you can give us that will be of assistance in giving this training, as the work is new to both Dr. Davis and to me.

Assuring you of our appreciation of the assistance you have given us, and that you can count on our full cooperation in this work, I remain,

Yours very truly,
CHARLES R. TIPS.

Rigby, Idaho, September 20, 1916.

I am proud to inform you that at the last meeting of the school board the question of affiliation with the High-School Volunteers of the United States was voted on and passed by the entire board. We have received the support of the governor of the state and also the state superintendent of schools. After the matter had been presented to the school board at their meeting September 3d, we were told that they would further consider the question and give us final answer at the next meeting the following Monday, at which time they granted us the permission to organize in accordance with the Wyoming plan. We are now pushing the matter, so that if possible we may be engaged in the active work by October 1st.

If you have any material on how to organize and arrange the work, we would appreciate the same.

Would it be possible for us to get about one hundred copies of the article from the February EVERYBODY'S? If it is, please send by express, as we would like every boy to have one to give his mother, so they will know just how great the work is.

As we, I think, will be the first in Idaho to adopt this plan, we wish to make it a grand success so that it will not be long before we can have the same system as they have in Wyoming throughout the entire state.

Please let us know if there is any further information that you have, and if there is any expense in shipping the reprints asked for we will be glad to pay the same.

Thanking you in advance,

I am,
W. E. ELIESON.

Wheaton, Minnesota,
August 21, 1916.

We have been perfecting plans for the introduction of military training into our community high school here, and have been interested in your efforts in that direction. Will you give us such data as will be of service to us in the work?

We are particularly desirous of getting information relative to uniforms and gun equipment.

It may be of interest to you to know that I am President of the All-Minnesota Development Association, and at our summer meeting I was instrumental in securing the adoption of a resolution favoring the introduction into the schools of this city of general physical training and military training where possible.

Yours very truly,
F. W. MURPHY.

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New Castle, Pa., August 4, 1916.

I noticed your article in EVERYBODY'S, and it struck me so favorably that I am anxious to learn more of it. I am a senior in high school, and I have a few friends who I am sure would be as willing to devote their time to such an undertaking as I am. It has been my chief ambition to in some way serve my country, and in what little I read of your plan I think I see a way clear for immediate action. I have always believed in preparedness and have often bewailed the fact that this country has not had a military system in its schools. Therefore, when I happened across your article I read it eagerly, and decided that I should try to arouse interest in my community. If you will send me the literature you spoke of and plans, I shall try to win business men to give their support to the new project. As I said before, I am eager to do something immediately to serve my own country. Knowing, therefore, that you will give this your kindest and quickest attention, I am

Yours for a better prepared nation,

WALTER A. BUCK.

Ridgefield Park, New Jersey,
August 20, 1916.

DEAR EVERYBODY'S:

From month to month I have read with the greatest interest your article on preparedness. I am only a mother and have not a vote, but I have a boy in the high school. Above all things I would like to see him go when his country calls, and it seems to me that the Wyoming idea that you speak of is the finest way and surely must make for a clean, sturdy manhood, able to fight foes seen and unseen. I believe military training such as you say the High-School Volunteers of the United States can give the boys will be the thing that would keep them in school and give them something to interest them. Will you kindly tell me how to start the ball rolling for initiating the organization? I will do all in my power to help.

I want to thank you for your stand on preparedness. You are doing a great patriotic work. Keep it up. I can not for the life of me understand any one's attitude against preparation for guarding our great country. My forefathers bled and died for it and have passed it on to me a sacred trust, and I would be wanting in loyalty and patriotism did I not stand up for my country and give my sons, too, if need be. It is time we taught young America just what America stands for. Why should we want peace at any price? Our children are being taught in the schools now that fighting in any cause is wrong. There is even a movement to do away with the history of our battles. Heavens! What a race of cowards we will soon have if such ideas prevail! But I do not think they will if the organization that your magazine is fathering gets into shape.

"A MOTHER."

San Francisco, California,
August 8, 1916.

The article dealing with the High-School Volunteers of the United States in the August number of EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE came under my observation recently, and I should like to know more about the plan mentioned therein. I am a pupil of the Lowell High School, in San Francisco, California, and if you will send me your February number of 1916 and the September number as soon as it is published, together with all information possible, I shall endeavor to give the plan a write-up in the Lowell High School's journal, *The Lowell*, with which I am affiliated.

I am respectfully yours,

RALPH G. CAHN.

Fenton, Michigan, September 14, 1916.

I have been deeply interested in a method whereby every student could get physical training in our high schools, instead of the few whom we train as specialists in our competitive system of athletics. The Wyoming system strikes me as an answer to this problem, besides its great value as a builder of patriots without making militarists out of them.

I should like to know more of this system, and will appreciate any information you can furnish me.

H. W. THIELKELD,
Director of Athletics.

If you are not acquainted with the Wyoming System and the effort that is being made to interest high-school authorities throughout the country in the Wyoming Idea, you will receive full information by addressing

HEADQUARTERS

HIGH-SCHOOL VOLUNTEERS OF THE UNITED STATES

EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE, *NEW YORK*

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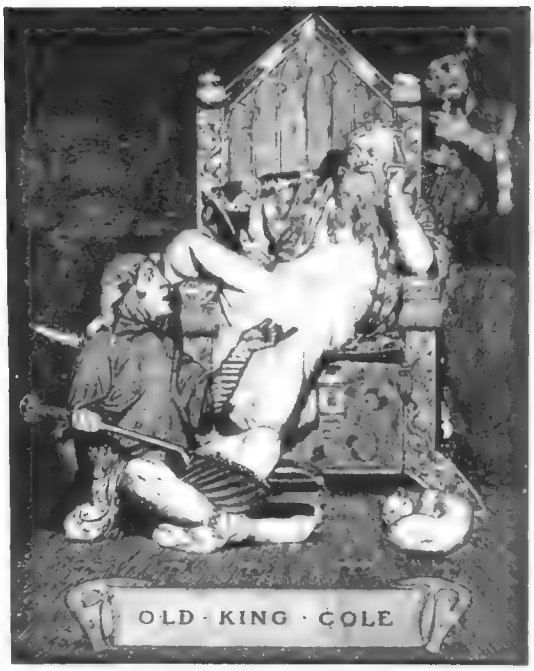
UNDER THE SPREADING CHESTNUT TREE

HEADING BY JACK FLANAGAN

WITH SKETCHES BY H. L. DRUCKLIEB.

EDITOR'S NOTE—Though the sign is the Chestnut Tree, no story is barred by its youth. We shall gladly pay for available ones. Address all manuscripts to "The Chestnut Tree," enclosing stamped, addressed envelope.



An old farmer was driving along a lane near a golf-course and stopped for a moment to watch the game.

"What's that?" he demanded curiously.

"Golf," was the reply. "Want to try your hand, uncle?"

"Don't mind if I do," declared the farmer, wrapping the lines around the dashboard and climbing down.

The players gave him a few points about hazards and bogies and finally one pointed to a flag on a hill two hundred and fifty yards away. "At the foot of that pole," he said, "is a little hole. The object is to put this ball in the hole with the smallest number of strokes."

The farmer took the club, sighted for some time, and then let go a whale of a stroke. The ball soared with a mighty swish into the air, and fled unerringly toward the flag. It fell short, bounced, rolled, and wound up a hand's breadth from the objective—a phenomenal shot that made the experienced players gasp.

"By golly, I missed it!" the farmer exclaimed.

A shy young man in an Ohio town had been calling on "the sweetest girl in the world" for many moons, but by reason of his bashfulness his suit progressed slowly. Finally she decided it was time to start something; so the next time he called she pointed to the rose in the buttonhole of his coat and said:

"I'll give you a kiss for that rose."

A crimson flush overspread his countenance, but the exchange was made after some hesitation on his part. Then he grabbed his hat and started to leave the room.

"Why, where are you going?" she asked in surprise.

"To the—er—florist for more roses," he called back from the door.

A young lad fresh from the farm sat watching a group of men in a construction camp, engaged in the usual Saturday-night pastime—"the great American game." After watching the game silently for a time he inquired: "Is that poker you fellows are playing?" On being informed that it was, he volunteered:

"Well, I'll be darned! I've been watching this game carefully for about fifteen minutes, and I don't believe I thoroughly understand it yet."

"Is your husband sober and industrious, 'Mandy?"

"Yes, ma'am, he shorely is. When he's sober dere ain't a man in de worl' will work harder fo' de price ob a drink dan he will."

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Lysander, a New York state farm-hand, was telling his troubles to a neighbor, and among other things said that the wife of the farmer who employed him was "too darned close for any use."

"This very morning," said he, "she said to me: 'Lysander, do you know how many pancakes you have et this mornin'?' I said 'No, ma'am, I ain't had no occasion to count 'em.' 'Well,' says she, 'that last one was the twenty-sixth.' And it made me so dodgasted mad I jest got up frum the table and went to work without my breakfast."

During the severe storm that flooded Galveston and caused some loss of life and much damage to property, an artillery officer, on leave of absence, telegraphed to his superior officer in command of the Coast Defenses at that point.

"SYMPATHY TO THE REGIMENT; WHERE ARE MY CLOTHES?"

The answer he received was:

"SYMPATHY FROM THE REGIMENT—YOU HAVE NO CLOTHES."

Otis Skinner says that Joseph Jefferson once told him that during his long stage career he had never been associated with any one who showed undue familiarity with him save one individual, a man named Bagley, who was property man in the comedian's company.

Finally the familiarity of the property man increased beyond the limit of endurance, and he was summarily discharged—just before the opening of Jefferson's engagement in Baltimore one year.

That night Bagley got exceedingly drunk. Paying his way into the theater, he repaired to the gallery to see his old employer enact *Rip Van Winkle*. The action had reached the point where the angry *Gretchen* has just driven poor, destitute *Rip* from the cottage, and *Rip* turns, and, with a world of pathos, asks: "Then I have no interest in the house?"

The theater was deathly still, the audience half in tears, when Bagley's cracked voice rose in response:

"Only eighty per cent., Joe, old boy, only eighty per cent."

Two women from the suburbs, one of them carrying a baby, entered a Cincinnati furnishing house, and indicated their desire to look at some carpets.

It was very warm, but the salesman cheerfully showed roll after roll, until the perspiration streamed from his face. Finally the babyless woman asked the other if she did not think it was time to go.

"Not quite," was the answer. Then, in an undertone, she added: "Baby likes to see him roll them out, and we've plenty of time to catch the train."

In the course of this year's campaign in New York City, a young Harvard graduate working for Tammany Hall was making an evening cart-tail speech at Tenth Avenue and Forty-ninth Street.

"Now," he said, "we come to the tariff. Any tariff to be just and equitable should provide you with a *quid pro quo*——"

"Friend—" interrupted a begrimed auditor, looking earnestly up into the young orator's face—"Friend, if you don't mind, I'll take a dark beer instead!"

In Washington two women hired a broken-down old "night-liner" and paid the Jehu his dollar for their ride with the following coins: a twenty-five cent piece, three dimes, five five-cent pieces, and twenty coppers.

After regarding this miscellany for a moment, the driver showed all his teeth in a grin and asked whimsically: "Well, now, ladies, how long you-all been savin' up for dis nice little treat to-day?"

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Everybody's Magazine

PUBLISHED BY THE RIDGWAY COMPANY

JAMES H. GANNON, PRESIDENT
GEORGE B. MALLON, SECY. & TREAS.
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RUTHERFORD BOYD, ART DIRECTOR
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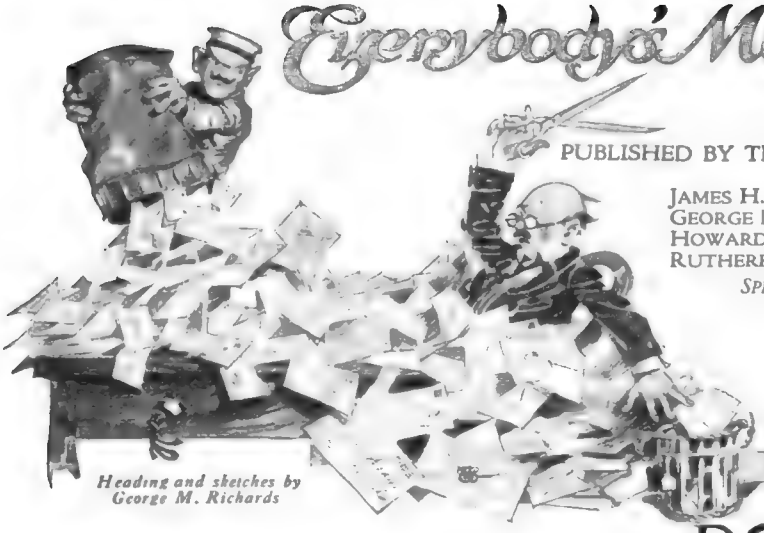

Heading and sketches by George M. Richards

KEEP POSTED

AN ARCTIC OPPORTUNITY

THERE is in the north Atlantic Ocean a certain large and well-known island over which the people of the United States have certain rights. The principal power in this island is insecurely held by a weak European nation. Our claims there rest on a more brilliant record of discovery and a more practical series of exploring expeditions to that island than those of any other nation, not excepting its titular owners. You may find there Cape Washington in the extreme north, Independence Bay in the northeast; you will find Lincoln Bay, too, and half a score of bays and inlets and promontories as well which fittingly bear the name of the daring American whose eyes were first among mankind to light upon them. You will find in the extreme south of that island a great promontory called Cape Farewell; that is the cape which would seem to concern us most to-day, for we are just now on the point of saying good-by to the island of which it forms a part. We are giving up all our claims there, and the people to whom we are giving them up are not even giving us a "thank you" in return. We are throwing in these claims as a bargaining counterweight in a transaction wherein this European nation is selling us at an outrageous price some other islets which our national safety requires us to have in our possession without delay.

It isn't remarkable if you haven't guessed it yet. Get out your geography, put a ruler on the city of St. John's, Newfoundland, and draw a line due north a little by east. What do you hit? Why, Greenland, of course! Very well, now get the following facts: This island of Greenland, of which Denmark claims the major ownership, the whole south and southwest coast of which is habitable (Cape Farewell is in the same latitude as Petrograd and Christiania, and five degrees south of Nome), is no farther from St. John's than St. John's itself is from points on our Atlantic coast from New York to Savannah. Certainly it is in the American orbit of vitality.

Our claims on the vast sections of the island not administered by the Danes, which include all save the south and southwest coasts, rest on such foundations as these: that Americans have discovered, explored, and named nearly all the northern and northwestern shore lines, beginning with the Kane expedition of 1853, continuing through the Lockwood and Brainerd expedition of 1882, when Cape Washington was named, and including among others Peary's brilliant and daring coasting trip along what he claimed to be almost the entire north shore, and the same explorer's land trip across the northern peninsulas.

Greenland has played a part in our history, too; for the old Norse seekers after that fabulous Vinland, which we now

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suspect to be Cape Cod, were, many of them —perhaps Leif the Lucky himself—Greenland colonists from the Scandinavian mainland. Greenland was a stepping-stone from the Old World to the New then; it may be so again.

As to its present status, Greenland is sparsely settled, and life is hard there, but geologists say that one day it is bound to become one of the great mineral reservoirs of the world. Did you know that already a regular line of steamers brings cryolite to Philadelphia—a mineral found nowhere else in the world save in Greenland? Cryolite is a light, brilliant mineral, which makes fine quality glass, as well as assisting in the manufacture of soap and soda salts; and Admiral Peary, who has seen it nestling in its native rock, says that one vein alone is eighty feet thick, and that the supply is almost inexhaustible. There is coal in Greenland, and vast quantities of iron—not deep in glacial ice-caps, but under the coast and fiord meadows of waving grass dotted with arctic poppies by which the country got its name from Eric the Red, the banished Icelandic earl, more than nine hundred years ago.

There is another way in which Greenland might play a part in our history to-day—as a naval base. Let a nation conceivably hostile to us buy Greenland from Denmark under the guise of some great development scheme. They might "develop" any one of the deep fiords northeast or northwest of Cape Farewell, each of half a dozen of which might hold a fleet, into a naval base which would place this country in peril from an entirely new angle. Thirty hours' steaming is all that thirty-five-knot battle-cruisers would want to get from this Greenland base into the heart of the shipping lanes between Europe and America. Certainly, if this country is so practical as to consider a Pacific naval base in the Aleutian archipelago as a possibility—as we are considering it—we ought to keep our eyes open to the precisely corresponding situation Greenland offers in the Atlantic.

Under the stress of war nations are calling the very Poles to their aid. Archangel, the Falkland Islands, the Orkneys, are more a part of the world than they have ever been in all their history. With the development of transatlantic aeronautics, Greenland's situation between two continents (though much nearer America) will become still more an inevitably intrusive one. In the temperate summer and autumn Cape Farewell would be the ideal perch for aero traffic, merchant or military. Ideal if we were there, but a very nasty basis for air operations against this country.

From Greenland's icy mountains to St. Thomas's coral strand we must look carefully over this Danish bargain. We may have to reopen the question sooner than we expect. But we'll have to open our own eyes to the real importance of Greenland first.

England's latest drive toward government ownership is ushered in by a Parliamentary report recommending the wholesale purchase of the brewing business. The committee's recommendation also would prohibit the sale of whisky and other spirits for the remainder of the war. Another reminder of the paradoxical firm and sober hand that goes with the war.

NORRIS WILLIAMS—TENNIS VIRTUOSO

THERE probably was never such a thoroughly trained tennis-player, such a deliberately disciplined and tennis-indoctrinated young man in this country as R. Norris Williams, 2d, the youthful Philadelphian who became this year for the second time tennis champion of America. Williams got his degree from Harvard this year, but it is not slighting his college career (he was one of the marshals of his class, by the way) to say that he has probably not studied anything in his life so hard as he has studied to become a good tennis-player. His story is well known to all fans of the game as the best proof heard of for years that brilliancy must yield in the long run to plain, grueling hard work toward the winning of sporting success.

Early in his teens young Williams was sent to school in Switzerland. He was not a strong boy, nor an exceptionally brilliant boy, and his father advised him to build himself up through the discipline of sport. The training began then which has made Williams not only one of the most competent tennis-players this country has ever seen, but a sportsman and a gentleman who has become preeminently noted for these

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qualities during three seasons of exceptionally hot sectional competition. It consisted for years in simply learning how to hold a racket, in hitting the same shot hundreds of times, in stroking from what was found to be scientifically the hardest angle of the court, and in practising elementals day in and day out which make the arpeggios of the embryo pianist seem thrilling by comparison. The boy got tremendously interested finally, and slashed and cut and sliced out for himself the lightning technique and worked out the original court generalship which has since made his triumph seem so brilliantly easy. But it is the years of painful craftsmanship he went through that make his supremacy to-day so out of the run and so inspiring.

Expert professional coaching is, of course, a privilege not all of us can enjoy, but that makes the tennis-player that it has developed out of the young Philadelphian none the less a first-rate example of young American thoroughness. His victory over McLoughlin, in sets which mounted in thrills from 6—3 to 8—6 and to 10—8, first introduced him to the American public as a player whose game was so nearly perfect as to make the desperate virtuosity of the Californian comet unavailing, though the public had learned to believe McLoughlin invincible.

This year gameness and training carried him back to the championship again, and made the East feel, by his decisive victory over Johnston, that the days of California as the land of tennis magic were numbered. His victory also testified to his careful training, as he was able to win, even with the handicap of a sprained ankle, chiefly by virtue of the fact that his tennis intelligence taught him just how far to train to make the best use of his strength.

Although you might think this young man has the Harvard indifference in the consciousness of his perfect equipment, that is not true. He is extremely temperamental. One day he plays the game as he has mastered it, and he is brilliantly, uncannily unbeatable. The next—well, he doesn't, that's all. He always looks buoyantly careless, as a sportsman should look, and that makes his wild streaks appear all the more wild. It also makes the placement shots, for which he is most famous, smack the back or side court lines with a precision amazingly without conscious effort. But the effort is all there—time, poise, stroke, and footwork all go back to those grueling days when he was learning simply how to do it, and do it again, and again and again.

And we don't begrudge him a little of the buoyant satisfaction that all those years must give him now.

Julian Arnold, agent of the Department of Commerce in the Far East, says that we have more ships building in our yards than in any other country in the world. But he also tells us that whereas the Japanese controlled 33 per cent. of the shipping in the Pacific before the war, they now hold over 50 per cent.—also their tonnage stands at 155,000 against ours of 22,000. It is as well to realize the size of our handicap in this "world opportunity" business.

BLACKLISTS—FRENCH AND ENGLISH STYLES

THE French may have handled us much more tactfully than the English, but their romantic popularity in this country has other reasons. One of them is that we can idealize them at a distance. They're just as responsible for the recent blacklist as England is—in fact, all the Allies are cordially consenting partners to it. And if France, not England, were mistress of the seas, it would be even blacker. English policy is based on the idea, for all that she shies a bit in practise, that an enemy is a person of enemy domicile. That is our understanding, too. But for centuries the French interpretation of an enemy (and the German, too) has been based on the much more thoroughgoing ties of blood and birth. Even Mr. Schwab would have a hard time doing business with France, if France were mistress of the seas and stuck to the letter of her traditional law.

The moral authority of the British blacklist is thus weakened, because it is itself in violation of her most ancient traditions. But, looking at it for a moment from their side, the case for such a measure, as set forth in the English press, is quite attractively plausible. Under modern conditions, a German firm in America can help Germany financially at least as much as a firm of the same standing in Germany itself. Not only can such a firm remit money quite freely to

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Germany under present conditions, but that money, coming in dollars rather than marks, is more welcome than the same sum borrowed or earned at home. The mere prohibition of British firms from dealing with such enemy traders in America is also wholly downright and defensible. Unquestionably, too, British shipping companies have a right to refuse goods obviously designed to aid the enemy, even if that aid only consists in bolstering up the market of German trade in South America.

That is what you will hear from practically every Englishman; they are not so nearly unanimous, however, on the twistier tangles you get to as you penetrate the situation further. The Liberal press (notably the always sportsmanlike *Manchester Guardian*) feels qualms of uncertainty, for instance, over the extension of the blacklist, in a slightly diluted form, to neutrals who trade with blacklisted firms. "Such discriminations are hard to reconcile with the ancient claim of neutrals to trade with a belligerent," says the *Guardian*, and the practise is an "innovation" which "raises an important question of principle."

So much for their side. What is ours? We realize that our country is full of Germans busily working for their own national ends under our flag, but we say in effect:

There are plenty of regular penalties for breaches of blockade and for every unneutral act; use them. You are making new international law; furthermore, you are punishing these blacklisted firms, which are composed of American citizens, whatever their allegiance in sentiment, without hearing, without notice, and in advance. Finally, you are unwarrantably making arbitrary general rules which cut in every direction into the sovereignty of American trade rights. So we have passed retaliatory legislation in the last Appropriation Bill which empowers the President to back up our indignation with something more tangible than words: namely, with the threat of holding up clearance papers to allied ships in case these ships refuse regular cargo from American consignees to a neutral country under conditions which may irritate the blacklisters, but stand four-square with our reading of international law.

We are not blacklisted alone: in fact, England thinks we have been blacklisted rather lightly. In Spain 167 firms have been outlawed; in Brazil, which was almost a Germany colony, 140; in Holland 120; in Argentine Republic and Uruguay 95; in Japan 86; and even in Portugal, her ally, 79 pro-German companies are boycotted. Our own total is two larger than Norway's, being 85.

Meanwhile, England's industrious ally in the Far East, Japan, refused even to accept the joint enemy trading-pact of the Entente. Indeed, it is her citizens principally who are keeping the strongly entrenched German middlemen in the China coast cotton trade supplied with the cheap cotton (mainly from her own mills), which laughs at blacklists and all the parchments which enforce them. Not only that, but the Japanese are gradually taking the market by these means entirely from under European feet.

England swallows this cheerfully, while she risks breaking law to get at us—a heterogeneous nation, it is true, but with a fundamental predisposition to her cause that is worth her Japanese alliance ten times over. It will weather the gales of many blacklists; but each bit of bickering leaves lingering and distasteful feelings behind that we both could get on much better without.

Among other unfortunate possessors of wealth who must drink the cup of bitterness caused by an income tax, are ninety-nine full-blooded Indians of the state of Oklahoma. Oil brings them in $2,500,000 a year, of which $22,000 annually goes into the jeans of your Uncle Sam.

TEETERING THE TWO-TWO

GENTLEMAN starts with left foot, making a long step to the count of one—two! with a slight teeter on the toes at the end of the step. Then a quick step to the count of three, shift the balance to the right foot, teeter a moment, and while teetering draw the left foot to it, and begin again.

Will you, won't you, will you, won't you, *won't* you join this dance? You might as well make up your mind to it, for it is going to be very fashionable this winter. The dancing-teachers say so; particularly those who are members of the American National Association of Masters of Dancing say so quite emphatically. They met in Chicago in September and invented it. It is called the two-two.

It appears that the old waltz, the dreamy,

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moony, Straussy waltz that we all used to enjoy before the Castleated decorations of recent years were added unto it, is slightly reviving, and the variegated and bewildering trots and canters are slightly declining in vogue. Not that the slow and slidey waltz of old is coming back in its entirety. But substantial concessions are to be made. The two-two embodies such a compromise.

There are two features which set off the new dancing to the terror of beginners and onlookers. They are cantering—potent exorcisers of the boiled shirt and the stiff corset where sociologists have totally failed—and a certain intricate and improvisable originality of step, not always graceful to watch, but very thrilling and swanlike to do yourself, once you take the plunge. There are other innovations only the learned understand—such as the fact that 'most all of these trots take two or three measures of music to complete a figure, where each set of steps in the old days used to fit snugly into one measure.

Now, the two-two makes its compromise in this way. It is a step-and-slide dance, not a canter. It has turns and sidesteps which relieve the woman of being propelled, as in many modern dances, across the floor like a chair. It conforms to the dancing-masters' canon of not trespassing on other measures to complete its individual figures. The time, from which it takes its name, is quite a little slower than the present vogue. But for all that it manages to keep that irregular, quirky look, with plenty of room for improvising, which the modern public unquestionably seems to like. It is a composite; and, unlike the fox-trot or the bunny-hug, it didn't come to anybody in a flash of genius, but was coolly thought out by an executive committee.

It is an interesting precedent, suggesting that our dances are destined to become in time as little subject to spontaneous origin as our fashions in furs. For the dancing-masters are leaving nothing to chance. The two-two is being "put out" as scientifically as a new baking-powder.

One of the best composers of social dance-music in America has been commissioned to write the music which shall start moving the ground-swell of its popularity. The gentleman in question is Mr. Arthur W. Green, who provided the music for the "half-and-half," a combination of two-step and waltz time originated by the Castles under the title of the Castle Creation, in the heyday of their popularity. The Castles tried to copyright the peculiar five-four time of this dance, but an ancient schottische foiled them. Remick is going to spread the music broadcast among what music-publishers call "our melody-loving public," and Selig, the famous motion-picture firm, is going to cooperate with the "campaign" by filming model dancers in the act of two-twoing, thus awakening envy and a desire to do likewise in the breasts of the omnivorous movie public as well.

In other words, the promoters of the two-two are going to see to it that the American people give their dance a fair trial. No, they say, the waltz isn't quite coming back. But for those who don't trot or skip or canter, here's a dignified and graceful compromise—just teeter the two-two.

When a European army wants a new type of gun—let's say a machine gun—the officers in the field decide on the type which through practical experience they find the best, and order the Bureau of Ordnance to supply so many. Here, field officers have no such need to worry. The Bureau of Ordnance decides what they want and Congress decides how many they need. And yet people wonder that our army is disorganized.

SURVEYING SPRINGFIELD

THOSE directors and associates of the Russell Sage Foundation who go about making it their business to "survey" American cities, in utter disregard of the feelings of all boosters and boomers of the "push Paterson" and "Brooklyn, Greater New York's greatest borough" variety, have been on the job again in Springfield, Illinois. The ordeal has been a severe one for Springfield's pride, but Springfield people asked for it, and they can't complain.

When Ida Tarbell called the Pittsburgh survey of eight years ago an achievement "outstripping any social work done in this generation," she expressed the tribute of many people; yet the feeling remained that while it might be all right to collect soot in Pittsburgh, it wasn't quite fair to call it typical American soil. But nobody can deny that in Springfield the surveyors have grubbed deep in the essential earth of American life. Where Springfield stands out

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from the general average it is mostly to her distinction. She is politically important; she is the capital of the metropolis state of the Middle West. Her economic make-up is ideally typical; it is based almost equally on the four-cornered structure of American life, drawing her energy from manufacturing, mining, agriculture, and commerce. She stands near the doctrinal and social borderland of the North and the South; she is a pivot between the East and the West. Springfield's population confirms the normality of her structure. Seven-eighths of it is American born, against three-quarters forty years ago. It is 60,000, well toward the center of that great number of cities, with a count of less than 150,000 people, which have common civic and social problems and are the essential form of American life. Eighty-six per cent. of the incorporated cities of America, over 25,000, are within this range.

Springfield is also enlightened by a modern experiment in commission government. And an appeal to the past is possible that every American city envies her, an appeal to the fearless life of her own and this country's greatest citizen, the once humble lawyer of Sangamon County who said that this nation must "under God, have a new birth of freedom; and that the government of the people, by the people, for the people shall not perish from the earth."

How is that freedom and that government getting on in Springfield to-day? Let us take one candid chapter of this candid report. Fritz Schneider writes the section on public health. He puts his finger over and over again on the glaring social inequalities and civic laxity which underlie the pleasant comeliness of this typical American town. Springfield has its well-to-do wards and its poor wards, and Death, as in the great cities with their Ghettos and boulevards, is very partial against the babies of the poor.

Mr. Schneider cites a long list of preventable diseases in which the poorer wards get just one-fifth as much prevention—if you judge it by results—as the better districts across the city. The east wards, which account for 36 per cent. of the population, 46 per cent. of the births, and 61 per cent. of the infant deaths, are allowed to tell their own story. It is Pittsburgh, a little less luridly, but fixed with the same essential guilt, the same open cisterns and closed municipal pockets, a "poorly supported and weak health department," the "plain fact being that people are dying in parts of the city because they are poor, because they are ignorant, because the city" (whose taxes they pay beyond their proper proportion) "does not give them a proper health service."

The report is complete and courageous, and to help it on its way toward the pockets of the American people, let it be said that it is cheap. The surveyors are now wisely publishing lists of Springfield results. And already, almost before the report is in print, Springfield folks are putting their shoulders to the big wheel of rehabilitation. Years ago they would undoubtedly have ridden these New York investigators out of town on a rail. To-day they have learned that civic scrutiny comes before civic pride; and having gone through the scrutiny they aren't in much mood for the pride.

Take this consolation, however, Springfield: you are only typical of the rest of us —and the rest of us are due for a mighty long ponder over our own shortcomings when the postman leaves the Springfield survey on our mat.

The general committee of the National Conference on Marketing and Farm Credit states quite seriously that farmers in this country waste altogether a billion dollars through the wrong-headed methods by which they get their stuff to market. Maybe their convention in December in Chicago will show how.

A FREE THEATRE REFRESHINGLY HUMAN

THE Washington Square Players, now located at the Comedy Theatre, New York, are a group of young folks, players, writers, artists, and embryo managers, who are just emerging from the chrysalis of a diverting and worthwhile attempt to uplift the American drama. Beside the vast orchestra of effort represented five years ago by the New Theatre, these players are a very small tin trumpet indeed. But, strangely enough, the tin trumpet seems to have reached the large, red ear of the American public where the great orchestra did not.

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You might say that Edward Goodman founded the Washington Square Players. Goodman is their present director, and the idea had lodgment in his head—was maturing in the wood, so to speak (the hollow jest is Goodman's, not mine)—some five years before its actual try-out. That try-out came when it did largely because some Greenwich Village philanthropist offered the players a free hall. With the only paid staff consisting of the stage-hands and the office-boy, this offer was overwhelmingly tempting. Later, it was withdrawn, but by that time the spell of the idea was abroad, and it was too late to stop. Up in the dance-hall district of the East Side's Broadway, Third Avenue, the "management" discovered a little theatre which was offered for a rental confined to the nights on which they used it. Thus appeared the Bandbox Theatre.

Clouds of expenses rolled ahead, but the first taste of definite achievement, backed up by the generous approval of the New York press and public, kept these loyal and generous young artists in the straight and modest path. Some of the players went into the movies by day to boil the pot; others, better able to do so, clubbed together to tide over their more impecunious comrades; and the Washington Square Players triumphantly went through a season with union wages fixed at nil. Props, programs, and a very modest post-card publicity were practically all the items added to the rent.

It is no wonder that on such sane foundations has been built up a really spontaneous and unspoiled success. The economics of their success are still diverting. They now pay "minimum" salaries; but any one whom they hire may be sure of a year's salary for a year's work—which is very different from the free rehearsal, failure-risking, thoroughly speculative life that prevails in the dramatic profession as our modern Babylon has elsewhere standardized it.

The public has a chance for loyalty, too, in a scheme of subscriptions ranging from five to a hundred dollars a year; while a fringe of volunteer workers round the theatre itself—readers of plays, supers, costumers, publicity helpers, and graduates of Professor Baker's Harvard dramatic classes, anxious to learn everything in sight—surround the experiment with devoted apprentices a-plenty. There is also a dramatic school in attendance on this fringe, presided over by an English teacher and actress of rare ability, Mrs. Clare Tree Major.

It is a fine thing to see courage like this score, amid our wabbling standards, and in the capital of our mercenary drama, so really lustrous and positive an artistic achievement. Even the conservative *New York Times* sent this bouquet to the Comedy Theatre housewarming this fall: "No independent venture in the American theatre in recent years has more richly earned support." So the Washington Square Players might as well realize now that they are, for all their spontaneity, the most genuine venture in the establishment of a free theatre we have to-day in America.

They are certainly trying to realize it. They let you in for fifty cents—though you can pay more. They specialize in one-act plays by Americans. They give you Maeterlinck, Bracco, Wedekind, Schnitzler, Tchekov—not as speculative freaks, as Broadway is wont to do, but quite modestly to accustom an American public which already reads these plays to seeing them get over the footlights. They are a clearing-house—already five of their one-act repertory pieces (all American) have used their sponsorship to succeed in vaudeville. Vaudeville is profitable. The authors need the money. The Washington Square Players do not scorn that fact; they find a way to work with it. They could so easily be highbrows, but they have vowed to remain human. That's why we find them so refreshing.

MRS. CARRIE CHAPMAN CATT—CONSTRUCTIVE DECISIONIST

COLORADO women got the vote in 1893. Crops were bad the same year. These were the things you might expect to happen, the Republicans said, gloomily, under a Democratic administration. The country was pained, in those respectable days of Grover Cleveland, at Colorado's frontier folly. Even the suffragists, agitating and generalizing from their lecture platforms over gradual education and woman's ultimate rights, were dumfounded at this victory.

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The women of Colorado, following Wyoming's lead of twenty-seven years before, fought their fight alone. No, not quite alone. One recruit from the national association had the vision and the spunk to come in and help them. Do Colorado women remember that woman? Well, she has reminded them of her existence on numerous occasions since then, while the American people and a good part of the civilized world have come to know of it, too. Her name is Carrie Chapman Catt, and she is to-day president of the National American Woman Suffrage Association, as well as organizer and first president (for twelve years now) of the International Woman Suffrage Alliance of the world.

That Colorado pioneering is significant of Mrs. Catt's destiny-favored place in the movement for woman's suffrage. She has been an agitator, a camp-meeting exponent; she has come up through the obscurity of travail and drudgery. But the place that this Iowa farmer's daughter has come to fill is that of an organizer of victory. Three years after Colorado's bolt from the blue, Idaho and Utah went for suffrage. She managed the Idaho campaign. When the national association formed an organization committee, Mrs. Catt became its chairman. Her mind first saw the possibility of organizing the world for suffrage. That dream came true in 1904 in Berlin, where the delegates of eight countries elected her their president. By its next meeting in London in 1909, where she was reelected, the number had grown to twenty-one countries, and since then to twenty-six, including nearly ten million organized suffragists.

Her intensive leadership in the great drive begun by the women's movement in this country in 1910 is the consummation you might expect from such a training. It is not sensational and Pankhurstian, but it has as good a grip on the live emotions of the American people as ever Mrs. Pankhurst has had on the British people. It is not merely culture and coaxing, though it has made its own the very best spirit of American idealism. It rests on realism, which keeps always before it the distinction between transitory political success and permanent public conviction; a generalship which pounds for the practical victory only as that more effectively organizes and brings down to earth the larger world for women which is its steady and ultimate aim.

That is the policy. Mrs. Catt embodies it so completely that she has no other life. She is not a religious leader like Dr. Shaw. She is not a political lawyer like Christabel Pankhurst. She is not a speculative Shelleyite like Mrs. Despard, nor a philanthropic aristocrat like Mrs. Belmont. She is a plain woman. An inheritance has made her well-to-do in the world's way, but her origins are as simple as Abraham Lincoln's. She washed the dishes and fed the chickens around her father's farm near Charles City, Iowa, like any other country girl. At fourteen she was teaching school and saving her pennies for a college education. She went through Grinnell College, Iowa, with a total cost to her father of one hundred dollars.

This was before the day when Shaw and Ibsen sent out the call to Western schoolgirls to emigrate to the Latin Quarters of Chicago and New York. She "rebelled" in a simpler way by being the first girl ever to give an oration at co-ed Grinnell. At twenty-two she was school superintendent at the future great Western city of Mason City, Iowa. The beginning was brilliant, but she gave it up to marry Leo Chapman, a local editor, and to be his partner, until his death a few years later, on a struggling country newspaper.

The uses of adversity for a woman friendless and alone Mrs. Catt knows, as she needs to know them. She learned them before she was thirty in San Francisco when she solicited ads for a newspaper and was the first woman in that city ever to work on a trade journal. How she met and married her late husband, who was her old Grinnell schoolmate, George W. Catt, who gave his sympathy and his money to the cause with unstinted hand, and who enabled her to come more and more to devote her life to its single object, belong to a later and better-known period of her career. But her origins are eloquent. After all, there's no mystery about how a woman struggling singly out in the world to make both ends meet comes to be a suffragist. It is the only constructive decision the world offers her.

That is the note of this woman's life. She is not an artist, not a revolutionist, decidedly not a politician. She is a constructive decisionist, and the world of women is her field. She has the greatest opportunity in the history of woman's suffrage to organize victory, and she is worthy of the opportunity.

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